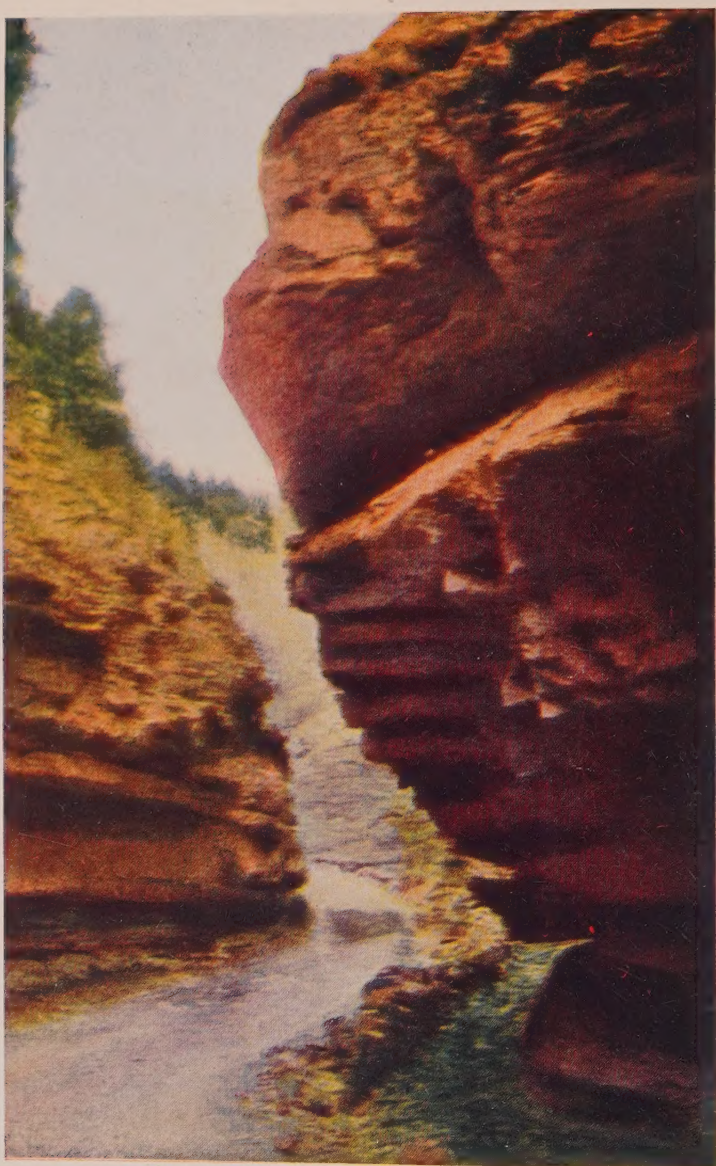




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The Narrows, Williams Canyon.
(See Page 8.)

COLORADO

THE QUEEN JEWEL OF THE ROCKIES

A Description of its Climate and of its Mountains, Rivers, Forests and Valleys; An Account of its Explorers; A Review of its Indians—Past and Present; A Survey of its Industries, with some reference to what it offers of delight to the Automobilst, Traveller, Sportsman and Health Seeker; together with a brief resume of its Influence upon Writers and Artists, and a short account of its Problems and how met, and of its Inexhaustible Resources and their Development.

BY

MAE LACY BAGGS

*With a map and fifty-four plates,
of which six are in color*



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TO
Loretta
IN LOVING RECOGNITION OF HER
UNSELFISH DEVOTION
AND HIGH IDEALS

PREFACE

A TALE that holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner! It is this that the tale of Colorado has been, is still and will always be. Not only in the purely personal experiences of the writer. In the consciousness of all traveled Americans, including those whose voyages are only in the goodly company of books, this fascination of the Centennial State abides.

In one particular sense it may be said that we are all poets in the making. Some few are dowered with the divine skill of wedding words to emotions. The great majority of us are only vers librists that sense and feel and dream and create without adequate power of expression. Often the sight and sounds of nature stir the "godlike breath" within, but we stand dumb, awed and impotent. No other place do I know that has the equal of Colorado for arousing this poetic impulse to worship and adore.

I count myself fortunate that before the shades of this prison house, the world, shut out my childish dreams, I was permitted to know something of Colorado. I can still catch something of the first fine careless rapture which the very name of the State held for me. Where I heard the name first I do not remember. Yet before I could read, the word "Colorado" throbbed and sang like harp music through my being. The sheer music of the syllables enchanted. Without rhyme or reason, and

quite ignorant of any significance attaching, I would repeat the name in its melody. Later, in school days, when I became acquainted with its place in the history and geography of America, it still breathed "of the enchanted land of faerie." The tales of my father, who had hunted for game and for gold all over the State, thrilled me again. I read musty old tomes, stories of Spanish dons, grandees, conquistadores — swashbuckling gold hunters all. My imagination took flight and Colorado became a name to conjure with, a realm peopled with romantic fancies, splendid visions, nurslings of immortality.

Climbing Pike's Peak is still the most exciting and adventurous of my memories, and they are many, embracing many lands. We had formed the most admirable habit of trekking each year for the summer months to the Colorado Wonderlands. We camped, hiked, fished, climbed, motored, tasted of delights innumerable in all parts of the State. It has since been my privilege to know many of the State's pioneers, lawmakers, *littérateurs* and captains of progress. The story of their struggles and achievements has always remained a fascination.

Now that I have seen and known wider horizons, I come back to my first love, the State of Colorado. Rounding the globe has but endeared it the more. Mont Blanc, the Russian Caucasus, the Himalayas, Fujiyama, Mauna Loa, pale in my judgment before that glorious Peak of Pike's, the herald of a mighty sisterhood. England's tarns and Norway's fiords, the Scotch lochs, Killarney, the Swiss and Italian Lakes are just water compared with Colorado's lakes — Paradises of cloud-hung reveries. The years but confirm that first rapprochement. Love has discovered a reason: it is more than passion — it knows.

The writing of this book, therefore, has been more than recording. I have endeavored to set forth something of the spirit that Colorado engenders. And Colorado does breathe and beget a spirit that sets it apart. Her sons and daughters derive their greatness from the great State which they inhabit, from contact with the great works of nature, from daily visualizing that beauty in which all things live and move. Theirs is the matchless daring that mounts to the heights of human achievement: theirs is the inspiration of head and heart and hand, the sublime enthusiasm that moves mountains, the giant will to power that throngs the heavens and earth about them. They are poets whose works are expressed in action; poets fired by the rapt contemplation of nature's grandeur; poets that scale the topmost crags of life with their large-hearted love of living, typical of the West in spirit and in fact, for out where the West begins — that is Colorado.

It is my hope that Coloradoans will find this story of their State not unworthy of its greatness. I trust it may prove a stimulus to American travelers who do not yet know the wonders that lie at our doors. May it also awaken the interest of those whose travels are at home in other "realms of gold."

Mac Lacy Baggo

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COLORADO: THE QUEEN JEWEL OF THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER I

GLIMPING COLORADO

COLORADO! The Rockies! With a musical tramp of memory's feet those words cross and recross the imagination. Always they bear the sound of the trumpet call. For "Colorado" is just another word for "color," "The Rockies" for "Romance." The Door of Fate may remain piled high with unsatisfied longings; the Door of Hope hang ajar, paneling in its sliver of light weird mountain trails and wilder gulches; or one may be engaged in the romantic adventure of chasing his rainbow—a vein of yellow gold through walls of granite, or a virgin grain of soil under the influence of sun and melted snows: it is the primitive that speaks. Old as man, is this magic pull of Adventure, of Romance; the more "colorful," the stronger this inward urge, the more deserving we are of the name of man. He is a happy man who hearkens to the call of Colorado, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies.

Let us keep in view the unique position of Colorado—the center of a region bounded by Canada, the Mississippi, Mexico and the Pacific—with America's mightiest mountain system traversing it from north to

south and reaching to such superior heights within its borders that, if we did not know our history, we might think the Government when staking out its commonwealths had thrown around the base of these mountains a taut line, at once a boundary and a *cordon bleu*.

For it is not an exaggeration to say of Colorado that she sits alone on the "Top of the World." Her half a hundred peaks of a near three-mile altitude, with a hundred more within speaking distance of the same height — all pushed up through a mile-high plateau — have placed her there.

Yet Colorado does not depend upon her altitude alone for distinction. If so, she would be a marvel, a wonder to us, a spectacle cold and repellent. Not but we marvel at her wonders, her Titanic peaks, giant chasms, mystic canyons, but we are never chilled or repulsed. They are not bleak, these mountain lands, nor harsh, nor inhospitable. Thousands pour over them and have poured, and like ants, and as fearlessly. Like ants, too, they have been wise. For granite wall, hidden gulch, sheltered valley and smiling plain have each given of their precious store.

In glimpsing the state let us remember that these pinnacled heights of Colorado are only signposts marking the presence of huge high parallel mountain ranges; that these ranges send out connecting spurs that enclose wide natural amphitheatres or parks.

Too, remember that through these paradisaical open spaces rivers run — rivers that later give account of themselves on valley and plain in blade and ear, in orchard and in home; but whose names, the South Platte, the Gunnison, the Arkansas, the Grand, the Rio Grande, the Las Animas Perdidas, call up not such pastoral conditions but rough canvases of daring, picturesque sol-

diers of fortune, the "Fifty-niners," who poured through gulches and canyons in the world-old hunt for gold.

Had these peaks and connecting ridges remained mere mountains — the "Stony" mountains of early chronicles and the early explorers — and not revealed themselves all but worth their weight in gold and silver and other valuable metals, Colorado would — following the food, clothing, and shelter needs of man — have first peopled her well-watered parks, North, South, Middle and the San Luis. Her river banks and valleys would the sooner have been lined with cities and farming communities. Too, irrigation would have earlier begun its alchemizing, transforming influence.

But Colorado had its beginnings in the discovery of gold. Scientific prospecting was not then, as now, an endowed chair at a School of Mines, and the "pay-dirt," the "diggings" were to be found now here, now there. The settlement of the State took place in widely distant and differing areas, spoken of as "districts." (The "Pike's Peak District," for instance, was at first a blanket phrase covering about the whole of Colorado; it has since settled around the majestic pile that gives the area its name. To this was added, and almost in the order named, the Denver District, the Leadville District, the San Juan District, The Gunnison, and the Cripple Creek District.

Other "districts" whose interests vary, as do those first named, have developed through mining, manufacturing, agriculture and stockraising: the Greeley District, watered by the South Platte on its way through the northeast corner of the State to the Missouri River; the Valley of the Arkansas, that extends from the Rampart or Front Range to the southwest corner of the State; the San Luis Valley, which drains to the Rio Grande and

is reminiscent of the days of Spanish ownership, with its Spanish Land Grants, many of which still retain their charter and character; the Grand River Valley, that with the river as irrigation *primum mobile*, and the city of Grand Junction as clearing house, has forged this western slope to the fore as a vast inland empire; while the Big Game Country of the Colorado northwest is, with difficulty, preserving its reputation under the inroads made by farming and mining and the oil discoveries.

By even the briefest surveys we catch the play of the resplendent gleams of the Queen Jewel of the Rockies. Nature has mapped the State into peaks, parks and plains, but it is over the most prosaic of boundary lines that one may come close to this many faceted gem — boundary lines super-imposed upon parallel and meridian by an age that would squeeze Romance dry with its square and compass, its reports and filing systems.

I have entered from the south over the Santa Fé, through Trinidad, that way-station of the old Santa Fé trader; from the west through the Grand River Valley, through thrilling gorges and over gigantic barriers on the Denver and Rio Grande; I have come in from the Pacific Northwest on the Union Pacific to Denver through the section bearing Horace Greeley's name, and from the east as did the fur trader and trail maker and those first seekers after gold. Yet, somehow, it is the east entrance I always look upon as being Nature's front door.

And what a doorstep! A good mile high, viewed from the almost sea level of the Mississippi River. Yet the rise westward for eight hundred miles from the Father of Waters to the foothills of the Rockies is so gradual that it is not noticed. I even recall upon my

first trip to Colorado, as our train had swung into the region around Pike's Peak, the impression that I was entering a low-lying valley. It is here at the east entrance that the "Wonder of the Rockies" first bursts into view. One never gets over the surprise, in any subsequent approaches, given him by Pike's Peak. Why will we continue to draw mental pictures of people and things? The lines always fall away from the perpendicular, and the paint looks splashed on, and too thick, or too thin.

Bayard Taylor, whose medium of visualizing for the reader is seldom matched, said of this mountain-plains wonder: "Toward evening I was struck with a peculiar tint in the shadows of a cloud along the horizon. After half an hour's study I pronounced it a mountain—and, of course, Pike's Peak. My fellow travelers dissented at first from this opinion; but, as the clouds dissolved, the outline of a snowy peak came out sharp and clear. It was smiling like that of a Jungfrau, but stood alone, surrounded by no sisterhood of Alps." Taylor's impression is that of thousands of others. I had thought it a curiously tinted cloud after my hours and hours of journey over a sea-like plain, just as after days on the ocean I have mistaken the "high islands" in the Pacific and the Canaries in the Atlantic to be cumulo-nimbus sky-stuff, banked against the horizon.

I recall that when this talisman of Colorado had come out of the cloud class and begun to fit into the frame I had prepared for it by dint of dreaming, much reading, but more from the tales with which my father, the once errant, roving lad, had warped the andirons in my childhood—well, I was disappointed. If a mountain refuses to be snowclad, it at least should be draped with

green; if not with grassy alpine slopes, then with glossy pines or graying cedars. Instead, it was bare, and stark, and brown. That little tuft of white — the wind had not used its morning sweeper — made it look like nothing so much as a chocolate “sundae” crowned with whipped cream. The comparison did not occur to me until later. Then, anything so delicious would have prevented the “fade-away dissolve” (in moving picture parlance) that temporarily eclipsed the dream of what I had expected of a summer in the “Playgrounds of America.”

Over yellow soil clumped with buffalo grass, sage, and stray wind-whipped cottonwoods, we approached nearer this “Sentinel of the Plains” and on into Colorado Springs. Many times I have been awed by the handiwork of Nature — here, man’s ingenuity and cleverness stands out as fitting companion. For, upon this “brown, treeless, monotonous plain,” to quote Lieut. Pike, has been superimposed a metropolitan city of tree-lined avenues, velvet lawns, wide streets, miles of paved boulevards, palatial hotels, fine clubs and homes, peopled with the refined, the intelligent,— even the “ultra smart” are found domiciled in these *fin de siècle* surroundings.

It is when one watches the rush of water through the box-like troughs at the curb of the city’s streets, as cross sections lead into houseyards, that he gets his real idea of what irrigation has done for the dry park and “treeless plain” which made up the Colorado explored by Pike and Long and Fremont. We can all but see the sweet-pea hedges leap in height and deepen in bloom, the grass grow greener and the trees sturdier. That the next lot may be a vacant one of yellow sand unrelieved by a single bit of green, sets us wondering whether we are seeing the work of a drop of water or white magic.

Here, in the Pike's Peak region, one is lifted up into life where there seems nothing to do but play. Winter or summer, the climate is inexpressibly alluring. The air is pure and dry and abundant with sunshine, the tonic effect is marvellous.) One feels electrified into following long mountain trails to world's end or entering into the most strenuous of outdoor sports. Golf and such delights are indulged in the winter through. The summer knows no heat, and so prominent is it as a winter resort that a report of its weather is made daily in the New York papers along with such winter haunts as Atlantic City, Aiken, South Carolina, St. Augustine and Palm Beach, Florida.

Beginning here at Colorado Springs with our cursory view of the State, let us go over the Mesa Drive to Glen Eyrie, the home of General William J. Palmer, founder of Colorado Springs, modeled after Blenheim, the ancestral castle of the Marlboroughs; through the park, called by the poet fancifully, the Garden of the Gods, where the fiery-red, pinnacled sandstone formations in the glint of the sun look remnant monuments of an arrested Gehenna in the abyss of the ages.

We stop at Manitou where thousands dream away the summer in glens that some Great Spirit has chiseled from the side of the mountain which mothers this retreat. So closely does it hug the base of Pike's Peak that by three o'clock in the afternoon the sun is hid from sight, but the absence of its rays is never regretted. Longer lengthen the shadows, now gray, now pinkish, now mauve, now purpling into deepest violet in the canyons, while the brilliant sunshine is painting Colorado Springs a burnished yellow out on the open plain. It was the Ute Indian who first discovered the medicinal properties of the Manitou waters, and hard by is Ute

Pass, through which these same mountain Indians came by order of their medicine men in the spring and autumn.

It is up Ute Pass the cog road winds to cloudland. The wonderful automobile highway that is carved out of solid rock uses the same route. From a distance, an automobile, essaying this climb on a roadway as smooth as a floor, looks like an insect crawling zig-zag on a Devil's Slide. If we prefer, we may mount to the summit of this Peak of Pike's on a burro; or we may do what that intrepid explorer, Pike, reported the impossible, climb to its very top on foot, and without getting any applause either, for the feat is a common one.

Other points of interest we glimpse hurriedly: William's Canyon and the Narrows, the Cave of the Winds, Crystal Park, Stratton Park, and Cheyenne Mountain and Canyon. Of Cheyenne Mountain, Helen Hunt Jackson who memorialized the poetic beauties of this romantic environment in verse and prose-poem, said: "There are nine places of divine worship in Colorado Springs." She then named the eight churches of the town (at the time she wrote, 1878) classing "Cheyenne Mountain" as the ninth.

It is the famed "Short Line" railroad that takes us to Cripple Creek. One feels he is Master Aladdin for a day, as the train threads itself through rifted canyon, loops loops to newer heights on this aerial journey through luminous crystal air among strange weird spectacles of painted pinnacles, grotesquely shaped buttresses, only to drop so mysteriously to lower levels where chasms yawn and purple shadows enthrall with their dark hints of alluring necromancy.

Treeless, grassless, red-bricked Cripple Creek in a valley ten thousand feet high, rococo-framed with



THE SEVEN FALLS, CHEYENNE CANYON.

shafts, shacks, unappealing paraphernalia of the usual mining camp, makes one rub his eyes to make sure they are seeing true — so great is the contrast through which we have just passed. But another brush at the globe of our magic lamp, and we see deep down into the bowels of these monster mountains; see their granite walls protesting against the pick, both man and steam driven, yet giving up their “yellow” in a measure that has made Cripple Creek the yielder of more gold than any district in the world.

Surely, we think of these everlasting hills, Pike’s Peak, Cheyenne Mountain and the towering giants Cripple Creek way, these are the real Rockies; but it is not until we penetrate much farther inland, say into the Georgetown district out from Denver, that we realize that these mountains we have just seen are simply spurs of the Front or Rampart Range. This range acts as a wall between the plains of eastern Colorado and the mountain lands. One is never out of its shadow in traveling from the south to the north boundary.

With its heights frowning upon us, we leave the region around the Peak on the way to Denver; we pass the grotesque sandstone shapes in Monument Park, keeping to the banks of Fountain Creek, the Fontaneque-bouille, that joins the Arkansas at Pueblo; glimpse the Swiss chalets hidden away in the pines at the resorts of Glen Park and Pine Crest; pause to reflect that at Palmer Lake we are looking upon a body of water that is so precisely poised — at an elevation of seven thousand feet — that waters are fed to the Platte River on the north side, to the Arkansas on the south. A pretty Indian legend locates the stranded ark of Noah on the spur of a mountain just back of Palmer Lake.

Passing the white cliff, a peculiar chalk formation one

thousand feet long and two hundred feet high, known as Casa Blanca, we are now descending the long watershed or divide that extends to the eastern boundary. Castle Rock, only thirty-three miles from Denver and yet one thousand feet higher, we leave behind; slip through Fort Logan, one of the finest army posts in the United States, and are in the Queen City of the Plains.

Few cities in America have imposed themselves on the American consciousness as has Denver.

Colorado has only been a State the brief length of one generation; Denver is but little older, yet whatever the life of the State it is indissolubly linked with that of the Queen City. Gold was found in the gulches near by, and the town of "Denver City" was the center of all that hectic first discovery. It was in Denver City that the Argonauts first anchored who came in quest of the golden fleece. Even when the impatient prospector tumbled over the diggings in Gregory Gulch and Clear Canyon into South Park and beyond into Leadville's "pay-dirt" on Mount Pisgah, Denver remained the headquarters for outfitting and supplies. Denver still occupies the position of headquarters. The name is practically synonymous with that of Colorado.

Denver is scenically beautiful, and civically grand. The wonderful mountain parks that are a part of the city testify to the well-developed civic consciousness. I will speak later of this inimitable Empress of both the plains and the Rocky Mountain Wonder Land.

The glamor and romance of those early days envelop us as we approach the foothills, as we pass through Golden in the pretty Clear Creek Valley into the Clear Creek Canyon, where the simple pastoral changes to ma-
us as we approach the foothills, as we pass through the historic rifts in the granite walls where the Green

Russell party and those that followed constructed their rude sluice boxes and strained their eyes over the "washings" for the yellow glint in the "pan." Gregory Gulch, Black Hawk, Central City, these are names to conjure with. Great overhanging rocks seem to resent the encroaching civilized means of travel, and the train clings appealingly to the border boulders of the laughing, taunting mountain stream. Past Idaho Springs, the radium town, where large mills handle the high-grade ore here mined, the train rushes on over the Georgetown Loop, doubling back on itself to overcome the steep gradient. This far-famed piece of engineering also serves the mining interests of Silver Plume, from which place over what is known as the Gray's Peak route we are taken to the summit of Mount McClellan, fourteen thousand and seven feet high. In the distance we see the towering peaks of James', of Long's in the Estes Park, Gray's and Torrey's to the west, and a little to the south, dominating the scene, Mount Evans and Mount Rosalie. Back of them, calm, mystic and majestic, lies the "Snowy" range.

This snow-covered line we are seeing is of course the "Continental Divide," the most renowned of ranges in the Rocky Mountain System, the real crest of the continent. It can be reached over what is known as the "Switzerland Trail" out of Denver in three hours. By taking the branch that ends at Ward, one passes through the state university town of Boulder and the radium fields whose recent development and rich production have kept the great steel plants of the country at work twenty-four hours a day (foreign supplies of radium, an element necessary to steel manufactories, having been cut off by the war in Europe). At Ward, one is in the shadow of Long's Peak, which dominates the region of

Estes Park and the Rocky Mountain National Park. Both these parks may be reached by automobile from Ward, although probably Loveland, the railroad point, is more frequently used.

In this region, out of which the Rocky Mountain National Park was carved, are to be found some of the wildest specimens of natural grandeur. Sheer precipices depend down two thousand feet and more to lakes that are frozen eleven months in the year; Chasm Lake, one of them, is perched at an altitude of nine thousand feet. On the top of Flat-Top Mountain, thirteen thousand feet high, is to be found Tyndall Glacier, a rival in mass and weirdness of Switzerland's *Mer de Glace*. From here one gets a bird's-eye view of the whole of the park, and within easy vision are Mount Hallett and Taylor Peak, Long's Peak, of course, and many others.

Into a region once considered inaccessible except to the most venturesome, the "Moffat Road" has penetrated as far as Craig of the Colorado Northwest, the former Big Game Country. The health resorts of Sulphur Springs and Steamboat Springs, as well as game hunting, have brought attention to this section, an empire in itself. It is discovered to be boundless in wealth of oil shale, in radium and as an agricultural commonwealth: yet one may still fish and hunt in Middle Park and beyond, explore glaciers and follow chasms and gulches that are as "weird and wild as one could think."

We follow the South Platte from where it debouches into the plain around Denver to the northeast corner of the State. Under its beneficent influence the region becomes a smiling plain. At Greeley our friend, the Big Thompson of Estes Park, and the Cache le Poudre, reminiscent in name of the early French trappers, join



A WHEAT FIELD, NEAR THE FOOT HILLS.

this philanthropic waterway. The increase in water volume shows itself in the widening area that is criss-crossed by canal and ditch, in the riches that pour in from the beet and other agricultural industries.

Let us follow another of those several radii whose center is Denver to Leadville. By this trail, now traversed by railroad, or over an automobile drive constructed along the pine-clad bank of Bear Creek through to Turkey Creek Canyon and around the foot of Mount Falcon, we come upon a land of beauty, wonders of nature — the marvels of the Platte Canyon.

At Littleton, before entering the defiles of the Platte, is perhaps the largest game preserve in the world, where are reared pheasants, partridges, quail, peacock and other fowl. Going on into the magnificent basin known as South Park, where numerous affluents of the Platte contrive to make of it the paradise that burst upon the eye of those weary and foot-sore miners as well as of those who recorded its beauties, Bayard Taylor, Isabella Bird, and Lieutenant Pike, probably its first comer, we reach the mining town of Como. From here, always under the southern shadows of Mount Rosalie, Mount Evans, Gray's and Torrey's Peaks, we may go up into Breckenridge, where the most venturesome dared penetrate into the hostile Indian country in their zeal for golden treasure. That the section gave up its tribute is shown by its designation as the "Breckenridge District," one of the four state classifications of the Bureau of Mines.

We mount to Fremont's Pass, but the spirit of adventure that climbing dizzy heights and probing gulches always fires is subdued by the sublime grandeur of the Park Range. Leadville lies in the seclusion and quietness of a valley made by the new-formed Arkansas and

Tennessee Creeks. To the southwest, a dozen or more miles, stands Mount Massive, one of the peaks in the "three-mile" class. Its height, but not its grandeur and massiveness, is partly paled by sister peaks that rear their neighboring crests into the rarefied air.

There is little about the modern, up-to-the-minute Leadville to connect it with the bunch of rude cabins and miners' shacks that sprang into being in 1877 as the greatest silver camp in the world. Twin Lakes, "two as fine sheets of water as mountain ever shadowed or wind rippled or sun illuminated," have given rise to a popular resort which bears their name. These lakes, fed by terminal moraines, are perched at an altitude of nine thousand, three hundred and thirty-three feet and furnish trout fishing and camping joys to thousands of vacationists. Continual sunshine and turquoise skies make such periods unsurpassed delights, walled and gated in as one is from that work-a-day world outside. From July to January, from flowers to frost, is an experience to be encompassed within an hour or so. This can be said as truthfully of a hundred retreats in this Gem State of the Rockies.

To the south is a region run with a rabble of mountains equal in height with those just glimpsed, with gulches and canyons as weird and wild, yet somehow suffused with a gentleness that bespeaks a different character. By a swing over a route known as "Around the Circle," we may see this pleiad of changing wonders that make up southern Colorado.

Pueblo is the pulse of the southern part of the State east of the wall or Front Range. It had its genesis in the Indian trading post days, when trapping for beaver was the sole cause of the white man's presence in this vast wilderness. From a trapper's camp to the second

city in the State it has grown, this "Pittsburg of the West," so called because of its resemblance, with its large smelters and factories, to the eastern city of that name.

The once Spanish ownership of this territory asserts itself in the place names we encounter from Pueblo to the San Juan Mountains. Our route turns west over La Veta Pass about fifty miles south of Pueblo; but still to the south is to be found Trinidad, the fourth town in Colorado, the center of inexhaustible coal beds and the gold of grain fields which are fed by the rich waters of the Animas and Huerfano Rivers. The famous Maxwell Grant, one of the Spanish concessions and the largest body of land in America ever under one ownership, abuts up against Trinidad, a city of more than a trinity of charms and interests. Once over the barrier of the Sangre de Cristos, mountains ranging between thirteen thousand and fourteen thousand feet in height, called so by the Spaniards because of the gorgeous red colorings the sun splashes on already red mountains with a lavish brush until in the poetic, romantic mind they seem veritably "The Blood of Christ," and we are into the paradisaical San Luis Valley or Park. With the other park formations of Colorado it was once the bed of a great lake of glacial creation, since drained underground by volcanic action.

From Alamosa we may go on the Rio Grande railroad to Wagon Wheel Gap, famed for its hot medicinal waters and baths, and to Creede, the active silver mining town that sprang into being about the same time and as picturesquely as Cripple Creek. The Wheeler National Monument, a park of strange rock formations, is visited from here. Sierra Blanca with its three white crests reaching to an elevation of fourteen thousand,

three hundred and ninety feet, dominates this region. It stands to our back as we turn south from Alamosa and face the Raton Mountains of New Mexico, as striking in their lesser altitude as the Spanish Peaks that have smiled upon us since leaving Pike's Peak. Through vast sheep ranches on old Spanish land grant estates we pass before reaching Antonito on the New Mexico border. As in Trinidad, we find a large Mexican population, with all its unsavory characteristics. Our route crosses over into New Mexico at a few points, bringing us back within Colorado, to be again lost in wonder at gigantic uplift evidences as seen in the Toltec Gorge.

At Pagosa Junction, where a spur of the road leads to Pagosa Springs, we are again back in Colorado after passing through the Apache Indian reservation. A few miles further and we reach Ignacio, the Ute Indian agency. At Durango we find huge smelters taking care of the ores mined in the San Juan district, La Plata County being literally plated with silver, as the word "Plata" signifies.

From Durango we may visit the Cliff Dwellers' Land out from Mancos, over a government-built automobile road, the spot of greatest interest of its kind in existence. Through the Las Animas de Perdidas, the Canyon of Lost Souls, we climb upwards to the "Silvery San Juan" region. Over the Lizard Head Pass of the San Miguel Mountains, and we whirl among the crags and pines of Ophir Loop, the Cathedral Spires lifting high above the woods of the Montezuma National Forest. We visit the Telluride gold and silver mines, and from Ridgway double back enough on our direction to follow the Uncompahgre Valley up to the walled-in mining town of Ouray.

No finer monument could have been devised to memo-

realize the Ute Chief, Ouray, who befriended the early settlers in their wars with the Indians. I have never seen a spot with as many different kinds of beauties. In the first place, precipitous walls shut out the idea of any world beyond. From striated cliffs waterfalls depend; across the velvet, lawn-like floor small streams gurgle with laughter as they dash over the many colored boulders. Many colors, too, orange and purple, pink and maroon, band the granite walls, while the dark green of the pine-covered slopes of an opposite mountain-side only serve to heighten the richer colors.

On a stage, the typical Concord ones of early days, we dash along the hewn-out side of Red Mountain to Silverton, the "Queen of the San Juan," at an elevation of nine thousand feet, yet above it towers Sultan Mountain, which is honeycombed from base to summit with tunnels. Most of the mines in these regions are above timberline. This county boasts of possessing not a single farm homestead. One is liable frequently to meet lone prospectors with kits of unmistakable purpose. Only the fierce black look and sweeping mustachios are lacking to make them the type which has Rip-Van-Winkle-ed the years in between now and '59. Pack mules, transporting ore from mines no engineering genius has yet essayed a railroad for, help to perfect the picture.

Contrasting startlingly with this mountain-locked section is the Eden-like valley of the Uncompahgre that drains Ouray County to the north. Here a verdurous empire has arisen, a region balmy and bountiful — even the mesas blush with strawberry red, and the secret is irrigation. The Rainbow Route, an automobile highway that has its beginnings at Pueblo and leaves the State with the Grand River, is encountered at Montrose. Traversing this distance by automobile, one is convinced that this

valley of the Uncompahgre lacks nothing Olympian to make of it a Titanic garden enclosure.

At Montrose we turn sharply to the east into the Gunnison country, pass the portal where through the Gunnison Tunnel millions of gallons of water are brought daily from mountain sources to the thirsty mesas. At Cimarron we again approach lofty heights. Pine-clad slopes give way to sharp pinnacled heights and we are in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Curecanti Needle, a spire of rock, rises perpendicularly from the track. The waters of the Gunnison dash into foam in their mad rush down the deep descent of the canyon. A branch line at Sapinero takes one south fifty miles to Lake City, a mining town not to be reached from them, but forming with them the corner of a square defined by Ouray, Telluride and Silverton. Few towns in Colorado have such a beautiful location, and it is safe to assume that had it been in existence when the Spanish monk christened the lake that lies at its feet, San Cristoval, the town name would not be the prosaic one it bears.

We are following down the Gunnison trout stream that swirls through a verdant valley. Fishing lodges, camps, and cabins show how well the delights of this region are taken advantage of. Up the river from Gunnison are the resorts of Almont, Jack's Cabin, and Crested Butte at the foot of the Elk Mountains; Parline, Doyleville, and Pitkin along the Tomichi and its branches. Truly, it is the "Sportsman's Paradise." Trout are in the streams, and feathered and big game in the hills.

Two engines take us in tow and we begin the ascent of the famous Marshall Pass. The watershed of the continent is being crossed and all the summits of the Rockies seem visible. By gravitation we slip down to Salida, Spanish for "outlet." It is outlet, too, for the Arkansas

River, which has made up its mind to leave the heart of the Rockies for a life on the rolling plain — in the Royal Gorge, the “ Snowy ” Range decides to give it the most picturesque and weird scene of its career. The Spaniards must have had the painted walls of the Gorge in their minds when they named the mountains farther south, Sangre de Cristo, the blood of Christ; they must have also recalled the jagged rifts in the mountain body of these confining canyon walls that are rich in ruddy striations. Still gliding between high hills, we emerge from this Grand Canyon of the Arkansas upon Canyon City at the edge of the mountains. An automobile trip from here to the Skyline Drive provides us with a panoramic view that takes in the Royal Gorge nearly three thousand feet below, and the Arkansas debouching joyously into opening plains country.

Soon we are into the oil regions around Florence, ugly skeleton-like derricks despoiling the landscape. Portland and Cement, both of cement fame, are passed and we are again at Pueblo, where the Fontane-que-bouille joins our erstwhile companion, the Arkansas. A few hours up the valley of the Fountain and we are again at the gateway of the Rockies.

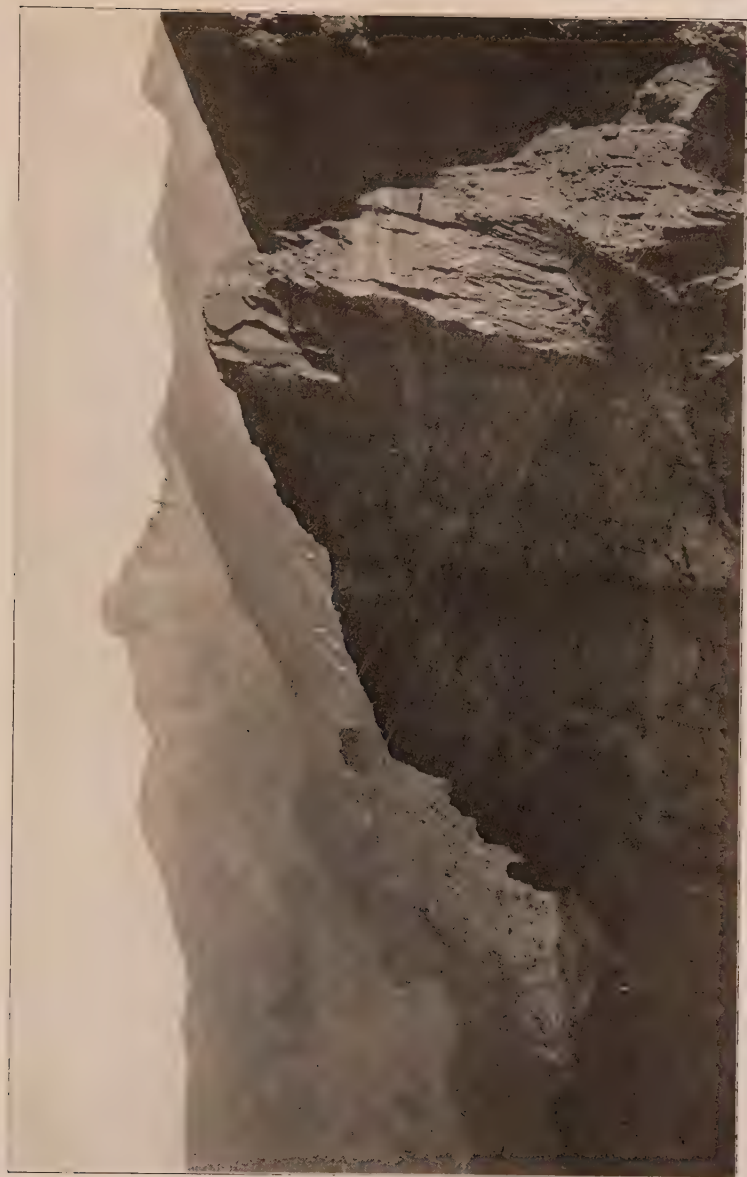
CHAPTER II

BEFORE ADAM

"WHAT is it all about?" This old, old query comes to our lips when even glimpsing on paper the cataclysmal work of the Master Fates — plains upended, folded and fault-dropped, rock walls of granite riven and gashed. Why, out beyond the eastern wall of Colorado, that prosaic, level floor? Why the Great Salt Lake plain to the west? And why, in between, these evidences of some mad, mad goddess' wrath?

There is no answer. We but see — what we see. Still, the thoughtful man, if balked at the "why," turns to unraveling the "how" of things. It has not been enough for him to know just that life is his; he finds time from the preserving of that thing which is his first thought, to reason upon what antedated his coming. The Greek, the original thinker, arrived at some well-defined conclusions. But through some whim of a Fate that indulges in the mountebank's game of "now you see, now you don't," their philosophizings and findings were allowed to remain buried until only a hundred or so years ago, when scientific attention was again riveted upon cosmogony.

We, of the laity, go to the printed page to which the scientists have whispered their discoveries. They had no such easy methods of information. Theirs was a book with whole chapters missing, the blurred words in an unheard of tongue. Yet, as if to spur the faint of



"THE CATACLYSMAL WORK OF THE MASTER FATES."

heart, the quest early got mixed up with romance; for the title page was intact, and in characters known to all who run, there was the hint of the lure of a lore more fascinating than found upon any man-tooled vellum — this was the Book of Nature.

Many things the scientist found to confuse him. Much confuses him still, but from heiroglyphic symbols chiseled on mountain wall, from bones of mammoth and fronds of palm, he has given us a story upon which to ponder long.

As America was the youngest of nations to come into being, so was the American continent, the scientist tells us, the last to lift her head from the world of waters. And in the family of mountains the Rockies were the youngest born. As is characteristic of the youngest child of a large family, this last and most youthful of the mighty mountain ranges of earth, surpasses its kind. But while it yet reposed in the womb of Nature, birth was being given to some peaks on the other side of the world. Mere dust-spots on the great watery expanse were welding themselves into a home for the Britisher; a pinnacled harbor was being shaped as a home for the Viking. Still trying her yet unpracticed hand, Nature sought to give balance to her scheme of things by making a home for her next-born in waters farther afield. A rock-ribbed coast on South America sprang into being and the Antilles, too, which were to be the first of the Western world to know the white man's tread.

Our own Labrador was the next mountain-child of Nature. A friendly Laurentian hand she stretched down the now Atlantic Coast, whose rocky shore was to parallel the Appalachians. Westward, still another Height of Land reared its head and greeted soon a later born on our Pacific Coast.

A few isolated peaks, the rest — a universe of sky and ocean. Then, æons and æons of forgotten time went by. Vast bodies of rock rose from out the abysmal sea and attached themselves to shoulders that already were warring with the elements. Islands arose in what is now the “center of a region bounded by Canada, the Mississippi, Mexico, and the Pacific.” During the Paleozoic Era the Rocky Mountain region was an archipelago of islands. They were washed on the east and west by wide seas.

Had there been some watchman to tell us of the night — that geologic night — we would not have to grope darkly with wild imaginings to picture the great drama that took place wherein continents were staked out on the earth's surface and walls of waters were forced back upon themselves with the injunction “Peace, be still.” But no eye saw, nor ear heard the enactment of the unfolding tale. It would be easier to reconstruct a “Broadway success” of fifty years ago from the paint-peeled wings and flies, from the moth-eaten, dust-covered stage “properties” forgotten in a Seventh Avenue Storage house, than to establish any semblance of sequence, any of the realism of Time's first drama.

We only know that the seas surrounding these islands, where Colorado and her sister States now exercise their right of eminent domain, became dry. There had been a gradual elevation up to sea-level height and a consequent solidification of land areas. A semi-tropical vegetation like that in Southern Texas and California existed: fossil leaves of walnut and redwood, of elm and oak and maple, even of fig and cinnamon, and magnolia and palmetto, abound in sandstones around Denver. In the museum of the School of Mines at Golden, there are palm leaves several feet in diameter, imprisoned in schists. Molar

teeth of elephants have been found while digging for basements in Denver, while in deposits of the ice drifts on the west side of the Platte, camel-like animal bones are frequently excavated. Thousands of years before this section received its present elevation, it was occupied by swamps and fresh water lakes and the great coal beds were being formed.

Today, the Platte and its tributaries carry in their courses mixtures of sand and gravel and some of the rich brown earth that coats the great undulating plains like a mighty mantle. Only occasionally, in the exposed bed or bank of a stream, or in excavations, do we catch glimpses of those sedimentary rocks, the underlying formations of clay and sandstone and limestone. And little do we reckon of the vast buried cemeteries of the ancient ages under our feet wherein lie the remains of monsters that would shame the fabulous creations of the tale of once pure romance.

Here, then, it would seem, was at least the beginning of the setting for man's coming. On the east coast of America, mountains alpine in their slopes and verdure; a wall, or height of land at the north,—a series, in fact, *en echelon*, shutting off the icy blasts; to the west, sierran ramparts that gave beauty of scenery and protection. But—those same forces that had come hissing forth from the earth's interior and, impossible though it may seem, had coated the earth-surface or crust with sea-deep waters, were again to be heard from. Again Mother Nature was in labor and her youngest mountain-child, The Rockies, was to be born.

The mighty upheaval that brought the Rockies into being was earth's greatest effort. No such mass of material was ever affected, nor in such a striking way. The formerly horizontal, sedimentary rock beds of those

gentle undulating plains to the east of the Rocky Mountains have been tilted up for hundreds of miles against granite walls. In many places they lie in abrupt folds several thousand feet thick. In several of the ranges to the west of the Front Range instances of this action on beds of the same horizontal strata occur, and at an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet above the interior material forced up by mountain-building forces. These belching fires formed their congregating forces into centers of volcanic hosts, these seething cauldrons laughed and gurgled in their glee as down their mounting sides — sides that were constantly being increased in height and base — they emptied their demoniac wrath.

Imagination helps us but little in trying mentally to encompass such a scene. Once I stood on the brink of Vesuvius; the good Father there lucidly traced the life history of that mighty personality whose inframundane action had in a diabolical breath sent two populous cities to that bourne from which no traveler returns. The earthquake that devastated Avezzano a year or so later — the next volcanic action was due around Rome, he had said — proved him an authority and capable of understandable explanations. Yet one must see these forces at work to grasp their meanings, and it was not until I had stood on the edge of a live volcano, the one at Kiluaea, Hawaii, that I sensed in the slightest the mighty possibilities of a "fountain of fire."

Here in the region of the Rockies we find the forces that brought these mountains into being, effacing the work of several geologic ages. For periods of length beyond man's comprehension, the mighty cataclysm went on. Lava streams filled to overflow the peaceful valley and the once rolling plain, buried tree-fern and monster reptile and much else of which man will forever remain

ignorant. From the character of material ejected, scientists tell us that not only more disruption was accomplished in a given time, but greater chemical changes took place than in any other of the earth's upheavals.

The smoking fires of crater after crater had scarcely died away, when the world was to see this "third great act" followed by a scene that would universally and for all time affect the earth. The Ice Age was to sweep down with its frozen arms and clasp it in an age-long sleep of Death. Its causes may have arisen from some gigantic drama in which other worlds than ours were engaged. Forces from within may have whirled us out of our course in that realm we call the Sky. It may have begun with the softest of sifting snows; over the slag from mighty furnaces still uncooled, it may have spread a kindly obliterating mantle; around pinnacled peaks it may have wound filmy bridal veils as its icy breath kissed the warmer air.

But on and on the snow-fall went. Time forgot its count, as higher and higher the valleys filled. At last moved to rebel under the self-imposed weight, the mighty mass sought to escape from the never-ceasing blasts that were fast packing it into a world of ice. You may see today the evidences of its frozen wrath, see where icy fingers clutched at granite wall and hurled mighty boulders down the river of time. Far out on smiling plain they lie, mute evidences of an age when the work of even a Gorgon could be undone.

Perchance the Master Fate had only been testing his powers. Yet, however cruel were these signs of his gigantic prowess, he was now to be "exceeding kind." Day broke with the warmest of "chinooks" in its mouth. Away rolled the rivers of ice carving into fantastic shapes the protruding wall of canyon and gulch. Rains flooded

the earth, erasing all vestige of the glaciating snows except where imprisoned by some vendetta-spirited mountain. Warm suns added to the totals of eroded monuments. A lull, and the gods in the heavens sang out,

“All's right with the world.”



" GLACIATED SNOWS . . . IMPRISONED BY SOME VENDETTA-SPINNED MOUNTAIN."

CHAPTER III

THE INDIAN OF THE ROCKIES

THE Red Man of America appeals intensely to the imagination. All that is wild, primitive within us is aroused when we reflect upon the care-free life which must have been his before the white man's coming. Nothing to do till tomorrow — and tomorrow — never comes!

That sentiment may have small appeal to the humanitarian who is probably saying this primitive man lacked civilization, knew not progress, nor education, nor the missionary's zeal. But somehow, that great cataclysmal horror, the European war, while not weakening our moral force has drained our powers of nerve resistance, and we feel that if we could remove ourselves, say, just for a little while into the wild and the free, we might get rest and restoration and our bearings. Not but we would back up all that civilization is trying to do, and has done. Not that we could live the life of the primitive for long, we who have profited by the wealth and accumulation of the ages. But there are times when we grow limp, and say — oh, well, say, the pity of it!

Any one who has given his pony the bit, and galloped through the air, as free for the moment as the air, knows what I mean when I refer to the great all-healing power of the open. And the pull on the imagination! Buffalo grass under the pony's feet to dull and make music of the thud, thudding echo; a buffalo wallow to show where

once the noble king of the plains "cooled his hide"; a buffalo trail that winds through the meadow yonder, loses itself behind a scrubby bunch of cottonwoods, and dips into a valley below. People it all with a black moving mass that resolves itself on closer approach into a browsing buffalo herd, huge males, and cows and buffalo calves; sight on yonder hill a band of plains Indians, with bows drawn, descending with a wild whoop as they single out, isolate an animal as their target on the edge of the herd.

And this was the Indian that inhabited the American continent before the white man's coming! But whence came he? And was he the first comer? Tertiary gravels on the South Platte and Cow's Creek gave up, for Berthoud, stone implements and shells which tell their own story. To the courageous perseverance of men imbued with true scientific spirit we owe our knowledge and belief in the pre-historic man. To the archeologist we are indebted for the story of the Mancos, those pre-historic cliff-dwellers whose ancient homes are found in such a remarkable state of preservation in the Mesa Verde National Park of Southwest Colorado.

Yet only fragmentary is the testimony, an arrow head, a broken bowl, shaped stones, symbolic of — what? What were his thoughts? His traditions? From them could we have traced a legendary relation to, say, the Carthaginian who perchance ventured upon the eastern shore of America or to the Japanese who might have been stranded in his junk on the west coast? Or was there a common origin of man? Did the same conditions of soil, heat, moisture, location geographically produce a similarity of species? All these and many more theories have been advanced, and since few studies have proven as baffling, as full of interest, it is safe to assume that the quest will go on — and forever. For

the secrets of the past which abut against our very doors are as completely hidden as the Fates of the morrow which lie in wait around the corner.

But of the Indian of the Rocky Mountain region we find more or less dependable records in the journals of those Spanish *conquistadores* who penetrated into Colorado within fifteen years after Columbus's first visit to the New World. Coming up into what is known as the Spanish Southwest, this expedition under Coronado encountered tribes of Indians living in communal houses built of stone or adobe, sometimes of two and three stories in height. To these the invaders gave the name of Pueblo, a Spanish name meant for both people and town. No doubt exists that the ruins found throughout the southwest, the cliff dwellings, the crude efforts at irrigation, were the work of ancestors of these same Pueblos.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the primitive peoples allowed the mountain lands of eternal snows to the north to confine them to the *vegas* and *mesas*, just as the Spaniards were turned back by the Rockies that frowned down upon the sand and sage to the south. One finds the Pueblo Indian of today differing little from the *genre* that used his communal town as protection against the armored Spaniard, clad in his plume and coat of mail. Then, as now, he tilled the soil, and by the use of crude canals irrigated the arid region in which he grew beans and corn; he made pottery and baskets; he wove cloth and blankets and feathers. His religious ceremonials were marked for their elaborate and devoted observance. It is interesting to observe that the most important of ceremonials, the snake dance, in which live snakes are carried about in the teeth in the mad whirl of the dance, was for the purpose of induc-

ing the spirits to bring to the parched earth rain for the fields of grain. Obtaining sustenance for their families was a constant struggle in this "land of little rain." However difficult this fight for existence, a warring against hunger and frequent enemies, for which reason they lived in a community of houses built for protection, it made for a peaceful existence within the tribes and the establishment of a system of civil government that distinguishes them from all other American Indians. "They have the finest persons of any people we saw," said the beauty-loving Spaniards who had been "fed up" on the unappealing physiognomy of the Mexican-Indian encountered on their march through "New Spain."

We like to speculate upon what was happening socially and economically not only to these Pueblos who today show something of the Spanish influence (they speak a mongrel Spanish and have had missionaries amongst them since Coronado's time, 1540), but also to the Indian found on the eastern shore of America. Three hundred years and more elapsed before official accounts were rendered of the red man found in and near this region traversed by the Spanish. We see these primitive savages swarming to the shore to look upon the strange craft and stranger peoples who have come to visit them; see them look with surprise, with incredulity, when homes are staked out and hunting privileges are usurped without so much as "by your leave." What wonder he struck and struck back? We watch him pushed farther and farther inland. Sometimes he went by force, sometimes under promise. The Appalachians saw him mount their ridges and look with eyes longing to the east, then turn stolidly with head bowed toward the setting sun.

Finally, the Rockies stopped his march, and we find Lieut. Pike, acting under orders of Gen. James Wilkinson, U. S. A., charming with his pleasant manner and youthful spirits the Indians of a region he was sent out to explore. He stopped to camp with the Osages at the mouth of the river which bears their name, where it empties into the Missouri at the Big Bend; he took a party of them with him to the home of the Pawnees whose village was situated on the Republican River where it joins the Kansas or Kaw. It was his special duty to conciliate the Indians and arrange for peace between the warring tribes. Wilkinson said in his orders, "Send chiefs to me for a visit," and make them suitable presents, especially plenty of flags, trading upon their love of ceremony. And since "orders is orders," Lieut. Pike at this Pawnee village on September 29, 1806, raised the American flag over the chief's wickiup. This was the first display of the United States flag by a soldier in the territory west of the Mississippi.

From them Pike learned of their similarity in certain modes of living to the Pueblo described in Spanish manuscripts. Ethnological studies have shown the Pawnee related to the tribes of the Southwest, and his legends indicate that he may have come from the southern section of the Pacific coast. He has always been an agriculturist, returning from the hunt in April of the year to his permanent village to plant his maize, beans and pumpkins. This work was usually done by the squaws, while the men were occupied with tanning the hides gathered on their winter's hunt. The younger men roamed away distant as much as seventy-five miles to kill deer and antelope and to trap beaver and muskrat which they brought back; the deer and antelope and buffalo for the winter food to be dried in the sun or

"jerked" before a slow fire, the skins to be added to those of the buffalo which were ready for the trapper-trader who made regular spring visits to the Indian village.

It was these Pawnees that Major Long encountered on his expedition in 1820, and Fremont on each of his exploring trips to the West. The treatment shown when in their villages was uniformly kind, but if met when returning from a war raid on the Comanches or Grapahoes, they were apt to prove quarrelsome and treacherous, looting the white men of their supplies and running off with their horses, while the chief strategically entertained the strangers.

Long's party had heard from trappers along their route about fighting between the mountain tribes and the plains Indians, and a constant lookout was kept for signs of roving, murderous scouts which the warring clans had sent out. Edwin James who compiled a journal from Long's notes, tells of sighting Indians' signs when they had ascended Pike's Peak. Looking to the north in a valley thirty miles distant, "the smoke of a large fire was distinctly seen, supposed to indicate the encampment of a party of Indians." So little was then known about the history of the tribes who inhabited the region that in a note to Dr. James erroneously supposed them to be Paducahs from the Muskogean family east of the Mississippi for he says, "A large tribe of Padoucas resided in 1724 on the Kansas River but later removed to the sources of the Platte River."

Dr. James speaks of an interesting meeting the exploring party had with the first Indians they had seen since leaving the Pawnees on the Republican River in Kansas. They had camped on the present site of Denver for a short time; had marched in a southwesterly direc-

tion up the Platte to the mountains of the Front Range from which they made reconnoitering investigations with a view of ascertaining the best method and direction in ascending Pike's Peak. The ascent made, they had gone back to their camp at what must have been Manitou, had descended the Fontane-que-bouille to the Arkansas, were proceeding up this river and had camped at what Pike referred to as the Second Fork of the Arkansas without having met with any more evidence that Indians existed than a few beads and trinkets they had fished out of the boiling soda springs, sacrificial offerings to Manitou, the Great Spirit. This absence of Indians throughout the whole of their mountain wanderings seemed remarkable. But they were soon to learn why.

While camped at this fork of the Arkansas, called by the Spaniards Wharf Creek because of the peculiar action of the water on the easily washed-out sand banks, an Indian man and his squaw, both Kaskaias, came along. From them the Long party learned that six nations were encamped a nineteen day journey below on the Arkansas. "Kaskaias, Shiennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Baldheads and a few Shoshones or Snakes" were engaged in a war-like expedition against the Spaniards on Red River, after having recently defeated the Spaniards in battle. These bands enumerated were supposed to comprise about all the nomadic population of the country around the sources of the Platte and the Arkansas. Said James of the pair of Kaskaias, "The Indian appeared excessively fond of his squaw, and their caresses and endearments they were at no pains to conceal. It was conjectured by our guide, and afterwards ascertained by those who ascended the Arkansas from which they had come, that they had married contrary to the

laws and usages of their tribe, the woman being already the wife of another man."

Capt. Hall of the Long party purchased from the Indian and his wife one of the horses they led with them, which they said had been just recently captured from among the wild horses of the plains. (Little did the Spaniards guess what a weapon of aid in defense the horse they turned loose on the mesas would become and how it would be used against them!) The disposal of the led horse made new packing arrangements necessary and, said Dr. James, "We were surprised to witness the facility and dispatch with which the squaw constructed a new pack saddle. She felled a small cottonwood tree from which she cut two long forked sticks. These were soon reduced to the proper dimensions and adapted to the ends of two flat pieces of wood about two feet in length and designed to fit accurately to the back of the horse, a longitudinal space of a few inches in width being left between them to receive the ridge of the horse's back. The whole was fastened without nails, pins or mortices but by a strong covering of dressed horse-hide sewn on wet with fibers of deer sinews."

By the time Fremont was sent out, in 1842, not only had the government been apprised of the Indian's determination to make his last stand before the front wall of the Rockies (he had been forced back and back inland from the east seaboard by the advance of settlements), but a conscious fear had been engendered as to what subduing the Indian was going to mean. Accordingly, a strong show of power and force was frequently paraded over the plains by troops from Fort Leavenworth. Fremont would send sentinels far in advance of his train; he kept a watch day and night;

such guards as Kit Carson and Maxwell, scouts well-versed in detecting Indian signs, were supposed to prevent any false alarms and allay unnecessary fears, but Fremont himself describes an amusing incident which shows the tension the whole expedition was constantly under.

Said Fremont: "‘Indians! Indians!’ cried an old man from the rear of the marching column. I immediately halted; arms were examined and put in order; the usual preparations were made. And Kit, springing upon one of the hunting horses, crossed the river and galloped off into the opposite plains to obtain an intelligence of their movements. Mounted on a fine horse, without a saddle, and scouring bareheaded over the prairies, Kit was the finest picture of a horseman I have ever seen. A short time enabled him to discover that the Indian war party of twenty-seven reported, consisted of six elks which had been gazing curiously at our caravan as it passed by and were now scampering off at full speed."

But Fremont was to have many real "brushes" with the Indians, who were early to learn that this scouring of the Rockies meant more than exploration and map-making — there were too many renegade whites to keep back the secret purpose of finding a pass which would make Oregon accessible by a route over the mountains.

Let us look into the character of the Indian. At different times, as exigencies arose, the United States Government has maintained relations with as many as seventy tribes east of the Rocky Mountains. The major portion of these belong to the Algonquin family. Ethnologists, basing their knowledge on the language spoken by the different tribes, have no hesitancy in saying that the Indians who lived at the time of the discov-

ery of America on the Atlantic Coast from Cape Hatteras north to the St. Lawrence, even in Labrador and from there west in Canada to the Rocky Mountains, in the land south of the Great Lakes including all of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, all of West Virginia, and parts of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan, were all Algonquins. The Arapahoes, Blackfeet, and Cheyennes, tribes immediately connected with the history and development of the West, too, were of the Algonquin family and had migrated over the plains, even crossing the Continental Divide.

George Bird Grinnell, whose studies of the Indian of the West have delighted thousands, says of the Algonquins:

“The tribes of this family are by far the best known of all American Indians; and they have left memorials of their former occupancy of the land in the names of states, counties, towns and villages in the most thickly settled parts of America. It was with Algonquins that the Pilgrim Fathers fought when they first landed; it was Algonquins that the first settlers of Virginia drove back into the mountains; it was with Algonquins that William Penn did his peaceful trading, and today in the minds of Americans the Algonquins stand as the type of the Indian. Scattered all over the vast territory which they occupied were many different tribes, some of them speaking languages that were closely related and easily understood by their neighbors; others, whose separation from the main stock had been longer, speaking tongues that were not understood by tribes related in blood. Many of the tribes had relations with each other which were friendly; others were often at war with those of their own blood. The habits of the tribes varied greatly, being of course modified by the



OURAY, A FAMOUS CHIEF OF THE UTE INDIANS.

conditions of the environment of each. All who lived in a territory where agriculture could be practiced did more or less farming, cultivating corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco. Usually they inhabited permanent villages; but, except during seedtime and harvest, they wandered to some extent for the purpose of hunting and of gathering the wild fruits, such as berries, nuts and roots, on which they part subsisted."

Another linguistic family whose representative tribes are known to the Rocky Mountain region is the Shoshonean. This family originally were in possession of an area almost equalling that of the Algonquin, covering a section from the northern boundary of the United States to Panama on the south and from the Pacific to the Rockies, and even beyond and down to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Shoshones or Snakes, as late as 1840 came down from the mountains as far as Bent's Fort on a marauding expedition. At different times, bodies of these Snakes would join the Blackfeet and the plains-Comanche, and proceed against a common enemy. The Utes, alternately friend and foe of the white man, are a member of this family as is the Hopi Indian who has long since adopted the Pueblo mode of living. To this tribe also belong the Digger Indians of California, so called because of subsisting principally upon the roots they dig from the earth. They represent, it is claimed, the very lowest form of Indian character in America.

The Apache Indian, also the Navajo, commonly associated with the Spanish Southwest, belongs by virtue of his language characteristics to the Athabaskan or Athapascan who roamed America from the Mackenzie to Old Mexico. The Pawnee, the most distinctively agricultural of the northern plains Indian, are members

of the Caddoan family, and according to their traditions they once lived on the Gulf of California lands.

It will be seen from this review that the occupancy of the Rocky Mountain region by such well-known Indians was due to their nomadic nature as well as to the pressure brought to bear by the white man who coveted their inviting possessions.

What difference existed in character and mode of living was due in the main to climatic conditions, to the ease in which food, clothing and shelter could be exacted from the land occupied. Even their religion partook of the symbolism suggested by objects around them. If a mountain Indian, the wolf, the coyote, the eagle, became the object of investiture; if a plains man, especially in the Hispanic Southwest, it was to the sun and the moon and the stars he looked for guidance, while those living where the land was a carpet of green, where trees waved and winds whispered, in each they felt the presence of the Great Spirit, many spirits. No wonder the Indian was a wild man!

Schoolcraft says of him: He "hears the great Diurgic Spirit in every wind, sees him in every cloud, fears him in every sound, adores him in every place that whispers awe; thus they make gods of the elements, see his image in the sun, acknowledge his power in fire; his notion of the spirit world exceeds all belief. Thus is the Indian mind made a victim of wild mystery, unending suspicion and paralyzing fear—nothing could truly make him more of a wild man."

Naturally, though childlike the Indian mind, he has tried to account for all the confusing phenomena of nature. The result is a vast store of folk-lore, stories that have to do with birds and animals and men, with rivers and trees and mountains and the starry sky. The re-

markable similarity between the legends of tribes widely separated is accounted for not only by their having had the same parent stock a hundred or more years before, but by the infusion of new blood through various means. Captives were taken in time of war; if children they grew up as one with their captors; if women, they were married into the tribe of the conqueror and bore children to whom were told the same stories that had charmed them in childhood. This foreign mixture of blood was beneficial, giving new dash and vigor to the tribe.

The Indian is wont to be pictured as sullen and stoical. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It has been related by many — traders, scouts, explorers — that these Indians were a merry, good-natured people in their camps and villages. Many of these tribes who have been removed from their hunting grounds to Oklahoma I have personally visited, and even in the face of the fact that they were forcibly removed and have been grossly mistreated by government mismanagement since, they are a happy people.

It is a difficult matter to approach a right judgment on a race so removed from our mental status and manner of living, yet I have a very vivid picture of a really happy family when I think, for instance, of the Indians on the Ponca reservation, the Otoe and also the Tonkawa reservation. The women put in their time making fancy ornaments, head dresses, beading moccasins and garments of handsome leather. They also help cultivate the garden vegetables and even in the larger fields of corn are seen working with the men, who, contrary to the general belief, do not impose all tasks on the "female of the species." However, I have seen them load a large bag with, well, corn, or provisions, or any-

thing, and invariably hand it over to the squaw who threw it over her shoulder and trudged merrily enough along behind her lord and master. After all, happiness depends upon one's mental attitude toward a thing!

When one compares the rather bovine content of those Indians of today in the enforced conditions surrounding them with the fighting spirit that was engendered in most of the plains tribes as part of their plan of living, he marvels at the savage's adaptability. The main thing that dominated the mind of the plains Indian after the question of food and skins for clothing was settled was to prepare to attack and defend himself against the enemy. To be brave was his religion. The boy was early taught to think it was better to die a glorious death fighting the enemy than to grow old and toothless, to be pushed over to the cold side of the lodge much as an old decrepit buffalo was seen forced away from the herd.

Not that all tribes were at war with one another. Frequently several friendly peoples would unite against a common enemy, the Spanish for instance; or the Cheyennes and Arapahoes against the Utes, and the Cheyennes against the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. But, in the main, an enmity existed between the plains Indians and the mountain tribe of the Utes. By a treaty made in 1851 the Sioux, the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes were to occupy the territory between the North Fork of the Platte and the Arkansas River on the south, their roaming to cease on the west with the Rocky Mountains. South of the Arkansas, a similar treaty provided land for the Kiowas, Apaches and Comanches. West of the Rockies was given over to the Utes.

With their territory overlapping, we can easily see the stage was set for trouble. Too, the Indians objected to



STONEWALL GAP, TROOP ROAD TO OLD FORT GARLAND.

the trapper and the trader, to exploring parties whose mission portended no good to their hunting grounds. Too many white men were scoundrels; they injected whiskey into the Indian hide to hasten a trade; too often it became a boomerang. That innocents suffered was the chief note in the tragedy.

In sober moments the Indian's grievance was large — many bands were brought literally to starvation by the ruthless destruction of the buffalo. We hear of pioneer settlements being wiped out, of prairie trains annihilated, of mail stages shot to pieces with not a postage stamp left to tell the story. Armed forces were kept riding the plains from Fort Laramie to Old Fort Garland, and we have the Sand Creek Massacre, the Beecher Island Fight, the battle at Adobe Walls — not all to the credit of the white soldier. On the west side of the Rockies the Utes festered; the whites were ignoring the treaty that had made this Ute land. Gunnison had been killed; traders and trappers, Robideaux among them, had been driven out; prospectors had found death instead of gold. The Utes had from time immemorial looked upon the valley of the San Luis as their special preserve. They saw it invaded by Mexican and American settlements.

Kit Carson had been sent to persuade the Indian to cease his depredations; he was able, in 1868, to effect a treaty with the Colorado Utes (there were three powerful bands of them within the Colorado territory) and Nathan C. Meeker who had come out from New York to take charge of the Greeley colony, was allowed to become the Indian agent. His subsequent death at the hands of the Utes was one of the bloodiest blots in history. Part of the tribe was moved into Utah, the remainder were given a reservation in Southwest Colorado.

The Ute agency is located at Ignacio. They, the

Southern Utes, have made remarkable strides toward civilization under a management that has sought to understand them. Last year, at the Pine River Fair, they made a display of their farm productions that equaled, and in some cases surpassed those of their white neighbors. At the Dry Farming Congress that met at El Paso, Texas, last fall, the Southern Ute Indians and their boarding school, in competition with the other Indian schools and Indian tribes, carried off the silver cup. The Indian men when not employed upon their reservation land prove valued help to the farmers, who are glad to employ them. Here is belated proof of what might have been.

In the perspective of today the Indian question has about resolved itself into this: The white man wanted the Indian land, and being the stronger, and the wiler — he got it. That the Indian showed himself to be a bad man hasn't anything to do with it. *Some* of the white men were bad. But I can't see that the problem of ownership should be settled on the morals of the man.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE WHITE MAN'S EYES

THE normal man has ever been an adventurer. As long as there remained unknown seas to cross to unknown lands beyond, his work was cut out for him. He who had the pomp and circumstance of power could induce him who had it not, partly by its reflection, but more through the heart's response, to join in the hunt for world's end.

Sometimes it was for gold he braved all. Again around his shoulders there fell the mantle of God's will to be done, yet within himself always there was echoing and re-echoing that bugle call to go, seek out, and master the unknown. As long as there was yet an unmarked inlet or an uncharted island in an unknown sea, there was the knight, the unknighted and the de-knighted, who swashbuckled and buccaneered in the teeth or the wake of the wind.

One hears much of the joys of a *dolce far niente* existence, of what a surcease life holds by the side of the swishing waves on some bread-fruit island in the Strange South Seas. But we are not like that — not one of us; nothing but *hasheesh* or *ava* could hold us there. As proof, look at the world today. America is geologically, geographically and soil surveyed till each grain of dust is numbered. It would seem that the undiscovered, the unknown, is a myth. Mountains are climbed and measured from base to crest; the tall ship or low-lying devil-craft "with a star to steer her by," can tell to a fractional

nicety the exact location at any given moment. And yet no age ever held such a Spirit of Romance, such a Spirit of Adventure, as that discovered to exist in — Big Business. For man is still the man of the days of the navigator, only with the geographical world spread out a map in front of him he has had to fall back upon himself and make of Industry his New World to conquer.

And this man of today is a lineal descendant of those foolhardy adventurers who landed on our shores hundreds of years ago and pushed fearlessly into the interior. That the Rocky Mountain section of this interior wilderness has acted as a peculiar lodestone throughout this country's history is a curious thing, and it is not until we attempt to satisfy our curiosity that we find to what extent the Rockies have exercised its magnetic influence. The Spaniard came up to her base from Mexico; he came over swamp and river from Florida. Later, the French *voyageur* came down from the St. Lawrence; the British trapper poured over the Canadian border; the while, Lo, the Poor Indian, fled to the shelter of these mountain fastnesses from the encroachment of the conquering race.

That the Spaniard was the first white man to set foot upon what is now Colorado soil is without question. How far he penetrated, and to what extent he explored does not matter so much as it interests us to see by what routes the eyes of the world were gradually riveted upon the Colorado of the colored rocks, as Castenada, Coronado's historian, called them.

A hundred years before the discovery of America the Portuguese had begun their rich trade with the Indies. Spain, still striving to expel the Moors, was too occupied with internal troubles to profit by the example of Portugal, her rich neighbor, who was engaging in voyages of

discovery and trade. But with the Moors out of Seville, Castile, and finally out of Granada, and the civil wars ended, Columbus was given his commission to go on the voyage of discovery that later led to Spanish domination in South America and in Mexico; to the expeditions that landed in Florida, those of Ponce de León, Diego Muruelo, Narvaez — the latter of which is responsible for one of the most disastrous tales that colors the beginnings of history in America.

It is of interest here because of the journal describing the Indian tribes encountered between Florida and the Rio Grande. This was written by Alvar Cabeza de Vaca, treasurer of the ill-starred expedition in which Narvaez lost his life, and in which de Vaca himself was one of the two survivors — all that was left of four ships, four hundred men and eighty horses that left Spain with high hopes some months before Narvaez, in 1528, with a party of men had struck off into the interior with instructions to the fleet to follow along the Gulf of Mexico so that it could later pick them up. When they returned to the coast no fleet was in sight, neither did it ever show up. Out of their stirrups and spurs they made saws with which trees were cut down and boats constructed. Sails they made of their shirts. Their horses they killed and the meat was dried for future use. From the hair of the horses' tails they made cordage, and, filling their rudely constructed craft with what supplies they had, they made their way down the coast. Indians captured them when they had landed on the shores of Louisiana or Texas — only de Vaca and a Barbary negro being allowed to live, the former through faking some miraculous powers of healing and the latter because of what was to them his strange physical appearance.

For six years de Vaca was kept a prisoner, but that he had a very clever mentality is shown in more than just the graphical description he gives of his experiences: He kept the Indians at all times in awe of his "healing" powers and, too, establishing confidence, later induced them to travel from tribe to tribe, performing his cures upon each. In this way he contrived his escape, in spite of the fact that he had attracted as many as four thousand followers. He and the negro, Estevancio, finally reached the Rio Grande, "a great river coming from the north." This is said to be the first mention of the Rio Grande in history.

From their point of meeting with the river they bore northward where they encountered an Indian tribe very different from the ones they had lived with so long. They had "fixed dwellings of civilization," being "the finest persons of any we saw, and of the greatest activity and strength and gave the most intelligent answers to our questions. We called them the Cow Nation," in all probability from the use they made of the buffalo meat and hide. Very astute he was, too, for he added, "We possessed great influence and authority; to preserve both we seldom talked with them." Here, in de Vaca's account, we have no doubt the first mention in history of the buffalo, of the "pueblo" Indian and of the Rio Grande River. And in the Spanish plunder, trinkets and other things later encountered among the nomadic Indians farther north can doubtless be traced the loot these savages got from the unfortunate Narvaez party.

De Vaca made his way down to the City of Mexico and thence to Spain. From his story of the rich country beyond the Mississippi, De Soto, who had acquired vast wealth in Peru while with Pizarro, fitted out an ex-

pedition in Spain at his own expense and with the customary velvet breeches, gold lace and flying plume of the Spanish *conquistadore*, started overland through Florida. Much bedraggled, no doubt, he reached the land described as rich but which he found empty of interest, the people roving in bands living on herbs, and wild fruits. Discouraged, he started to return, following the route he had taken on the way out, when death overtook him at the Mississippi, to whose waters his comrades consigned his body. He had probably traveled as far west as central Kansas, discovering "nothing so remarkable as his burial place." It is generally conceded that Louis de Moscoso, upon whom the command of the De Soto party fell, went, on his second trial trip, into Colorado and even beyond New Mexico on his way to join with Spaniards coming up from Mexico.

Probably the most interesting of all the Spanish expeditions sent into the North was that of Coronado, 1540, but George Parker Winship's exhaustive study of Spanish documents dealing with the New Spain of that date makes it seem very unlikely that Coronado ever reached as far north as Colorado. At the same time, the purpose of this expedition — the quest of the legendary "Seven Cities of Cibolla," rich in treasure, in gold vessels and turquoise-studded walls, gives credence to the rumors that were to be met in every tribe which roamed mountain or plain that fabulous treasures of gold and silver existed "to the north."

However, the origin of this legend of the "seven cities" is traced by Bandelier to a map made by one Martin Dehaim for the Portuguese service in the year of 1492, a momentous year for America. This precludes any possibility of connecting the probable brain-vision of some imaginative Spaniard with the original

legend which refers to a group of cities located on an island whither a number of Christians and a Portuguese Bishop had fled when Spain was occupied by the "infidel Moors." This island of Antilia, *ante insula*, west of the Cape Verdes, had passed into legendary history; its name was revived and memorialized, when the West Indies were discovered, in the term Antilles — islands opposite, they proved rightly to be, to the main land. What more natural than that they, too, should have been invested with a "seven cities," flowing with milk and honey, as all the *floridas* were reported to be? And in an age without "extras," the morning paper — any sort of a printed medium, the story bandied from mouth to mouth in fifty years should have become perfectly suited as an argument to tickle the ear of the Spanish Viceroy of Mexico until he should willingly supply the doubloons for a cloth-of-gold expedition.

We now know what Coronado could only learn by trailing his band over the whole of central and northern Mexico, even to the Gulf of California — that there were no wealthy "seven cities." There yet remained for him to pursue with the same result the story of the wealthy land or city or Indian village of Quivira. That he returned to Mexico with his version of the non-existence of wealth explains the many subsequent expeditions sent out by church and state; that he was unbelieved, led to the establishment of missions and frontier posts which became reinforcements in themselves of Spanish claim to a territory that overlapped later American acquisition.

And strange to say, what was considered Coronado's deflection, led to Lieut. Pike's visit to the West as well three hundred years later. For our government had taken no cognizance of Coronado's expedition, the most thorough, the most comprehen-

sive, the most remarkable of explorations ever made in America, full reports of which he sent to the crown. Abstracts from these reports had been made, both of Fray Marcos and Coronado's accounts, and published in Italy and England; and as Bandelier remarks, had these experiences, so clearly and truthfully laid down in the Spanish documents, been consulted, much useless expenditure of time and capital would have been spared, and Pike's expedition made more definite in its aims.

Winship has made the findings contained in Castenada's journal of the Coronado expedition the basis of one of the most valuable contributions to the American Bureau of Ethnology. The original text of this journal I have seen in the Manuscript Division of the New York Public Library, having formed a part of the collection of Spanish documents dealing with the New World which James Lennox secured from a Mr. Rich who was United States Consul at Madrid in 1845.

Thomas Jefferson ordered Lieut. Pike on his expedition to the West "to obtain information founded on scientific pursuits and with a view of entering into a chain of philanthropic arrangements for ameliorating the conditions of the Indians who inhabit the vast plains and deserts." Yet Castenada's clear and consistent statements show Coronado's correct studies and classification of as many as six linguistic and ethnographic districts in New Mexico! Then Castenada says, "They count seven other villages between this route and the Snowy Mountains"! To quote again from Bandelier, "Practical life demands of research in the historical field that it make it acquainted with the experiences of the past for the use and advantage of the present."

But plainly none of this information from Spanish sources was in the hands of the government at Washington when Pike was sent out to find his way to the headwaters of the Platte, and the Arkansas, and the Red Rivers. True, they knew of the establishment of some considerable Spanish power at Santa Fé. Pike heard, he says in his journal, of the pretentious expedition organized at Santa Fé, 1719, which started north to establish a military post on the upper Mississippi as a barrier against further encroachments of the French. Of the fifteen hundred soldiers and large herds of horses and cattle who advanced up what is now the Santa Fé Trail to Republican River, where they fell into a trap laid for them by the Indians, all were murdered except the Jacobin chaplain whose "Black Robe" saved him, as it was to do for many of his kind. Pike, too, discovered traces of Spanish trading among the Indians' belongings. Doubtless, he also heard through General Wilkinson in New Orleans, under whose direct head he was working, of the trading of horses and cattle for furs from the Indians by the Spanish, as reported by De Bourgmont; for the French government had sent several expeditions into the interior, Bourgmont's among them, for the purpose of making not only a permanent peace for themselves between the Indians but to put a stop to the tribal wars that were interfering so disastrously with the fur trade upon which the French were as intent as ever the Spaniard was for gold.

A few traces of a house foundation about thirty miles below the present city of Pueblo, were all the evidences Pike met with as proof of Spanish occupancy, or colonist and missionary activity during the three hundred years of Spanish claim. Of French penetration into the Rocky Mountain region, we have Bienville's report in 1704,

that as many as one hundred Canadians were furthering the French government's desire to possess land, to push the insistent demands of the fur business, and to discover a route to the Pacific. We have the accounts of the Mallett brothers, trappers, who went up the Platte, down its South Fork, and, turning south, went through the Colorado plains to Santa Fé. Pierre Verendrye, a rich fur trader from the Lake Superior region, determined in 1728 to push his way to the "Western Sea." His trappings, wanderings, and exploration covered a period of years until in 1742 he reached the Big Horn Range of mountains in Wyoming. He is said to have been the first white man to gaze on the northern peaks of the Rockies. Accounts show him to have penetrated farther west than any of the French adventurers.

Plainly, then, the Colorado of the Rockies, which Lieut. Zebulon Montgomery Pike was practically to discover to the world, was all but virgin territory to the white man's tread. We find him leaving St. Louis on the 11th of July, 1806. Following Gen. Wilkinson's advice to conciliate the Indian, he stopped, with his brave little party of two lieutenants, one sergeant, one surgeon, two corporals, sixteen privates and an Indian interpreter, at a village of Osage Indians on the Missouri River. He persuaded a large representation of that tribe to accompany him on a visit to the Pawnees whose village was on the Republican River, a fork of the Kansas or Kaw, which empties into the Missouri at Kansas City.

We must remember there were no white settlements on his route; that he knew nothing of the character of the Indian tribes nor their location. He might have been swooped down upon any night and his little band annihilated as they lay asleep around the camp fire; or

in broad daylight, wild shrieking Comanches could have swept up a valley or over a ridge and been upon them in a moment, and as quickly have galloped away on the horses they had stolen from the Spaniards, with the scalps of the whole party dangling in the wind from their makeshift saddles.

But there is a "Way of the Strong." Pike was brave, he was fearless. Too, he was young, and the world was young to him, and he was fired with the thought that he would be discovering a world that was young, new, to his government. Then, it is said, everybody was his friend. His treatment at the hands of the Indians shows he "had a way" with him. Wilkinson had said in his last letter, before Pike started out, "Send the chiefs to me on a visit." No doubt the young adventurer painted in glowing colors what such a visit would afford — many, many more presents than he was able to load them down with, and feasts, and games, delights without end. When they had reached the Pawnee village, the visiting Osages accompanying them, Pike raised over the house of the chief the first American flag that was ever displayed by a soldier west of the Mississippi.

After Pike, according to orders, had performed part of his "special duty" with the Pawnees and Osages — that of "conciliating the Indian and arranging for peace between the warring tribes" — he started across country "to acquire," in the language of Jefferson, "such geographical knowledge of the southwest boundary of Louisiana, as to enable the government to enter into a definite arrangement for a line of demarcation between that territory and North Mexico." For this latter purpose he was supplied with a complete set of astronomical and mathematical instruments for surveying. He had started from



LIEUTENANT ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.
(After a painting by Peale, now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.)



St. Louis in July; by the 23rd of November he had reached what he recorded as the third Fork of the Arkansas, the mouth of the Purgatoire River. At the Second Fork, he was at the present site of Pueblo. Leaving all but three of his men here, he followed the Fontane-queboulle — a name given by French trappers later because of the boiling springs of the river at Manitou — keeping to the left bank until they had reached the base of Cheyenne Mountain in front of "High Peak."

This peak was the one, of course, that now bears this plucky explorer's name. It had been their purpose to make its ascent and, having left all supplies at the base of Cheyenne Mountain, they began what they thought was the climb to its summit. They found the approach painfully difficult; all the way seemed up perpendicular walls. Overnight they camped in a cave "without blankets, victuals or water." They arose and tried again. Any one who has ever climbed Cheyenne Mountain from the south side will recognize this picture of Pike's: "Unbounded prairie overhung with clouds which appeared like the ocean in a storm — wave piled on wave, and foaming whilst the sky was perfectly clear where we were."

Up, up they went, the snow waist deep, the thermometer four degrees below zero, his men "in overalls and no stockings." He had thought this mountain would lead him to the summit of Pike's Peak, but he says, with much chagrin, "Fifteen or sixteen miles away and as high again as we had ascended — it would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base! I believe no human being could have ascended its pinnacle." They arrived at the foot of Cheyenne as a heavy snowstorm set in. "We sought shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where all four of us made a meal on one par-

tridge and a piece of deer's ribs, the first food we had eaten in forty-eight hours."

But the ascent of the summit was left to Dr. James of the Long expedition, and for years it was known as James' Peak. Pike said of it in another place in his journal: "Its height, according to my calculation, eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty-one feet, is so remarkable as to be known by all the savage nations for hundreds of miles around and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards and was the bounds of their travel north of Mexico."

Pike's party made their way again down the Fontanque-bouille to the Arkansas, which they followed up as far as the Canyon City site. Here Pike took a small detachment and made his way into the mountains by the way of Current Creek and on into South Park, which he explored until he had discovered the source of the Platte. He visited the Salt Marsh mentioned in old Spanish documents, later known as Hall's Ranch, crossed over the Continental Divide from there and descended Trout Creek to the valley of the Arkansas. This river, the Arkansas, he took to be the Red River, which he was sent to explore. He moved on up the valley, past the present site of Leadville, until he had reached its source. Then he turned and made his way down the stream through the wondrous Royal Gorge and other canyons of the river until he found himself at his starting point. Coues makes much light of this mistake of Pike's, and attempts to prove his point further by calling Pike's actions questionable when overtaken by the Spaniards in the Valley of the San Luis.

But surely Pike's determination to find the real Red River is shown in the painful and difficult attempts to find a way over the Sangre de Cristo Mountains as he left the Wet Mountain Valley behind. After many



THE ARKANSAS RIVER, FROM THE TOP OF THE ROYAL GORGE.

hardships he found the Poncho Pass opening across the range and entered into the wondrously beautiful San Luis Valley. He passed down the Rio Grande del Norte which he thought — without mistake this time — could be nothing else but the long sought Red River. About five miles down below the confluence of the Conejos with the Rio Grande he built a stockade which he meant as rendezvous for the future explorations. It was of the view from near here that he wrote:

“From a high hill south of our camp we had a fine view of all the rivers to the north of us. It was at the same time one of the most sublime and beautiful inland prospects ever presented to the eyes of man. The prairie lying nearly north and south was probably sixty miles by forty-five; the main river bursting out of the western mountains and meeting from the northeast a large branch, divides the chain of mountains, proceeds down the prairies making many large and beautiful islands, one of which I judge contains ten thousand acres of land, all meadow land covered with innumerable herds of deer. In short, the view combined the sublime and beautiful. The great and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows, seemed to surround the luxurious vale covered with perennial flowers like a terrestrial paradise shut out from the view of man.”

But not for long was Pike to revel in such views, neither was he destined to make use of the strong stockade he had built. A detachment of Spanish cavalry came upon him in his temporary domicile and informed him of his trespass upon Mexican territory. Pike tried to explain that he was on the headwaters of the Red River, and learned for the second time he had mistakenly identified a river again, this time the Rio Grande del Norte. To protest against his arrest or to refuse to accompany

the officer to Santa Fé would have been the height of folly under the circumstances and he allowed himself to be taken under escort to the New Mexico capital. Coues scouts the idea, and makes out a very strong case against Pike in this incident of his connection with Wilkinson's scheme to discover by any method possible the extent and strength of Spanish occupancy in the southwest, with the view of turning it to account in his attempt, which was later exposed, to divorce the country west of the Mississippi from the United States and, with Burr and Blennerhassett, set up a kingdom.

Pike, however, cleared himself at the time of all suspicion, and as he fell later, in Canada, fighting for the integrity of his country, his name will always remain with pride and honor one of the outstanding ones in connection with the development of the West. For, though the government sent out many and better fitted expeditions to the Rocky Mountain country at later dates, it was Pike's findings that drew and focused the country's eyes on what might be expected of America's new acquisition, the Louisiana purchase.

From what meager accounts Pike was able to furnish the government upon his return — Governor Allencaster of New Mexico had taken from him all notes when he was searched at the Palace in Santa Fé, before sending him to prison at Chihuahua — it was seen how necessary it was to secure accurate and full data of the West. Accordingly, Major Long was dispatched into the region with topographers, geologists, naturalists, botanists, landscape painters, interpreters, physicians, surgeons, and a journalist. The government was not disappointed in the reports rendered, for complete accounts were turned in of the flora and fauna of the country covered, of the Indian tribes met, and of the topography of the country,

exact location and configuration of mountain and plain, of stream and tributary.

Long's route, on this expedition of 1819-20, led out from the mouth of the Platte, and without difficulty followed its course from Council Bluffs to the source of the South Platte. The Indian name for this river was Nebraska, meaning flat river, or water, and such it was discovered to be by this little temerarious band of scientists who were guarded on this very dangerous journey by — one corporal and six privates!

Reaching the present site of Denver, the expedition entered the mountain region through the mouth of the South Platte Canyon; it crossed the Divide, explored the country, came back through Ute Pass, down the Fontane-que-bouille to Manitou, where Dr. James, the chronicler of the expedition, with two companions made the ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak. From here the expedition went down the Fontane-que-bouille to the Arkansas. Here they looked in vain for a trace of the block house built by Lieut. Pike fifteen years before. The Arkansas they followed from here up to Canyon City, where the river enters the mountains through deep gorges, and, satisfied as to its character from there to its source, retraced their steps to the level plain and returned to the habitat of civilized man.

Col. John C. Fremont made five different expeditions into Colorado. So bold, so fearless, so brave through the most perilous of hardships was he that in history he is known as "The Pathfinder." Three of these expeditions were under government orders, but the last two were made through private arrangements — a feasible route for a railroad being sought. They covered a period of ten years, from 1843 to 1853. Fremont's information concerning the country he was to explore had been

derived not only from reports of government expeditions, but probably much more from the reports of the fur companies, a number of which, as we shall see, were located at St. Louis, Fremont's home.

Fremont was a strange combination. He had profited by an education in both American and European universities; the accuracy of his official reports showing "painstaking knowledge wrested from an unfamiliar field," betray the use to which his learning was put; that he had a poet's soul as well as a poet's medium of expression is shown in his *Memoirs*; that these "niceties" of civilized surroundings had not paled the blood in his veins is made clear to any one who attempts to cover, even on paper, the trails of "The Pathfinder." Few explorers have been so foolhardy, so headstrong in the face of the direst of dangers. That he should meet with protests from his men, serious opposition at times from those who had many times "hit the trail" was only natural; but that they in the end followed, though growling, that "fool tenderfoot," attests to his type of the strong, well-loved man, dear to the heart of the Westerner. His enemies, and they were many and due not only to his alliance with the astute Senator Thomas H. Benton, accused him of being over-ambitious, out for self, hot-headed and ill-balanced. But whether he was any or all of these things, that little-known region of the Rockies came into the limelight under Fremont's exploitations of his findings.

Fremont's expeditions were, in the main, meant to discover the best route to Oregon. On his first journey he divided his company, sending a detachment on to the neighborhood of the South Pass, that opening in the mountains later used as a crossing by the Union Pacific Railroad; himself, he uneventfully followed the South

Platte up to St. Vrain, the fur trader's fort, with Lucien Maxwell and three others. From there they went on to Fort Laramie, where they were to join the main party, Kit Carson having been assigned to that division because of his superior knowledge of the country through scouting and trapping experiences. From the noted Jim Bridger, who was directing a party of fur traders down the trail of the North Platte, they learned that the Sioux, the Gros Ventre, the Blackfeet and Cheyennes were combined and "out for blood," enraged at the inroads the whites were making in their territory. But Fremont was not to be daunted. He was making a Long Trail for the white man and to show the white feather now would only encourage the Indian in the future. Whether it was "bluff" or what, anyhow it worked, and he made the trip to the South Pass and back without encountering an Indian.

One comes upon memorials to Fremont unexpectedly in many out of the way places in Colorado. Up on the Union Pacific, in Morgan County, on one's way to Denver, he hears the train man call out "Orchard! Orchard!" It is a fertile valley, where the scene is pastoral, and orchards blossom as perchance they do "in Normandy." But the place had much more romantic beginnings. It was near here Fremont camped one fine evening of his first expedition, "among a fine grove of cottonwoods, under whose broad shade the tents were pitched." For years the grove was referred to as "Fremont's Orchard." In his journal he speaks of the banks of the Platte being fringed with timber and of wooded islands in the middle of the stream. On this same journey, as they had traveled up the Platte on a July afternoon, they saw in the distance "a far and uncertain view of a faint blue mass in the west, as the sun sank behind."

That night they camped on Bijou Creek (reminiscent in name of the presence of the French trappers) and the next morning the peak, discovered by Major Long about twenty years before, with "the neighboring mountains stood out into the sky, grand and luminously white, covered to their base with glittering snow." In Lake County, which is synonymous with Leadville in the student mind, is to be found "Fremont's Pass." It is in the Park Range of mountains on the Dillon branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad about ten miles from Leadville. Fremont, on his second expedition, had gone from the headwaters of the South Platte down the Arkansas to Pueblo, and of this "pass" in the mountains, which was afterwards given his name, he said, "In the afternoon we continued our road — occasionally through open pines, with a very gradual ascent. We surprised a herd of buffalo, enjoying the shade at a small lake among the pines; they made the branches crack, as they broke through the woods. In a ride of about three quarters of an hour, and having ascended perhaps eight hundred feet we reached the summit of the dividing ridge." This is one of the most striking viewpoints in the whole of the Rockies. As if to reward those who have laboriously climbed to the top of the "pass," there stands out boldly to the northwest the Mount of the Holy Cross, a peak that bears on its bosom the sacred emblem of reward for the faithful, while from every direction there greets the eye a marvelous mass of unbelieving mountain wonders. Even a whole county has been made a memorial for this intrepid Pathfinder, and no more fitting section could have been chosen than the one in which the towns of Florence and Canyon City are located. Here were found fossils and bones of extinct animals "compared to which," says Professor

The Royal Gorge.



Marsh, "in proportion the mastodon sinks into insignificance."

Here are perhaps the greatest of the scenic attractions of Colorado — the Royal Gorge and the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. Fremont had traversed the county during at least two of his expeditions, the second and third, having come down into South Park from the Platte Canyon, over the mountains to the headwaters of the Arkansas and down its banks to where it meets the plains below Canyon City.

Fremont's fourth and fifth expeditions, the former a most disastrous one, were privately planned, and for interests which wished to send a railroad across the continent through Colorado, if Fremont's findings should show the plan feasible. That the project was not carried through is well known, but Fremont's observations and careful explorations were of immense use later to the Denver and Rio Grande, who employed many of his proposed passes and routes over Southern Colorado.

Many expeditions under the direct auspices of the government came into and passed through Colorado, some to intimidate the Indian by a show of strength. Francis Parkman tells of one of these *opera bouffe* affairs: "Colonel Kearney (1845) left Fort Leavenworth with several companies of dragoons and marched as far as Fort Laramie, passed along the foot of the mountains to Bent's Fort, and then, turning eastward again, returned to the point whence he set out." It will be noted the trail of march led through Sioux, Dakotah, Cheyenne, Ute and Arapahoe parade grounds. "Then," he continues, "for the first time the tribes of the vicinity saw the white warriors, and, as might have been expected they were lost in astonishment at their regular order, their gay attire, the completeness of their martial equip-

ment, and the size and strength of their horses. . . . They had lately committed numerous murders, and Colonel Kearney threatened if they killed any more white men he would turn loose his dragoons upon them and annihilate the nation. In the evening to add to the effect of his speech he ordered a howitzer to be fired and a rocket to be thrown up. Many of the Indians fell flat to the ground, while others ran away screaming with amazement and terror. On the following day they withdrew to their mountains, confounded at the appearance of the dragoons, at their big guns which went off twice at one shot, and at the fiery messenger which they had sent up to the Great Spirit."

Many other expeditions sent out for the same purpose as Kearney's, accomplished as much — or as little. Some of them went as close to the Mexican country as was consistent with the temper of their leader, to impress that nation presumably of the fact that America had her eye on what was happening on the Mexican border. It was Colonel Kearney who was put in command of the army sent against Santa Fé in 1846.

But one expedition in which much interest centered was the ill-starred one of Capt. John W. Gunnison, who was sent out in 1853 by the government for the now familiar purpose of discovering a route to the Pacific over the Rockies. He had come out from the east over the route of the Santa Fé trail as far as Bent's Fort. From there he turned to the southwest, made his way over the Sangre de Cristo Range and into the south San Luis Valley. He made his way to the north of the valley which he left through the Cochetopa Pass. We who know little but well-traveled roads find it difficult to grasp what it would mean to cut down trees on a sloping mountain side, boulder embedded, to make way

for the supply wagons and pack mules. Nothing but a spirit of undaunted adventure, a love of the wild scenic grandeur of nature would carry one through the hardships that an unexpected blinding snowstorm, for instance, at a two-mile elevation imposes.

The Ute Indians, at whose hands later, in Utah, Gunnison was to meet death, began to show themselves in the Elk Mountains into which they had penetrated after leaving the more simply picturesque region now known as Gunnison County. In his journal Gunnison wrote: "A large smoke ascended from our last camp from the grass taking fire after we left it; a larger counter-smoke was seen during the day directly on our route ahead, made doubtless by the Ute Indians, in the heart of whose country we have been traveling for several weeks, and whom we expect daily to meet, as we are approaching their hunting grounds — the elk which they follow both north and south in the winter, migrating here at this season." The Indians proved quite friendly enough, advising them not to try the route of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison as it was impossible of passage. The Gunnison party went from here into the valley of the Uncompaghre and on into Utah, where at Sevier Lake, Gunnison and seven men were surprised early one morning and brutally murdered.

But normal man has ever been the adventurer. Sometimes he has given this magic pull the name of a "new" or "more direct passage," of "gold," or of "pelts." These are excuses, and but paltry. For the name of the inward urge is Adventure, and man is never so happy as when he hearkens to its call.

CHAPTER V

THE TRAPPER, THE TRADER, THE HUNTER

WHAT strange footprints there are on the Long Trail of History! Many of them are forever obliterated. Try, as we will, to pick out the blurring track upon which time is shifting sand; keep our noses however close to the ground: only in our memory is to be found the fragrant scent of those other days, a memory superinduced to us of the "second generation" by the record of the printed page.

Soon the buffalo, the original trail-maker of the plains, will be little more than a myth, a companion, maybe, of the dinosaur, confused as to period by the weight of the hundreds of years that will have come. Even today, less than fifty years since he moved in front of the new transcontinental railway, a solid black mass as far as the eye could see, single specimens of his kind found in zoological gardens are viewed with more puzzled interest than the reconstructed mastodons in the museums of natural history.

I suppose the buffalo can only be regarded as a mere incident in Time's Great Narrative, but, even so, he was one of the main contributory incidents in the spectacular drama that brought the West into the center of the American stage. To the Indian who lived in America's newly acquired Louisiana territory the animal was almost everything he required; shelter, clothing, food, boats, saddles, weapons for war and for the chase, even the articles in



BUFFALO ON THE TRINCHERA ESTATE, SAN LUIS VALLEY.

use for domestic purposes. To really possess this new acquisition meant to dispossess the Indian, although such a fact had to be worked out, even thought out later. Yet the Indian was quick to see what it all meant. That he understood what "conciliating the Indian" was leading to; that "making peace between the warring tribes" was only to afford a profitable peace for trapping and hunting that the white man might benefit the more in trade, was as clear to him as the signs in the heavens. But that he submitted with but occasional and brutal retaliation was due to his rank in the racial class.

In the meantime, trappers and traders and hunters poured into the Rockies from all directions. In this newly-acquired country the only commerce was that of the fur trade. The section west of the Mississippi had been in the hands of the French and that they occupied themselves and explored the territory in the interest of the one thing they found it rich in, was due to the Frenchman's thrifty, business nature. The Spaniard lusted for gold, and the power and love of display that comes with large holdings; the Englishman confined his energies to colonizing. But the yellow metal had refused to glitter, and colonists huddled together on the Atlantic seaboard. Only after hardihood had been developed in a "second generation" did they become bold enough to pour over the Alleghenies, a new breed, practically. We shall see that this "new breed," the Carson-Wooten-Wiggins pioneers, were the ones who left their name and fame indelibly printed on the pages of Colorado history.

The story of the buffalo and the beaver is indissolubly linked with the development of the whole section of the United States west of the Mississippi. That Colorado came into her share of the story is due not only to her

many mountains and canyons and valleys and plains, so rich in fur bearing animals that every foot of her surface could many times been clothed with the skins sent out, but also to her proximity to the Mexican metropolis of Santa Fé. St. Louis was the headquarters of the fur trade and had been since its establishment as a French settlement. From there the fur hunters had started up the Missouri to the Platte and overland to Oregon. All along the banks of these rivers and their tributaries might be found the French *voyageur* and the trapper, who from the advent of the Frenchman on the American continent had sought pelts in prairie and forest.

But a trade had begun with Santa Fé, and there were many individuals who, fired by the riches their friends were making in the fur companies organized in St. Louis, thought to profit by trade with the Spanish settlements in the Southwest. Once engaged in freighting over the "Trail," experiencing the enforced stay of several weeks in Santa Fé before their return to the "States," the opportunities of fur trapping and trading in the Rockies to the north were forced upon their attention. Accordingly, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized in St. Louis in 1830. Other companies, the Missouri Fur Co., the American Fur Co. (the "Company" as it arrogantly forced itself to be known) of John Jacob Astor, the Hudson Bay Co., were competitors in a way, yet their posts and rendezvous were to the Northwest of the territory to which the newly formed company expected to confine its energies.

The especial field of the Rocky Mountain Company was to be the Rockies in the region of Continental Divide. The field covered included Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana; the men who were to make the company supreme during its brief five years' existence in-

cluded many who had been with General Ashley in the Missouri Fur Co.—Sublette, Jackson, Smith, Bridger and Fitzpatrick. It gathered unto it trappers and scouts and guides whose services were sought by the government in piloting many an army detachment through the wilderness of the Rockies when engaged in those Indian wars that have scarred American history.

There had been plenty of trapping for furs in Colorado before the organization of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, but principally by individual effort. Too, the Indian had been a prolific gatherer of the rich beaver pelts. Freighters to Santa Fé had seen the rich possibilities and had sought to establish posts in the country through which they passed. Notable among them were the Bents and the St. Vrans and the Chouteaus, the latter identified with the American Fur Co.

But probably the most systematic of trapper trails were those used by "Smith, Jackson & Co.," as the Rocky Mountain Company was always referred to. These old experienced men, members of the new formed company, knew that at Santa Fé could be found plenty of that brand of men that represented almost a *genre* of their own—men who chafed under the regulation imposed by caravan and wagon train and the restrictions necessarily imposed by commerce-carrying between Santa Fé and the States; knew that the freedom of the mountain man's country would appeal to them. So in September, 1830, a call was sent to Santa Fé for men to join the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. Among those hundreds who responded was Kit Carson, the most noted of all trappers, hunters, scouts, Indian fighters, and right hand man of the government during the time when "there was no Bible west of the Mississippi and no God beyond the Missouri."

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These trappers from Santa Fé had a long way to travel before they reached any sort of proving grounds. But the three hundred miles from there to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas was all "in the day's work." From here the trail divided, and whatever of the courses they took had been beaten long before into a good semblance of a path by animals; deer, antelope, elk, buffalo, and later by the Indian. One trail led west of the mountain wall that confronts the plains. Sometimes the path was close against the mountains as where it crossed the watershed that divides the Arkansas and the Platte near Palmer Lake; again it broke out into the plains, twenty-five miles or so. Generally it followed the road now used by the railways south of Denver. At Denver it entered the mountains, climbed the pass to Breckenridge and dropped into Middle Park.

The interest in these trails now is chiefly in that they are the avenues civil engineers found feasible for the railroads that thread the State. There is the trail that follows the Arkansas up to the present site of Canyon City, through the Royal Gorge, and on up to the headwaters of the Arkansas and into South Park. Another is practically the Santa Fé Rail route from Pueblo, up the Fontane-que-bouille to Manitou; from there it enters the mountains through Ute Pass and over into South Park. One, a hundred miles east of the mountains, passed over a strip of land about thirty miles wide known as neutral ground — a track used by the Indians of the different tribes, the Utes, the Arapahoes, Sioux, Crows, Blackfeet, Snakes, Comanches, Cheyennes and Apaches. This was generally avoided, as the trapper could never just tell in what spirit the Indian would be upon his return from a visit to some warring tribe.

To the person who knows nothing of the joys of out-

door life even in summer — the camping, and hunting, and fishing, and following trails he knows not, and cares not, whither — trudging through snow waist-deep and climbing to almost sky-heights only to drop down almost perpendicular walls to a trap-set stream below, fails in appeal. His eye does not light, nor his lips laugh, nor his words ring, with the thought of the joy of it all. To him it sounds like a chapter constructed for a "best seller," especially the type of fiction meant eventually for the moving picture drama. Instead, if he possessed one-tenth of the imagination of the much-maligned scenario writer, he could have in a breath the whole west region, elevated as it is to a level of several thousand feet, laid out in front of him. Something of what is meant by invigorating mountain air would come to him. The absence of rain, to any appreciable extent, renders one insensible to the cold — so dry is the air — in the deep of winter. To the trapper there was the alluring charm of the unknown, the unused country, as he mounted to a new height and viewed the wide encircling panorama whose mountain crests, snow white, blend into the hazy blue of the sky by day; earth and sky, too, were as drawn together by the night mists when the sun had dropped out of sight, adding at once both mystery and mysticism to the world problem that puzzles even the wisest mind.

Of the Kit Carson detachment in the employ of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company that left Santa Fé for the beaver country, presumably the northern "parks" of Colorado, Edwin L. Sabin gives a picture that might well fit any band sent out by a fur company. As was frequently the case, these men were not employed by the season, nor for any certain time but were what was known as "skin" trappers, outfitted with the necessary

supplies on the understanding that they were to sell to the company all the "pelts" taken.

"And we can see them," said Sabin; "Frenchman, American, Irishman, half-breed Mexican, with long hair, long rifles, fringed buckskins, broad hats, short stirrups, in compact yet mobile squads at a trappers' rack or cow pony trot, pressing on into the hills; around the foot of Pike's Peak, past the boiling soda springs where today the gaiety of a pleasure resort has succeeded the Manitou rites of the Indians, through the strange red-rock region of the Garden of the Gods, over the ridge and on. Behind and about, naught for which they particularly cared; before, beaver, Injun, and maybe death."

And death from the Indian's hands often awaited the trapper around the shoulder of a boulder. The Indian was sold shot and shell and gun by the trader who bought his pack of skins. It was easy for him to fancy he was wronged in the state of mind occasioned by his constant alarm at the presence of the white man in his region. The most careful precautions were therefore observed by the trapper in each move he made; his camp headquarters was chosen with a view of security against Indian attack, and near water and fuel; it was left in charge of some one of their number whose one thought was to keep a lookout for a moving bush or a crackling twig behind which a red-skin might be lurking.

The trappers went at night to set their traps, in the morning to see what had been their luck. Those with traps near the camp went on foot, those farther afield called for horses, as they trapped frequently in a radius of twenty-five miles. The day was put in with skinning the beaver, stretching it, drying it, then, with the hair folded inside, it was packed away against the time when return would be made to the post.

The season over, they hastened to the post, or previously arranged spot of rendezvous where they disposed of their season's catch. They were seldom, if ever, paid in cash. They took what was due them in exchange — picturesque skin headgear, fancy fringed buckskins, a new species of rifle. Sometimes they took back to the wilds nothing free of debt, for, often as not, their advent into the post was the signal for wild and riotous living to start, and their gambling debts, the whiskey that rivaled the "squirrel" variety of the bootlegging districts, soon ate up for them what many had hoped would finance a trip "back to the folks."

They were a peculiar and picturesque breed, these trappers, who unconsciously were pathfinders and geographers in one for future generations. Lieut. Ruxton, an Englishman, who spent the winter of 1847 hunting in the "parks" and on the Fontane-que-bouille had this to say in writing of his experiences with the trapper:

"The trapper of the Rocky Mountains belongs to a genus more approximating to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilized man. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness, with no other companion than nature herself, their habits and character assume a most superior cast of simplicity, mingled with ferocity, appearing to take their coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. . . . They are keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game and their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws they have none, neither human nor divine, nor do

they know or care. They do not scruple as to ways and means to obtain their wish which is their only law. He is strong, hardy, facing peril at every step, he soon becomes an expert seeking out his victims and also fell into just what uncivilized white men might be supposed to be in a brute state.

“On starting for a hunt the trapper fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading forts or from some of the petty traders, *coureurs des bois*, who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules, one for a saddle, the others for packs — and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a trap-sack. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deerskins for moccasins, are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo skin, called a possible-sack. His ‘possibles’ and ‘trap-sack’ are generally carried on the saddle mule when hunting, the others being packed with furs.

“The costume of the trapper is a hunting shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his left shoulder and under his right arm hang his powder horn and bullet pouch, in which he carries his balis, flint and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher-knife in a sheath of buffalo hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel; which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is often added; and, of course, a long heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipeholder, which hangs around his neck, and is generally a *gage d’amour*, and a triumph of squaw



A TRAPPER IN COSTUME.

workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine quills."

Of the treatment the trapper received from the trader, Ruxton added: "The goods brought to the rendezvous, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at an enormous price. For example, coffee, twenty and thirty shillings a pint cup (the usual measure); tobacco, ten to fifteen shillings a plug; whiskey, twenty to thirty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint and all other articles appportionate."

That the trapper "paid through the nose" for his supplies and was no better off at the end of the season than at the beginning does not argue that large fortunes were not made by the man "higher up." Beaver pelts brought the company eight and ten dollars, sometimes more, and as many as two hundred thousand were sent to Europe each year from the West alone. But John Jacob Astor, on a trip to London in 1832, discovered that the silk tile was becoming the "smart" hat instead of the beaver. At once he predicted the end of the fur trade in beaver skins, yet little change was noted in the market for as much as ten years. Then, almost as suddenly as the "bottom dropped out of the market," the wily little animal itself began to disappear. This was partly due, no doubt, to the indiscriminate slaughter of animals of all ages and destruction of their haunts; for the beaver is a very sensitive animal, so sensitive that the trappers went often in pairs, seldom over a half dozen together, as the slightest noise betrayed them to the little workers who disappeared from their dams as if by magic.

But if the beaver and the beaver business were disappearing, the trapper was left. Immediately he turned his attention to the taking of other skins; the wolf, the black and the grizzly bear, deer, antelope — all were con-

stantly giving up their quota. Yet a larger return was necessary to satisfy the maw of the fur company. What more natural than that the buffalo was to be levied upon?

True, the buffalo had been a source of return to both Indian and white man since the entrance of each on the Plains. De Vaca speaks of a tribe of Indians he and the negro, Estevancio, encountered after Narvaez' death on their wanderings from the Gulf Coast to the pueblos of New Mexico, which he called the "Cow Nation" because of the use these Indians made of the hide and flesh of these "strange shaggy animals."

De Vaca's description of the buffalo is the first mention of the animal in history. "Cattle come as far as this,"—he had evidently left the grass country behind and was in the sand and sage brush of New Mexico,— "I have seen them three times and eaten their meat. I think they are about the size of those of Spain. They have small horns like the cows of Morocco and their hair is very long and flocky like that of the Merino; some are light brown, others black. To my judgment, the flesh is finer and fatter than those of this country (meaning Spain, of course). The Indians make blankets of the hides of those not full grown. They range over a district of more than four hundred leagues, and in the whole extent of the plain over which they run the people that inhabit near them, descend and live on them and scatter a vast many skins throughout the country."

Castenada has a very vivid description of the buffalo in his journal of the Coronado expedition: "All that way of plains is full of crooked-back oxen as the mountains of Spain are full of sheep. But there are no such people as keep these cattle. . . . These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their bones are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore shoul-

ders, and more hair upon their forepart than their hind part and it is like wool. They have as it were, a horse mane upon their backbone and much hair and very long from their knees downward. They have great tufts of hair hanging down their foreheads and it seemeth they have beards because of the great store of hair hanging down at their chins and throats. The males have very long tails, and a great knob or flock at the end, so that in some respects they resemble the lion, and in some other the camel. They push with their horns, they run, they overtake and kill a horse, when in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foul and fierce beast of countenance and form of body."

In the Indian legends we find traces of the buffalo as occupying the region contiguous to the Alleghenies; as being gradually forced westward to the Rockies. This was before the white man's coming. They had reached the 97th meridian in 1807, and when the exodus overland had started, these "Monarchs of the Plains" roamed the range from the Missouri to the Rockies, from the Gulf to Canada. Dr. James, chronicler of Major Long's expedition of 1820, an expedition of probably more value to the government than any that came after, has a very attractive account of their first encounter with the buffalo; and since it differs from the Spaniards' account in that he tells what they did rather than how they looked I shall give it here:

"Our view of the opposite margin of the Platte during these days' march, had been intercepted by an elevated swell of the surface which extended along parallel with the river. Immediately upon surmounting the undulation we saw before us, upon the broad expanse of the left margin of the river, immense herds of bison, grazing in undisturbed possession and obscuring with the density

of their number the verdant plain; to the right and left as far as the eye permitted to rove, the crowd seemed hardly to diminish, and it would be no exaggeration to say at least ten thousand here burst on our sight in an instant. Small columns of dust were occasionally wafted by the wind from the bulls who were pawing up the earth and rolling. The interest of action was also communicated to the scene by the unwieldy playfulness of some individuals that the eye would occasionally rest upon, their real or affected combats, or by the slow or rapid progress of others to and from their watering places. On the distant bluff individuals were constantly disappearing, whilst others were presenting themselves to our view, until as the dusk of the evening increased, their massive forms, thus elevated above the line of other objects, were but dimly outlined against the skies. We retired to our evening fires and fare, highly gratified with the spectacle we had witnessed, and with the most sanguine expectation of the future. In the morning we again sought the picture, but upon all the plain which last evening was covered with animals — not one remained!"

The Indian's early method of slaughtering the buffalo was to force the animal into a corral-like enclosure on the brink of a cliff and then over — to his death. Later, his faithful bow and arrow sent the death-dealing missile, this, of course, after the Indian had come into possession of the horse through the carelessness of the Spaniard. Then, with the use of gunpowder, white man and Indian alike, let the bullet find the vulnerable spot.

The number in which the buffalo existed is safely expressed in "millions." The Indian would try to tell you how many by pointing to the leaves in the forest.

It was no uncommon thing for trains on the transcontinental railway even at that late date to be held up for hours while the black mass moved across the tracks. I have heard my father describe such a scene when he, in 1876, was going by rail over a country he had "trekked" (on a "paint" pony with the wagon trains) when a lad fifteen years before.

So it is safe to compare the numbers of these strange animals with the uncountable tree-coverings that come and go, as inexplicably, too, as did the American bison, especially when we look at the number that were sacrificed. As early as 1840, "when beaver skins were money," as George Bird Grinnell so tersely has it, the American Fur Company alone sent sixty-seven thousand buffalo skins to market; in 1848, one hundred and ten thousand, together with twenty-five thousand buffalo tongues, which were a great delicacy — even the Indian hunter while giving up the carcass and the skin to the tribe was allowed the tongue in return for his "kill." By 1860, as many as a quarter of a million hides found their way to market. Such numbers confuse, yet when we know that those who have witnessed their annual migration, state incontestably that the column in which they marched ranged from twenty-five to fifty miles wide and extended from front to rear beyond the reach of the eye, these statistics are not to be doubted.

Buffalo hunting occupied the class of men who furnished skins under contract to a fur company or who "on their own" disposed of them to the trader at posts variously situated in the western country. But there was another class of hunter who, though buffalo was often included in his "kill," was constantly employed to bring in other game as well. He was the man who was employed at the trading posts or forts, as they were usually

called. It was no small thing to provide meat for those employed in the different labors necessary at these frontier posts. Often there were as many as seventy-five men. Half of them, anyway, were married, and usually to Indian wives. This number necessitated the services of several hunters who went out daily for deer, antelope, and feathered game, of which latter there were many varieties.

The employment of such a large number of men gives an idea of the importance of these posts or forts in the fur and traders' country. Chief in importance, not only in Colorado but in the whole West, were the forts of the Bents and St. Vrain. We find the Bents established on the Arkansas near Pueblo in the early 'twenties. Charles Bent had come out from his home in St. Louis in 1819 and joined his brother William a year later. Together with Ceran St. Vrain and a Chouteau, who was identified with the American Fur Co., they established themselves on the Arkansas. Later they moved their stockade nearer the present site of Pueblo, keeping to the route taken by the Santa Fé Trail. The traffic with the Indians during these first few years taught them the necessity of fortifying themselves against the easily angered tribes, whose resentment at the presence of the white man was constantly cropping out.

Accordingly, a large fort was started at the mouth of the Purgatoire River in 1828. Charles Bent, who had spent some time at Santa Fé and Taos, had no trouble in convincing his brother and St. Vrain of the advantages to be obtained from a fort of adobe instead of logs. Mexicans were brought up who knew how to make adobe brick; even Mexican wool was brought by the wagon load and added to the clay to lengthen the life of the adobe.

Try to picture such a structure in a "trackless, tree-

less plain." To the south, three hundred miles, Santa Fé; to the east six hundred miles, Independence; in the north and west no white man had yet breathed the word "home." Here in a sandy waste rose up to blind the eyes and confuse the imagination, the glistening white-washed walls of an adobe fort. Extending one hundred and eighty feet in length and with a width of one hundred and thirty-five feet, the walls reached to a height of fifteen feet. As they had been built a thickness of four feet, surely no diabolic Indian charge could do more than scratch the plaster on such walls. But even such an approach was guarded against. Round towers, thirty feet in height and ten feet in diameter were built into the corner of these walls with openings for cannons and muskets. Over the front gate, a gate made of heavy puncheons studded with big nails and mailed with sheets of steel so they could not be fired, was a watch tower with windows on all sides. In it, swung on a pivot, was an old-fashioned spy-glass that was glued to the eye of a lookout who was kept on duty, with the watch changed as regularly as on shipboard, day and night.

Within the fort were the most commodious of quarters — commodious as to space, at least, although the billiard room, built over the gate that led to the horse corral, boasted a billiard table hauled overland from Independence, Mo., and a bar which was supposed to complete such an "emporium." The living rooms, the kitchens, in which presided a colored "mammy," the warehouses and stores, blacksmith shops, carpenters' shops — all were grouped around a central court, or patio, their outer wall being the wall of the fort. The roofs of these quarters reached to within four feet of the fort walls, and were used as a promenade and as a relief from the heat within in the evenings no doubt, much as the "ter-

ances" of a Mohammedan house, and as the more-favored Manhattan dweller enjoys today.

The selection of this site for a fort showed infinite wisdom on the part of the Bents. Near here was "Big Timber," so-called from the pretentious cottonwood grove that stretched for twenty-five miles along the river. It had long been the winter camp of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Here they met after following the buffalo during the summer months. Too, other Indian tribes came to their rendezvous. The Indians often met here to settle their differences. If they did, well and good for the Indian; but it was anything but well for the white man. It meant they had buried the hatchet and united in the common cause to proceed at once against the common enemy, the white man, of course. For such reasons Bent's Fort was built to withstand any siege.

Aside from the Indian trade, the Bents always did a good business with the freighters, Santa Fé bound. Skins were exchanged for mules and horses and supplies of all kinds. Then, trappers, individual and company, went from here up the several trails into the north parks, their "take" contracted for by the Bents. But one of the things that spread the fame of Bents Fort to the world was the hospitality these owners dispensed. Claridge's, in London, boast that from their register a history of England could be written. Had Bents kept a register or a visitors book, not only could there be a complete account of Colorado before the discovery of gold, but an intimate history of the Santa Fé trade of the fur business in the Rockies, of noted soldiers of fortune, like Stuart who had served with the Iron Duke, of adventurers, travelers, scouts, trappers, traders, hunters and renegades, to say nothing of a complete compendium of the early Indian troubles.

The Bents erected a fort on the plains to the north near where Greeley is now located, and where the St. Vrain Creek flows into the South Platte. It was named St. Vrain Fort after Ceran St. Vrain, one of the Bent and Co. partners, and was supposed to take care of the trading with the northern Cheyenne, the Sioux and the Arapahoe. Too, the Bents later erected a fort called Adobe Wells, a town today, on the north Canadian in Texas for trade with the Apaches, the Kiowas and Comanches. Here was fought one of the bloodiest of Indian battles on record.

Other trading posts included Lupton's — Fort Lancaster it was called — of which Fremont speaks in the journal of his first expedition; one erected by Louis Vasquez, a Spaniard said to have been associated with the Bents, not far from Denver, this having been a rendezvous ground of the Arapahoes for years. Many others were located from time to time, all more or less temporary. One established by the Bents, Lucien Maxwell and St. Vrain, an association of well-known fur men, in what is Fremont County now, was destroyed by the Indians in 1846. A post controlled by the Spaniards from Santa Fé was built at Trinidad, while another, scarcely to be called a trading post, was begun on the Arkansas nearer the mountains than Old Bents Fort or Fort William, as it was sometimes known. Here the land was plotted and irrigated with water from the Arkansas, and it was the intention to supply the traders with grain and vegetables, but, unfortunately, they were not as brave as they had thought themselves to be and the project was abandoned.

This Mexican post, El Pueblo, was not alone among the frontier forts to be abolished, although the others went out of existence for different reasons and soon

enough. The fur trading days were over. Too large a number of animals had been slaughtered for the business to flourish longer as it had done. But for a more powerful reason, post walls and stockades were laid low. The Indian had made up his mind to keep the white man back from his hunting grounds — land that had been given to them and known as the Indian Country. The Bents had offered their medieval fortress to the government as a frontier post — not an army commander had ever stopped here, nor those on exploring expeditions but who recognized its value and recommended that this be made a bulwark for government uses. Incensed at the low offer made by the government, Bent placed dynamite under the historic walls and soon it became but a memory.

Memories! Surely if Colorado had nothing to make her name fragrant but the memory of those trapper and trader days, she would stand alone in the sisterhood of States. And what curious facts associate themselves with these memories! One might say her fur bearing days date from 1825; surely they were over by 1850. Mountain and stream and plain were the haunt of the beaver and the buffalo, the deer and the antelope. Close on their track was the picturesque figure of that peculiar *genre*, the trapper and the hunter. Drawing these men like a magnet to their centers were the traders, and the joys and surcease of the "post." It would seem a more plausible ending to this once richest of industries, if we could but point to its elimination, its annihilation, through the influence of some rival industry; if we could even say that the discovery of gold had caused its passing. Today a glimpse of it is like finding a once beautiful fern leaf imbedded in a schist of rock-cleavage.

CHAPTER VI

HER GOLDEN ROMANCE

WHATEVER of Colorado's former sentimental "affairs," and whatever the latter loves of her later years, her one Big Romance will overshadow — outlast them all.

In its golden reflection, the explorer, the trapper, the hunter, the warrior, takes on new sincerities. Each had betrayed to her the variety and potency of her charms. But maiden-shy, she blushed and retired from view. Yet a little while and she burst forth a woman grown. A nature without dross was hers. On her crest defiantly confident, there now blazoned a crown of gold. Her bosom rose and fell, fell and rose, in the strength of pride and possession of her necklace of nuggets. The musical clink of the precious metal echoed and re-echoed as she strode across the consciousness of a world that had awaited her to bid them come. And into her own she had come with the discovery — that her veins were gold. Generous to a fault, she has poured it through the arteries of commerce back again into the heart of the world.

"My wife shall be a lady!" said Gregory as he rolled over and over on his couch of pine needles that night after he had struck "pay dirt." And yet there are those who like to remind us that the word "gold" is mentioned in the Bible before that of woman!

Others before Gregory had prospected in what proved

to be Colorado's gold fields, but their reward was little more than a "flash in the pan." Lieut. Pike encountered at Santa Fé an American, James Pursley from Bairdstown, Kentucky, who showed him lumps of gold he had taken from the gulches in South Park. Pursley had been up on the Platte, and, discovered by Mexicans, was by them promptly escorted out. Doubtless, these same Mexicans were up there prospecting. It is beyond mere supposition that the Spanish-Mexican could remain wholly ignorant of the presence of gold in the Rockies. Too much time had gone by since that geologic night when streams of the yellow liquid had poured up through riven wall; the fires had long since cooled, and creek and rivulet had carried the secret to valley and plain in glittering particles that must have told their own story.

There was the party of Cherokees who had come West at suggestion of the government to find themselves a home. The Georgia folks wanted the Indian land; they, that is the most of them, had been brought by Oglethorpe out of the London prisons to which they had been committed for debt, and too much liberty wasn't proving good for them. Green Russell, a Georgia miner, heard from this exploring party that gold was to be found in the streams on the west of the Divide. With twelve white men and thirty Cherokee Indians, he, as did the former party from Georgia, took the Arkansas River route and stopped at Bents Fort. They prospected around Pike's Peak and on the headwaters of the Arkansas and the Platte during the winter of '58 but the region refused to give tribute.

Disgusted, the major part of the Georgia fortune-hunters retraced their steps homeward. Russell and a half-dozen remained, getting just enough results to keep up hope. Probably the largest return to Colorado from

the Georgians came through the rumors that sifted from their caravan as they had marched from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rockies. Without doubt, around each night's camp-fire there had gathered the curious from the immediate neighborhood to hear of the mountain country to which they were bound, where nuggets rattled against their fellows in each shot-pouch. Result — hundreds poured into the trail behind these visionaries without waiting for confirmation of the tales made more golden in the ruddy light of a camp-fire's glow.

And, result to Colorado, those hundreds, sooner than would a handful of men, forced mountain and gulch to give of their precious store. Aside from the spirit of adventure that operates always where the unknown is invaded, there were two reasons that sent these pioneers across the plains. One, about ten years had gone by since the mad rush to California, and the timorous, fired by the inflated yarns that floated back overland, thought to dangle with Fate a bit nearer home; then, the year before had been the period of the great financial crisis that sent many strong houses to the wall — here might be a chance to win back, and more.

This latter class forced the tone of the vanguard of gold-seekers somewhat higher than had found itself on the Sacramento. Still, with the literate were plenty of illiterate; with the wanderer from other shores was the less sophisticated but equally daring soldier of fortune, American brand. There was the "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" who sold "claims" he never had for money, be it said, that often he never got! For, though most of these grizzled characters were crazed with the fine frenzy that the yellow glitter excites, there was an early disposition to put down lawlessness.

And if "organizing" is an American disease, then

it has come to a head in the Kansan. From Lawrence, Kansas, profiting by the momentum of a wake made by these vessels of the prairie schooner caravan, there fell into line a party which "organized" a town site company at Colorado Springs, calling it El Paso. This they soon abandoned, however, and went on to within five miles of Denver where they started a town, Montana, which later joined forces with another that is now the "Queen City of the Plains." A company of men had come out from Iowa and camped on the West side of Cherry Creek. Others arrived, and Auraria was the name chosen for the settlement.

No one back on "the border" had waited for the "distillation of rumors." Every one wished to be in on the ground floor—delay, and fortune might pass you by. Another town on the east side of Cherry Creek was molded from the hundreds who were arriving over night. The first comers had a poet among them; he had paid tribute to the mountain land and called their town Montana. The Georgians betrayed their love of their southland home town by use of the name Auraria; while the true Kansan showed his belief in personality by forcing upon the combined settlements the name of Kansas's governor, Denver.

But while these lares and penates were being set up, it must not be thought the quest of gold was forgotten. Every affluent of Cherry Creek was raked as if with a fine comb. There was "Gold Run" on Boulder Creek, and "Deadwood Diggings." There were the "Jackson Diggings" on a branch of Clear Creek; there were the "Spanish Bar" and other mining camps, one which afterwards became the town of Idaho Springs, a rich producer even today.

And then John H. Gregory made his "lucky strike."



IDAHO SPRINGS.

On the 10th of May, 1859, unmistakable evidence of Colorado's hidden wealth came to light. Gregory had happened upon the richest field the world ever knew until the Cripple Creek days, thirty years after. No wonder the lazy Georgian mumbled all night dazedly after his discovery, he who had probably never had more than a day's wage coming to him. But it is to his credit that his confused brain hung fast to the thought of what the possession of wealth would mean to the little woman "back home" that believed in him. Over and over he had said in his delirium, "My wife shall be a lady!"

And this is a curious thing. Ranch foremen and mine foremen have told me they have surprised out of many a seeming "rough neck," rider of the range, ruffian, the fact that, though locked and barred under the most unattractive, forbidding exterior, there lurked the memory of some good woman. Their actions might have disproved any deterring influence such a fragrance had, still — they might have been worse. What Gregory did with his gold dust we do not know. He later sold out his claim for \$22,000, rosily thinking he could turn up another at once. But we do know what his discovery did for the gold region.

Before Gregory's discovery there had arisen great dissatisfaction among the thousands who had been led to forsake all and cast their fortunes in the Pike's Peak region. A journal kept by Green Russell fell into the hands of D. C. Oakes who had come out with one of the first parties. Upon his return to his home in Iowa he had this journal published and given wide circulation under the title of *Pike's Peak Guide and Journal*. Thousands embroidered their own "purple insets" into the sufficiently enticing message it told, thought of the land of gold what they wanted to think rather than what a

cooler judgment might have brought forth. William N. Byers, of the Omaha party, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver's first newspaper, also brought out a *Guide to Pike's Peak*. More thousands responded to their lust for gold. "Gold, Gold, Gold!" the *Guides* had promised. "Gold," then, they would have, and a more pitiful, more incongruous, more inconsistent body of people started across the barren plains.

Smart, spick and span, the prairie schoonerite, brave in his fresh canvas-covering that bellied and flapped noisily in the wind, cracked his whip exuberantly over his sleek mules as he passed the motleys by. The "motleys" rattled along in a broken down wagon from which protruded, and sometimes dropped, their household gods. Chickens squawked from a rude carry-all at the rear of the wagon-bed. A moo-cow, that moo-ed less raucously as the fatigue of the journey made itself felt, pulled protestingly at a rope halter fastened to the hind axle. The story goes of one man who pushed his wheelbarrow in front of him, in which reposed his sack of flour, a little coffee and brown sugar, and, with a Winsted-Connecticut touch the story adds, he took in a boarder on the way, to help pay expenses!

Anyhow, the trouble started, and it was no laughing matter. "Pay-dirt" had not been struck; there were no jobs, no means of a livelihood. Added to this was the inflammatory killing of a miner in a quarrel and its consequent conflagration. The stampede was on; thousands turned their faces homeward, wearing on their medal's obverse, "Busted."

And then came the "strike" on Gregory Gulch. Gregory had possessed the foresight to give no publicity to his discovery, until he had organized his district and made certain rules and regulations of which conditions in



BRECKENRIDGE, ON THE BLUE RIVER.

adjacent "diggings" had shown him the necessity. Too, the most of these men had gone through mining experiences in California and Georgia, and wished to forestall troubles that are bound to arise in a new mining country; their former contact with prospecting and mining had also given them the advantage of those without the knowledge — it was Gregory who had discovered, later, for Bates and Tauscher, the celebrated Bates lode.

Clear Creek County, and Boulder and Gilpin, by the end of May fairly swarmed with men. News traveled like wildfire as each fresh discovery was made. Away went the mob to the spot. They found all claims staked! Another rumor, and another race! The law of allowing the discoverer of the lode or vein a claim of two hundred feet and any other person the length of one hundred feet, operated for good in taking care of the immense hordes of prospectors. This was all right as mining was confined to a short depth below the surface. But when deep mining became a necessity, these smaller operators had not the means to install steam machinery, and, until they would consent to sell out or pool their interests, the output suffered.

By the middle of the summer of '59, the gold seekers decided to go over the mountains into South Park — the canyons of Clear Creek and Boulder and the Platte were every foot staked off. Settlements had sprung up at Golden, Mount Vernon, Davenport, Nevada, Arapahoe, Mountain City — many were abandoned later. Harrison Gray Otis was one of the men who founded Central City. Georgetown was named from the founder, George F. Griffith. Summitt County was invaded and the town of Breckenridge on the Blue River sprang into being. This town was on the Pacific Slope side of the Continental Divide. In South Park, placers and gulches were

rich in yield. As in the gulches of Gregory's and Jackson's and others in the Clear Creek district, soon these were filled to overflowing. Those who had named a mining camp Tarryall, soon found that all could not tarry; while probably Fairplay did not seem so to the disappointed who had to move on.

It was only natural there should be many dissatisfied with conditions that did not "pan out" for them according to hopes. As a result there was a constant returning and as constant an influx. Those that remained were usually desirables and their names may be found implanted on stream, county and town. The newcomer continued to be exposed to the sifting-out process. Not the least element in the "sifting" was the reaction upon the "prospect," the man who could "stick it out" and become a valued member of the camps. If he could hold out against the enticements of the gambling halls, the ubiquitous saloon, the "alluring" charms of members of the visiting theatrical troupes; if his was not the *manana* attitude, but by faith and works today believed he would "strike it" tomorrow, then there was a welcome for him — almost.

I say "almost," because there was one more test, the man test — did he know how to get "the draw" on a "bad man"? Volumes could be filled with the tales of daring and adventure that such conditions would occasion. Some one has made a phrase "handy with his hardware," and if a mining man, conscious of both the East and West understanding of men and things, should attempt to explain or condone such a characteristic, he would probably say the high altitude was liable to make for nervousness.

One wonders about the effect of these mountains whose altitudes were beyond any imaginings, on the spirit of

these bold adventurers. When the pick and the pack had been too often shouldered after many back-breaking efforts to wring gold from the adamantine walls did he shrivel and shrink at the repulse? Did he confuse these cold majestic heights with the inexorable Fate whose only gift to him had been Unluck? When the tell-tale glitter in the pan had no rival in brilliancy except the wild "Eureka" gleam in his eye, did he look up to those mighty hills whose last word is domination, and grow in spirit until he knew, too, that he had — dominion?

The "glitter that was gold" continued to send its rays afield. Not the least element that aided in swelling the numbers whose faces were turned toward the setting sun was the establishment of the Pike's Peak Express Company or stage line. In the summer of 1859, Russell and Majors, who had long before been active in sending wagon trains to Santa Fé, organized a stage line company at Leavenworth, Kansas, that was to do a passenger and mail business between that town and Denver. The route chosen was over the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River, later adopted by the Kansas-Pacific Railroad, the one traveled by most of the emigrants; and the six hundred miles was to be covered in six days, traveling both night and day. The next year members of this same company organized the famous Pony Express, where by relays of every ten miles men mounted on fleet horses which were changed at every station (they themselves changed every seventy-five miles), made the trip from St. Joseph clear across to California in ten days; the route to Denver left the overland line at Julesburg.

In the meantime better trails and several wagon roads were opened from Denver into the mountains. The mining camps in the interior obtained their food and outfitting supplies from Denver. Elbridge Gerry, once a

wealthy fur trader of Fort Laramie, was one of the first merchants in Denver. "Uncle Dick" Wooton came up from New Mexico with six wagon loads of provisions. These supplies were soon added to by a train of twelve wagons which arrived from "the States" with all sorts of provisions, groceries, boots and shoes and miners outfits. Another stock that belonged to St. Vrain came up from New Mexico, and aside from having the distinction of being a present day "Daniel and Fisher's," the Queen City's "Wanamaker's," it displayed for sale the first women's and children's shoes in Denver.

As early as 1858, the first year of these pioneers' coming to the West, a sign of the right vision of a future for Colorado was shown in the selection of one of their number to go to Washington relative to a territorial form of government. At the same time they sent a man to represent them at the meeting of the territorial legislation of Kansas, of which Colorado was then a part. In '59 movements were on foot to establish a territorial government of their own. By 1861, the territory of Colorado was organized by Congress, and a census at that time showed a population of twenty-five thousand. Mining was being pushed with renewed vigor on creeks and gulches from the St. Vrain on the north to the Arkansas on the south, while Baker had made his disastrous effort into the San Juan. Many gulches were enormously profitable. At Central City, a day's work for a man meant a pound of the "dust" in his pouch by night, and every man those days could tell to a nicety just how much he was worth when he quit his work for the day. Later, the necessity of deep mining changed all that.

During the first four years, more than \$15,000,000 in gold dust had been taken from the placers and the gulches of Clear Creek, Boulder, Gilpin, Park, Summitt



VIEW FROM BULL'S HILL OF CRIPPLE CREEK, THE RICHEST GULCH IN THE WORLD.

and Lake counties. The lode mines, too, yielded heavily and all the year round, placer mining not being possible, of course, except in summer. During the winter many miners returned to "the States" for supplies and for a trip back home to dazzle the "home town" with tales of the mining camps. Many remained near their claims, living in rude cabins of pine slabs or of brush, which they banked up with clay. A couch of pine needles, blazing logs in a crude fireplace, before which sizzled a leg of venison — the picture is not half bad. And these days of enforced idleness brought roseate pictures of the fortune in store when the snows had melted from the gulches and water could again be had for sluicing.

And why do men, why have men since the days of antiquity hunted for gold? Do eyes thirst for the glint of the yellow metal in which the sun has got mixed up with its smile? Does he, man, merely wish to gloat over those little yellow discs that represent human fortune? Or, does he hope with this fortune to realize on his visions of woods and fields, houses and lands, all the luxuries and joys which are wrapped up in this potential metal? What alchemy transformed the Lydian gold on the river Pactolus into a wealth for Cræsus? How many Siegfrieds and Brunnehildes must be placed in the crucible of Fate that it may be returned to its original intention?

CHAPTER VII

THE SILVER LINING

WHEN the character of the heavy dirt was disclosed, which the miners had to move in their gulch mining for gold, Colorado indeed saw a silver lining to the cloud that had enveloped the gold region for several years.

Silver had been suddenly discovered in fabulous values at Leadville in the famous California Gulch. This disclosure of carbonate of lead ores carrying silver in 1874 marked the beginning of a new era for Colorado. A party of men in 1860 had left the congested section around the "Gregory diggings" in Gilpin County and, crossing the Park Range of mountains, prospected along the banks of the streams in the loose soil. At the head of a wooded creeklet they found rich deposits of gold. They called their "diggings" California Gulch, doubtless among their number being many who had sought fortunes in '49 on the Sacramento.

But California Gulch as a gold field had lasted only about five years. Part of it was enormously productive, but water was the great problem, for of course gold was then only extracted by washing. As much as a thousand dollars a day was taken out by those favored by fortune, and one company's yield was \$100,000 in sixty days. Within a few months five thousand people had flocked to the camp. Over the mountainsides and ravines, swarming like ants came these men who, for the most part, were reckless and improvident. Riches seemed so

easy. To save would seem niggardly. As a result, gambling halls — they were usually spelled with an *e* — got their “pickings” by night from those who followed the pick during the day. As in all the early gold districts, each miner carried his “dust” in a pouch. And whether he was making a contribution at some pioneer church service or toward a pal’s funeral or buying a glass of “licker,” it was all the same — he simply took a pinch of the gold between his fingers, and the scales seldom found him wrong when measuring out a dollar.

But one year went by, and Leadville had seen its best gold days. Still, desultory mining continued for several years, although the most restless moved on immediately the decline was noticed. The year 1866 found the camp practically deserted. Only the Printer Boy mine, owned by J. Marshall Paul of Philadelphia, kept the interest up in the section. It was a lode mine and attention to it caused some very profitable mining of the same character to be developed not far away at Granite. Lead began to show itself in large quantities, and, while there was silver present, there was not enough to excite interest. Still, it was decided to build a smelter on the premises of what looked good results.

Not but silver had been found in promising quantities, elsewhere in Colorado, and that, too, before the activities that were about to begin in the Leadville district. Silver-lodes were first discovered in Summitt County in the early 60’s. Then rich deposits were found on McClellan Mountain in 1864; silver mills were established at Georgetown, and in 1872 a market was found for high-grade silver ore in Germany. Again, Georgetown sprang into the limelight. Once the center of gold diggings, it had, in the year of ’63, lost its every citizen but one,

for such is the possible fate of all mining towns. Two miles above Georgetown was located the camp of Silver Plume that has never ceased to deserve its name. Silver bearing deposits were located in Park County on the Mosquito range; a silver-lode in Boulder County proved quite productive. In the far-off San Juan country, the expulsion of Baker by the Indians ten years before had been sufficiently forgotten for that mountain-locked fastness to be brave; and mineral belts of sufficient value were discovered for it to begin to be known as the "Silvery San Juan."

Yet — it must be admitted Colorado was not producing as well as it was thought she had promised. Surface gold was exhausted. Money was needed to prove whether deep mining would pay; but, above all, cheaper transportation was a necessity, with it would come cheaper supplies of all kinds.

Two men had been persistent in their prospecting in the Leadville district. They were very quiet, and while getting pay enough for their trouble as they went along, they said nothing. This close-mouthed manner served them in good stead, as they doubtless meant it should, when they found those heavy boulders which had been rolled from side to side of the gulches many times, to be masses of silver. After the discovery leaked out, and that did not take place until government title had been secured to their claims, every one of course looked upon it as another accidental "strike."

These two men were Wood and Stevens, both men of rare acumen. Of their discovery of silver, W. H. Stevens, who had studied mines and metallurgy all his life and had worked for forty years around the copper regions of Lake Superior, said: "I worked intelligently and was as about sure of results as I am now. I am not a

chance, haphazard miner, but I believe in the application of science." Philadelphia capitalists had employed him in 1864 to go out to Colorado and look into the Gilpin County properties. A. B. Wood, partner of Stevens, sold his interest in the nine claims on California Gulch to L. Z. Leiter of Chicago. Stevens continued his active interests in the property, acting as superintendent.

It is difficult to conceive what it meant in the days before the railroad to get the ore shipped out of Colorado. It is almost as hard to conceive of getting the thousands of tons, later, out of the mountains by teaming to the plains one hundred miles distant to the railroad termini. Regular contracts for transportation of the ores were entered into by different freight companies, who also did a stage line business. The firm of Spottswood and McClelland who later had stages threading much of the State, even down into the San Juan, now sent their Denver line, that ran into South Park, on to Leadville. Another company, Berdell and Witherell of Omaha, who established a sampling mill at Leadville in 1877, undertook shipments by overland and railroad transportation to smelters a thousand miles distant. The smelter at Malta, a small camp near Slabtown, both on the California Gulch near its confluence with the Arkansas, took care of increasing quantities of metal. A. R. Meyer of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company, in April, 1877, established a sampling works on the gulch, and by October had going a blast furnace of their new smelter. To the Meyer interest in the location is probably due the building of Leadville where it now is. By mid-summer the little town had about one thousand five hundred inhabitants. In a year there were over five thousand who resided in the place, with probably half that number in shacks on their mining claims, while the

number given out for 1880 varied from twenty-five to fifty thousand.

Those Leadville days and ways have had no counterpart probably in any mining camp in the world. Leadville, it must be remembered, was in the heart of the mines, and therefore responsible for the more hectic conditions that had existed neither at Denver nor at San Francisco, although both of these would be classified as at least being subjected at all hours of day and night to at least a mild conflagration. All roads had seemed to lead to Leadville. Winged whispers of a new find went far and wide, and no quicker nor truer did magnet ever draw than did news of silver attract to Colorado.

Many comers found among the arrivals friends they had worked with in the Clear Creek gulches. Failing of fortune there, each had gone their way on some other scent. Many who came had unlimited capital to back them, news of the difficulties that beset small holders having reached them. Holdings were bought up that looked promising, while with each new discovery there were a hundred men ready with the cash in hand to buy the party out.

It is easy to picture something of the congestion of the little town. The mountain sides were denuded of their timbers, a thing that is not allowed today, and log cabins built; saw-mills were soon established and worked day and night shifts trying to turn out the rough slabs that made up the usual "shack" of the first comers. Hotels, necessarily of the rudest construction but of large accommodations, were built and added to, and still the incoming numbers could find no place to lay their heads. Saloons, grocery stores, which often enough had a bar in them, turned over their bars for sleeping places, although one wonders what the hour of retiring.



THE SMUGGLER-UNION, LIBERTY BELL AND TOM-BOY MILLS, NEAR TELLURIDE.

And still they came. Those big Concord coaches — one may encounter, even enjoy (?) a ride in one now down in the San Juan — came swinging up the gulch with their whips cracking and horses plunging. Out would pour about twenty passengers; in an hour another pulled up — there were five stage coach lines. Then there were those who had crossed the mountains in ramshackle wagons containing all their owners possessed in the world, including a half-dozen tow-headed children. For Leadville bid fair to become a permanent settlement. Many who failed to discover a claim at once set about making a small bit of earnings in some other way. Food was a problem and high, so the thrifty began scratching the soil in the fertile valleys for crops, and fresh garden products were to be had as a result. Potatoes, and even corn, did well, and truck gardening became no small industry.

But the town itself was one that holds the interest. During the day the streets were moderately quiescent. There was only the army of loungers, hangers-on, familiar to every mining district; the Concord stages with their embryonic Midas-ites — the Spottswood-McClellan line had been added to by one that run coaches from Canyon City to Leadville — emptying their passengers with difficulty in the mêlée that took place always quickly upon the arrival of the mail.

But it was at night that the town was herself. The miners and the prospectors and the speculators and the capitalists had returned from the gulches. They took to the middle of the street and filled it from curb to curb. True, they had to contend with the dashing stage coach that threatened to spill its passengers as it rolled from side to side; with the stray bullet that ricocheted

from some low gambling dive when some card sharp had fumbled the card up his sleeve.

These men who thronged the streets "were loungers, though many were prospectors," wrote General Frank Hall for the Rocky Mountain Historical Society, "and speculators and traders, buying and selling and bonding and leasing, expatiating with ferocious volubility upon this or that and the other claim where rich mineral had been opened, explaining about the latest strikes and discoursing upon the certain promises of equal or better rewards of adjoining locations yet to be prospected. Occasionally, the proceedings were enlivened by a fight or a shooting *matinée*. But there was greater security in crowded thoroughfares than on quiet and unlighted streets, where every dark corner seemed to be infested by footpads, men made desperate by poverty or their own profligacy in drinking saloons, dance halls, and gambling dens, who, whatever their previous lives had been, were now ready to rob, steal, murder if need be, to secure the wherewithal to continue the courses that had debauched and ruined them."

It was no uncommon thing for a man to be found in the street with his pockets rifled. He had probably been drugged in some saloon or variety theatre and thrown out to be later arrested for drunkenness. No protest might he lodge that would be listened to. These saloons and dens of vice were too vital an addition to mining camps for the authorities to do much else than wink at what petty crimes came under their names as having emanated from the "amusement parlors."

Strange hours were kept — at least they would have seemed strange fifty years ago. Now, New York, easily blasé-ed, has already begun to yawn over its midnight show. But it was something to talk about even in other

mining camps that Leadville's blood-curdling dramas began at midnight and didn't finish the curdle until four in the morning.

Of the dance halls Captain Dill said: "The dance houses, from which floated alluring strains of music, thronged, and, attracted by the glare of the lights and the novelty of the scene, many a novice with more money than sense wandered in. If in a moment of reckless abandon, inspired by the wretched liquor dispensed at such places, he exhibited a roll of bills, he was sure to be spotted and followed by one or more of the desperadoes always present (probably attached to the place?), and the chances are he would wake up in a hospital or in some back alley with a bleeding head and minus everything upon his person that could be turned into money. Footpads lurked in every corner awaiting belated business men or debauchees reeling their way homeward."

But Leadville, with mines as riotously rich as her night life was riotously rampant, was not to escape at least a temporary decline. She was to suffer from bad operation though, rather than from an exhaustion of her mineral wealth. The closing of the famous Little Pittsburgh perhaps precipitated the crash in which several other companies were seriously affected. Miners struck at a decrease in their wages. Mobs rioted in the streets and martial law was declared. But we shall see that Leadville recovered quickly enough and is today gloriously productive.

The boom in the "Cloud City," as Leadville had been called because of the elevation, was to strengthen efforts in other regions where silver had been reported. Mining for silver in the Sangre de Cristos had been going on in a desultory fashion since 1872 when three prospectors, Robinson, Irwin and Pringle, had discovered a rich lode.

They called their settlement Rosita. A pretty legend has it that the name was given this beautiful nook on the side of the mountain overlooking Wet Mountain Valley by a saddened lover. As the story goes, a Frenchman had lost his Spanish sweetheart and wandered away to the north from Mexico City, aimlessly and witless. When he reached this spot its beauty overpowered him, overcame his madness and brought him content. Out of gratitude he gave it the name of his dead sweetheart.

Of the all but paralyzing beauties of this district dominated by the Sangre de Cristos, Fossett, who in his very careful story of Colorado's mines and mining, allowed himself few flights of fancy, said: "To the west (from Silver Cliff) stretch the awful Sangre de Cristos Mountains as far as the eye can reach. Changeless and immovable themselves, they present, as the day rolls around, a thousand different phases and colors. On their lofty summits slumber the snowfalls of ages, and clouds repose there as if they sought rest from the fatigues of their wanderings."

Down in the San Juan we will see that a silver belt some twenty to forty miles wide was known to exist, that some considerable mining had been done, but that the wild rough nature of the region prevented the ore from being transported to the markets—as much as \$60 a ton was the price asked for the ore to be taken overland, usually by pack mule. Soon, however, capitalists who saw that the transportation problem was the chief reason for the collapse of the Leadville boom, which if settled by railroad extensions into the mining regions would bring added capital for deeper mining and improved methods, set about removing the difficulty. Railroads were started into the San Juan, and the future of the section was assured.

CHAPTER VIII

A NEW STAR IN THE NATION'S CROWN

"ARE we a State?" Stephen Decatur wired Governor Routt from the Colorado Department of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, July 4th, 1876.

And this is the telegram that went back: "We are! The Centennial State and the twenty thousand here assembled send joyful greetings to the sister States of the American Union represented at Philadelphia on this ever glorious Fourth. (Signed) John L. Routt."

When we reflect that less than twenty years had gone since the first real settlement in Colorado, and that its permanency depended upon unproved gold deposits, immediately we recognize a sound, forceful, far-seeing character in the people who made up the State. One of the first acts of the newcomers who had founded the settlement of Auraria was to send one of their number to Washington with the idea of setting up a new territory; another was appointed to represent them at the Kansas territorial legislature, the settlement being within the bounds of the Territory of Kansas which then extended to the Rocky Mountains.

Kansas had come into possession of this part of Colorado when she was organized as a territory in 1854; by this part is meant the portion of Colorado south of the fortieth parallel not belonging to the territory of Utah nor New Mexico. Originally, all Colorado north and east of the Arkansas River was included in the Louisiana

purchase. France gained it through La Salle's discoveries; in 1762 she ceded it to Spain, who granted it back to the French in 1800. America made a purchase of it in 1803, the price paid equalling about one-third of Colorado's gold output in one year!

Still following the fortunes of Colorado in her change of ownership, the portion not included in the Louisiana purchase remained in the possession of Spain until the Mexican revolution in 1821, after which it became a part of Mexico. The eastern part of this Mexican territory included Texas, which achieved its independence in 1836 and was annexed to the United States in 1845. The western part embraced western Colorado and was ceded to the United States at the close of the Mexican War in 1848. Colorado as part of the Louisiana purchase was variously known as the District of Louisiana from 1804 to 1805; as the Territory of Louisiana from 1805 to 1812; from then to 1834, it was part of the newly formed Territory of Missouri. The Indians, driven from their eastern haunts, forced upon the United States treaties which gave them a vast section of land on the plains of which the Territory of Missouri was a part and which was called the Indian Country from 1834 to 1854. This, as well as the area east of the 103rd meridian and south of the Arkansas, was left without organized government until 1854. The region west of the 103rd meridian and south of the Arkansas was made a part of New Mexico, while the western part of what is now Colorado was included in Utah when it was organized in 1850, the date also of New Mexico's organization as a territory.

The legislative body of Kansas showed an unfriendly attitude toward the delegate from the little Colorado camp, but Governor Denver, on his own responsibility sent three Kansans who were starting to the mines as

county commissioners. They effected a county organization whose limits took in the whole of the west Kansas territory and which they named Arapahoe, the location of Auraria being on the spot where the Indians of that tribe had held their rendezvous for years.

The delegate to Washington probably received only amused smiles at his proposition to have a territory organized where only a handful of men and women had encamped in the hope they would find much gold after a little prospecting. But there were those in the new settlement that decided for themselves. They made tentative plans toward securing the organization of a territory to be known as Jefferson. A state constitution, framed and submitted to the vote in 1859, lost by three to one.

The territorial party remained active, adopting a constitution to their liking and proceeding to district the mining region. An election was held, the only name on the roll of officers of the provisional government of historical interest being the treasurer, R. L. Wooton, "Uncle Dick" of trader days. The men who had stood by the governing of the Kansas legislature, mostly composed of miners and mine heads, made a system of laws that regulated affairs such as collisions over claims. If a crime was committed, horse stealing, an occasional murder, then judge and jury were hastily rigged up and justice done according to the Western code.

In Denver, whose town-site had been enlarged by combining the settlements on each side of Cherry Creek and securing the removal of Auraria down, examples of lawlessness were more frequently met than in the mines. There were town lot squabbles, the "jumping" of lots by squatters. Denver, like San Francisco, had its newspaper fight. The *Rocky Mountain News*, Byers' paper, had been loud in denouncing the murderer of a negro

named Starks. A bold bad man, who perhaps wished notoriety rather than what he called justice, attacked the office of the newspaper and Byers barely escaped death at the desperado's hands. A hasty trial, and the man was banished from the State by Judge H. P. Bennet who had much to do in enforcing law and justice in the new commonwealth. Some hard characters had made their way to the Pike's Peak region and a temporary vigilance committee helped to see that the ends of justice were served.

This was no time for aggravating delays or expensive trials. Besides, no adequate protection was possible for a criminal; mob violence was worse than citizen vigilance. The first murder was on the Vasques fork of Clear Creek. John Stoeffel, son-in-law of a German named Beincroff, had killed his brother-in-law. He admitted his guilt and it was decided to hang him on a tree, still known as "Hangman's Tree," at the corner of what is now Holiday and Tenth Street. A man picturesquely known as Noisy Tom was the executioner. Sometimes it was too far to a tree, so mine timbers were requisitioned for a scaffold. Very often the same scaffold was used when crime became frequent.

The provisional government had still kept a semblance of organization. Its supporters had intentions of the best, but a territory of Jefferson was not to be. Congress, acting upon several petitions, passed a bill February 26, 1861, creating the Territory of Colorado, the name having been chosen by its newly appointed governor, William Gilpin. In the discussion of the state name, "Jefferson" received attention as did "Arapahoe" and "Arcadia," but the one impressed upon the region by the Spaniards was chosen.

Whether or not the name of the State was meant as



HANGMAN'S TREE, DENVER.

a tribute to the first white men who set foot in Colorado matters little. We who in the love of beauty of sight and sound and color hold Colorado dear are grateful for whatever trick of emotion at the moment dominated the mass of consciousness of its christeners.

And whatever the criticisms we might launch against those Hispanic dons and grandees who invaded our Southwest, we owe them a great debt: river and mountain and valley, falls and cataracts, gulch and canyon, grotesque sandstone formation and eroded tablelands were given not only rhythmic names but names fairly blazon their symbolism. No symbolist — *vers librist* — could convey more than has the Spaniard in his Rio de Las Animas de Perdidas, in his Sangre de Cristo, in Neustra Señora las Nieves. Contrast those cadences with River of Lost Souls, Blood of Christ, Our Mother of Snows! And the symbolism! What colorful dreams and visions! Murmurs and the roars of falling waters were cries of souls in purgatory; a mountain, snow-crowned, was the exalted and divinely pure "Nuestra Señora!" Yes, we treasure our Hispanic Southwest.

Only a year or so was allowed to go by after the territorial organization, until politicians began to agitate the question of statehood. Congress had passed an enabling act, but influences were at work which prevented the adoption of the constitution when submitted to the vote in 1863. Governor Gilpin, when appointed by President Lincoln, had been given almost blanket authority. With Washington disturbed over the Civil War threatenings, little was said about "powers." He was simply given to understand it was expected of him to see that Colorado was kept in the Union.

He quietly set to work to raise a regiment of soldiers from Colorado. They were equipped as best they might,

and lead from a Colorado mine was made into munitions. The first regiment was paraded with much pomp and ceremony, with a handsome silk flag at their head made for them by the ladies of Denver. They were sent down on the Arkansas where a part of Old Bents Fort still remained. But the soldiers chafed under the detention, and under the influence of Major Chivington they were allowed to advance on New Mexico against which the Texans were planning a campaign. Later they joined the Second Regiment of Colorado, which had been ordered to Fort Garland and were in the battle of Valverde with them. A third regiment was formed and took part in the border warfare, fighting guerillas and preying on Price's army on the Missouri-Kansas border.

The war ended, Colorado made another effort at statehood. Congress passed the enabling act, but President Johnson vetoed it, giving as reason that it was irregular. The truth was probably that he failed to get the promise of the two representatives from Colorado to vote favorably on impeachment proceedings that were pending against him.

Troubles at home included a site for the capital. The first legislature had located it at Colorado City, that being a central point in the State. The first session that met there remained only four days because of the inconveniences, going on to Denver to finish their work. Judge Stone in writing of the incident said:

"The southern men were opposed to adjourning to Denver,"—that city had been accused of trying to secure everything—"and they went away and hid in the woods where the sergeant-at-arms couldn't find them. Finally, we sent out flags of truce and, getting them together in Mother Maggert's hotel under pretense of com-

promising the matter, locked the doors on them, finished the vote, and got the adjournment to Denver."

The capital was then located at Golden City. In 1868 it was removed to Denver. The people of the southern part of the State worked hard for its removal, but the Denverites kept it from Pueblo. A vote of the people of the State in 1881 decided its permanent location to be Denver.

But not only political differences were keeping Colorado back from statehood. The Indian wars were occasioning a great deal of solicitude. A treaty had been made with the Sioux and Arapahoes and Cheyennes when the territory was first organized, the government giving over to them as many as one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres in the Upper Platte region. A similar treaty had been made with the Comanches and Apaches and Kiowas, but constant surveillance was needed to keep them from making inroads on the freighting on the Santa Fé Trail, while the Utes, natural born enemies of the plains tribes, constantly were sneaking out of the mountains to rob and slay.

Then, as I have mentioned elsewhere, the output of the mines dwindled to less than one and a half million dollars a year. By 1863 placer, gulch and bar mining was over. The outcroppings were by then all gathered in; the ore obtained at any depth refused treatment such as that used in other sections. Much money and machinery was wasted in trying out worthless processes; mines lay idle, and the army of prospectors and miners seeking new fields in other States, noticeably decreased the population. And although desultory attempts at statehood from time to time were made for ten years, the efforts proved fruitless.

Let us glance at the different sections of the State

where settlements and developments were being made, for in the main, their progress and success had much to do toward throwing sentiment in Congress on the side of statehood later.

We have seen that Fremont encountered a few old traders with their Mexican or Indian wives and half-breed children living in the most primitive condition. El Pueblo, one of these settlements, principally of Mexicans, was not far from the present Pueblo. The people cultivated the soil in a desultory fashion, irrigating it from the Arkansas, sold vegetables to the traders, and bartered with the Indians. With the encroachment of the whites, whom the Mexicans cordially disliked, the settlement was broken up and the inhabitants went back to New Mexico.

This dislike of the Americans prevented what would otherwise have been fairly successful colonizing in Southern Colorado, for numerous attempts were made in Costilla, Conejos and Alamosa Counties. Some of them became permanent; one, under Lafayette Head, a Missourian who had fought in the Mexican War and afterward settled down as a merchant in New Mexico, brought up a colony of fifty Mexicans and founded Conejos in 1857. The Jesuits established a mission here soon afterwards. From a visit by Bishop Machebeuf we get the following account of conditions there at that time:

“My first visit to the valley was in 1857, when I said mass at four different points among the settlements. The first persons who came to meet us were Lafayette Head and Don Jesus Velasquez. These were the principal men of this miniature commonwealth. Mr. Velasquez was a native of New Mexico, and Mr. Head had been a resident of New Mexico since he was eighteen years of age. He was a convert to the Catholic faith, having been

baptized by Bishop Lamy (of Santa Fé) and also married by him to a Mexican lady of very good family. In after years Mr. Head was Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, and Velasquez a member of the Legislature. At that time their houses consisted of but two rooms each, a kitchen and a large hall; we lodged in the hall of Mr. Velasquez, and used the hall of Mr. Head for our temporary church."

Of the character of the Mexicans, Father Machebeuf said: "The Mexicans may have queer ways in the eyes of some people—they are ignorant, they are poor and not very saving, but everybody has his faults, and they have redeeming qualities, often more of them than their critics."

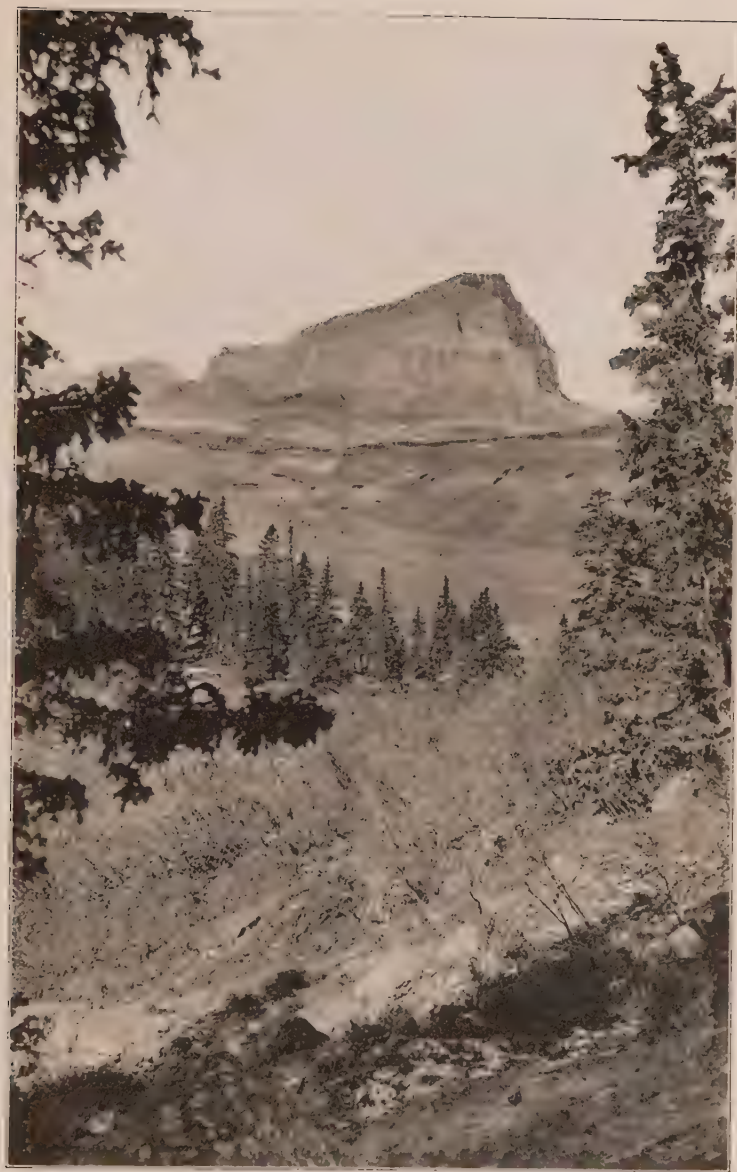
The account of this journey records visits to Costilla, several Culebra villages and to Fort Massachusetts, afterwards Fort Garland, which shows the existence of a sprinkling of settlements in the San Luis Valley. Too, one encounters bits of broken, crumbling adobe walls in various places which would indicate that abandonment of once attempts at colonizing. Even Guadalupe, Head's colony, was reduced at one time to only twelve families, others having become discouraged over the repeated attacks of the Utes and Arapahoes. Head was made Indian agent and times became safer. The settlement of Costilla had been made on the huge Sangre de Cristo Grant which later passed into the hands of Governor Gilpin in 1864. Colonies, too, had been planted on the Trinchera River, and at San Francisco and Chama farther north. The storekeepers here were usually Germans.

Farther to the west the Spaniards had prospected in the San Juan for gold. About 1830 trappers in the employ of the American Fur Company had spent some time

in the valley of the Dio Delores. But the noted Baker expedition formed in 1860, was the first semblance of settlement in the district, only to be driven out by the Indians. There were various attempts by prospectors to erect cabins and make a home in the section, but the savages quickly frightened them out. It was not until after the Brunot treaty had defined the boundaries of land assigned to the Utes that San Juan was opened and settlement grew up. By 1876 there were several thousand in the newly organized counties of La Plata, Ouray, San Juan and Dolores.

Along the Arkansas, farms sprang into being and huge ranches took shape. Up the river, where Florence and Canyon City now are, traders and trappers built cabins and "forts" only to be driven out as elsewhere by the murderous Utes. The year of 1859 and '60 saw Pike's Peak enthusiasts pouring into the valley and gulches. Canyon City was started, but the failure of the "dirt" to "pan out" saw the town all but deserted in a few years. Then, petroleum was discovered, and a good trade was established with the neighboring settlements up the Arkansas around Leadville. The city now took permanent shape and the state penitentiary was located here in 1868.

On the Pacific Slope of the Divide no population worth mentioning existed. Too many tragedies had happened to expeditions even under strong guard for lone settlers or prospectors to risk invading the Ute in his den. In 1840, Jim Baker, the noted scout and Rocky Mountain guide, erected a cabin on Snake River near the Wyoming line in what is now Routt County. Here he lived and had many a fight with the Indians — his cabin was built with a lookout for the hostiles — until 1860, when he took up a claim on Clear Creek, returning



UNCOMPAHGRE PEAK (14,306 FEET).

ten years later to his ranch home in the old wilderness he loved. Prospecting was done in the Park Range, and gold in rich quantities was found; but the isolated location, the blizzards and deep snows kept settlers and miners out until in the early '70's when a considerable number of people made their way into this extreme northwest portion of the State. Jackson County, too, about this same time received an influx of settlers. This country is practically North Park where the old trappers and hunters were wont to winter. The rich green valleys invited stock raisers, and silver was found in the confining mountains. It was regarded by the State "fathers" as one of the State's most promising sections.

That portion of the State lying east of the front wall or Rampart Mountains was used as cattle range by owners of large herds. The valleys were being farmed and small towns were springing up. Horace Greeley had come out from New York; his faith in Colorado's future was so strong that he returned fully imbued with the idea that the thing to do was "Go West, young man." The free advertising he gave Colorado in his paper, the *New York Tribune*, caused a colony to be sent out to the valley of the Cache le Poudre. Their town they named Greeley. Meanwhile, the success of the venture under such leadership was attracting the attention of the whole country, and thousands of splendid citizens who were interested in agriculture and stock raising were being added to the State.

Then the railroads were doing a good work in colonizing along their routes. Large grants of land had been given them as inducements to go through certain districts, and concessions had been obtained from the government. Among the railroad colonies was Colorado Springs and Pueblo, notable examples of the enterprise

of the Denver and Rio Grande system. This road, the Denver and Rio Grande, then as now, was Colorado's proudest and best avenue of communication within and her strongest affiliation without. General Palmer, its founder, refused to let the financial panic of 1873 stop the building of his road over the Sangre de Cristo Range from Pueblo into the "paradisaical valley" of the San Luis and on into the heart of the San Juan Mountains — one of the most difficult and expensive problems ever solved by an engineer.

The Union Pacific, completed in 1869, was connected with Denver by a branch from Cheyenne; and later the following roads came under its control: The Kansas Pacific, the Boulder Valley and the short line known as the Boulder, Golden and Carabou railroad, and the Colorado Central. These roads and branches reached into the heart of both the mountains and the plains, thus encouraging settlement,—in the mining region they meant a pushing farther into the canyons, with more discoveries and more room for prospectors and camps. In a way, the promise of early railroad transportation led, if not to the discovery, then to development of the mines at Leadville, capital being found ready to lend a hand where the expense of ore carriage was lessened.

The winter of 1875 — the Leadville boom was well under way — saw a business-like revival of the statehood question and one in which there was less politics. Jerome B. Chaffee, delegate in Congress at the time, worked unceasingly for his State's admission. Each objection that was raised — Indian trouble, miners' problems, locations inaccessible to railroad and mail, he countermet with bills for remedial legislation, and all went through with much credit. His enabling act received the sanction of both Congress and the President. A constitu-

tion was framed and adopted, and July 4, 1876, was set for the date of admission by the President. Colorado with a population of one hundred and forty thousand then took her place in the Union.

Since the admission, few States, if any, have given such a glorious account of themselves. Few realize that her area of sixty-six million two hundred and five thousand eight hundred and seventy-five acres is the equal of the combined surface area of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey. William Gilpin, the first territorial governor, a cultured man from Missouri who had received his education in Europe, was accosted on the streets of new and crude Denver one day. "What, what, are you doing here?" his friend asked. The governor laughingly replied, "I am founding an empire!" And an empire it is! He and many others of strong mind and character have helped to make it so.

CHAPTER IX

IN FRONT OF THE WALL

I HAVE said before that Nature mapped Colorado — mapped it into peaks, parks and plains. Her plains are separated from a literal forest of peaks by what seems on approach a veritable wall. This wall is a range of mountains, the Ramparts, which extend from the north to the south boundary of the State. In front of the wall there lies one-third of Colorado's area. It comprises Sedgwick, Phillips, Yuma, Kit Carson, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Powers, and Baca Counties on the Kansas border; Logan, Morgan, Washington, Elbert, Lincoln, Crowley, Bent, and Otero nearer the wall; and to the south the greater portion of Las Animas, Huerfano, Pueblo, El Paso, Arapahoe, Adams, and Weld.

This very considerable portion of Colorado is a part of what was once regarded as the Great Plains. They extended from the Gulf to the center of the Dakotas with an average width of five hundred miles. But one must not get the idea of one vast dead sameness of contour; instead, the scene shifted from "bad lands" to sand hills (that change their direction as the wind blows) from rolling prairies luxuriant with grasses to "dry, treeless" plains. Yet, withal, the effect on the spirit was the same. In such solitude, in such loneliness what wonder the Indian read messages in every cloud that went "with sails of silver by," in the rustle of tall grasses, in the whisper of winds!

Not a single settlement was made in this eastern section of Colorado prior to 1860, unless we are to except the trading post of the Bents on the Arkansas, established in the early twenties. Judging from the conditions of today, from the live, pushing, quick-to-see-advantage American we are so familiar with, it is difficult to understand how territory that was so valuable was allowed to go undiscovered, unexplored, unsettled for such a period after the Louisiana Purchase.

Still, if we open our histories, we discover in the first place that we were short on population; that those who poured over the mountains of the Alleghenies found room and to spare — but only the roving and daring cared to go farther afield. Secondly, the majority of people on the Atlantic seaboard were of English descent, and almost more “English” than their ancestors in some ways. One only has to go today among old colonial communities like Philadelphia or Boston, to discover how content a people can be with “things as they are.” No, the English are not venturesome. If so, they would not have waited over a hundred years after the discovery of America by Columbus until their first effort at settlement in the New World. The French had been on the St. Lawrence and the Spanish in Mexico almost the whole of that period.

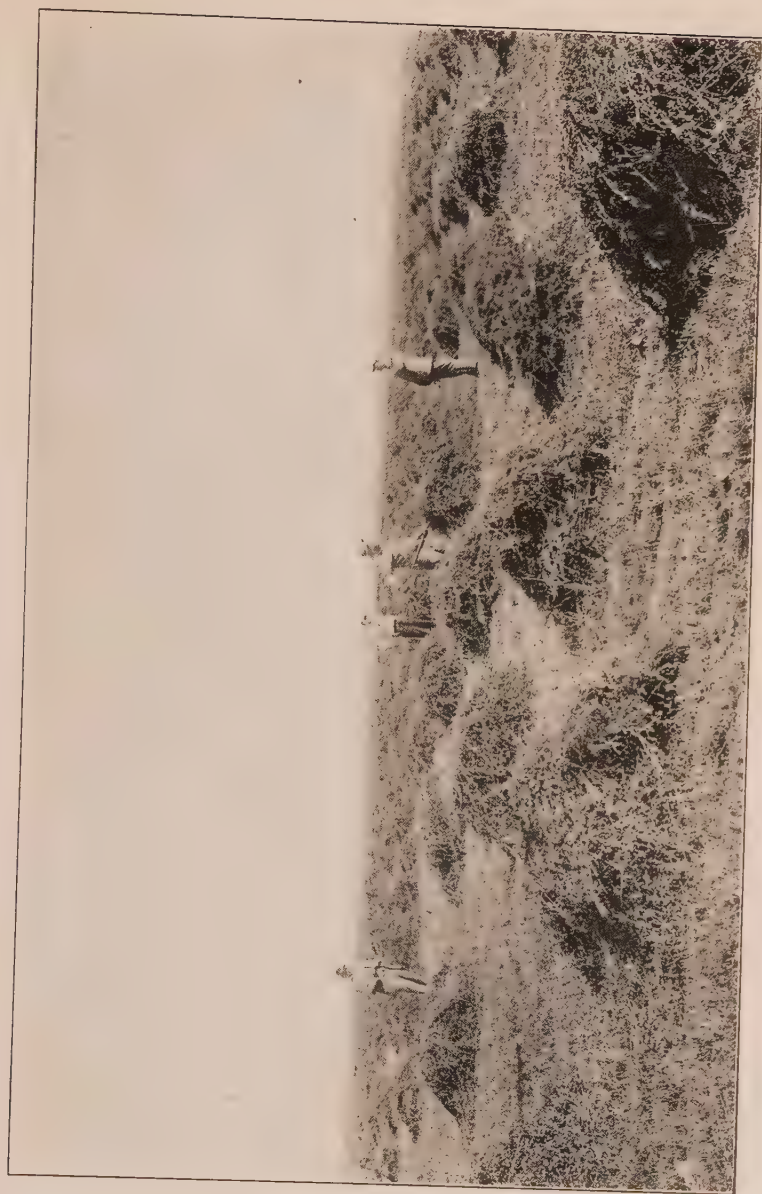
But, still digressing, Young America on the Atlantic seaboard, although she had, by a stroke of the pen and the expenditure of a few millions, come into a vast empire beyond the Mississippi, had matters of state of deep concern to occupy her. She was trying to force on Europe a sense of her integrity, her rights as a nation. The War of 1812 was to occur. There was the fear that should the insults to our flag become too pronounced, the fledgling nation would be able to retaliate but feebly

against forces that were surely combining against Napoleon, the Gentleman Burglar who was later caught "with the goods," the "loot" which was parceled out at the Congress of Vienna.

So a few lone trappers and traders were left to invade the new purchase. It was not even the findings of a Department of the Interior, of a War Department who has jurisdiction over roadways and waterways, that sent the first settlers into Colorado. Not Pike's expedition, nor Long's, nor Fremont's, sent a single man into the region with the thought that here he could make his home. And yet their accounts, their journals, fairly bristle with descriptions of flowery hillsides, grassy valleys, and plentiful watercourses.

For it was gold that drew the eyes of the world to Colorado. Yet, on the eastern slope of the Rockies, man is now finding as golden returns as were ever upturned with a pick and shovel. The physical labor is not half so great, and the returns sure. His head is paying for his hands. He has learned how he may flood the thirsty roots of his plants, instead of watching the rain clouds leave him by.

Irrigation in large extensions is afforded by the South Platte River in the northern half of this eastern side of Colorado and by the Arkansas in the southern. Their many tributaries also serve large areas. In between these sections, in what is classified as "Eastern Colorado" by the state boards of agriculture, is the "rain belt." Farming is carried on here largely without irrigation, the rainfall being heavier than to the north and south, since the section practically covers what is the Arkansas Divide — a noticeable height of land between the Platte and Arkansas Rivers that extends from the mountains well out into Kansas.



ALFALFA FROM DRY FARMING.

From this Divide, streams flow both to the north and south. Some join the Platte and the Arkansas, some their tributaries, the Arickaree, the Rush, the Big Sandy and the Republican Forks. All conduce rainfall and underflow drainage of advantage to agriculture. More corn is raised here than elsewhere in the State, while the ubiquitous silo shows the widespread industry to be dairy farming and stockraising.

But stockraising on this part of the Plains did not come into its own until long after the days when stock had ceased to graze upon the bunch and buffalo grass of the once free range. Probably the romance of the cattle days, the days of the cowboy of the range, is just as alluring, just as full of weird charm as that period when the trapper went softly along the stream with his trap under his arm looking for the haunts of the beaver. And this section was the range most frequently used by the slow-moving herds that were sent up from the south on their way to northern grazing grounds, when the grass lands of Texas had become little more than parched sands.

Of the "Long Trail," the route of these cattle caravans, Emerson Hough in *The Story of the Cowboy* has given us a vivid picture: "The braiding of a hundred minor pathways, the Long Trail lay like a vast rope connecting the cattle country of the south with that of the north. Lying loose or coiling, it ran for more than two thousand miles along the eastern ridge of the Rocky Mountains, sometimes close in at their feet, again hundreds of miles away across the hard table-lands or the well-flowered prairies. It traversed in a fair line the vast land of Texas, curled over the Indian Nations, over Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana, and bent in wide overlapping circles as far west as Utah

and Nevada; as far east as Missouri, Iowa and Illinois; and as far north as the British possessions.

“Even today you may trace plainly its former course, from its faint beginnings in the lazy land of Mexico, the Ararat of the cattle range. It is distinct across Texas, and multifold still in the Indian lands. Its many intermingling paths still scar the iron surface of the Neutral Strip, and the plows have not buried all the old furrows in the plains of Kansas. Parts of the path still remain visible in the mountain lands of the far North. You may see the ribbons banding the hillsides today along the valley of the Stillwater, and along the Yellowstone and toward the source of the Missouri. The hoof marks are beyond the Musselshell, over the Bad Lands and the *coulées* and the flat prairies; and far up into the land of the long cold you may see, even today if you like, the shadow of that unparalleled pathway, the Long Trail of the cattle range.”

Colonel Ike T. Pryor of San Antonio, one of the present-day Cattle Kings of Texas and President of the American Cattle Men's Association, recounts with tender touches of sentiment the day he, the runaway lad from the Kentucky blue-grass to the sand and mesquite of west Texas, decided to follow the “Long Trail.”

“For days a never-ending line of ‘long horns’ had been going by. It was like a river rolling past or the sea calling. I made up my mind,” here the soft Southern drawl of Colonel “Ike” became a little tense — he had been explaining to me the *venta* brand of some newly acquired Mexican cattle, “I made up my mind,” he repeated, his eyes this time twinkling over what the resolve had freed him from, “that I had pushed that double-shovel behind that mule between the cotton rows my last time. Never again would I keep a wisp of hay

dangling in front of his eyes or a bell tinkling over his back. I left him in the middle of the field to stop and start as he liked."

And the young boy in his early 'teens was off on the "Long Trail" to win what proved a fortune. He, like many others in those days, saw the possibility of a few dollars put into a small herd, cattle was unbelievably cheap those days; or that those "few dollars" would buy him a working partnership in a larger herd. Those who followed the Trail had become acquainted with open spaces in mountain parks, the succulent grasses on the mesas. These were soon to be taken over by men who discovered they could keep their cattle up North through the winter in sheltered valleys where the dried grasses were as nutritious or more so than when green.

And the beginnings of the great American cattle industry were at hand. The advantages of each section as a "cow country" became known. The coming of the railroads and the vanguard that followed helped the business. At first all was free range; the annual round-ups disclosed to the owners what was ready for shipment, ownership being determined by the system of fire-branding that had been taken over from the Spanish. The story of "mavericks" of stolen brands, of "rustlers" is the "heavy" element in the Romance of the cattle industry.

There came then the "fenced range." It, too, had its sinister side—the wire cutters, who, though they knew it not, were wrestling with a Fate bigger than they. And it had to come, the day of homesteads, throughout the whole West. No more convincing proof of "what changes time hath wrought" can be found in the place names on old maps. One, for instance, made in 1880, shows several dozens of places as tale-telling as the fol-

lowing: Costello's Rancho, Hurseleys' Rancho, Glen Plym Rancho, Stewart's Rancho, Barry Rancho, Fossdick's Rancho, Holliday Rancho, Four-mile Rancho, Goodnight Rancho, all places consisting of postoffices, company stores, and a few houses, adjuncts, of course, to the big ranch. Not a single one of them can be found on a map today!

Today, if one should enter into possession of, say, the S.W.¼ S.E.¼ Range 32 Town 29, he could not only find its geographical location at once but could discover from the state soil survey just what crop values it had, and what its rainfall or water rights. Certainly few States, if any, have received such attention through state and government interest. In the first place, scientists have found its geology revealing; mining interests have sought to probe each district for mineral deposits, while the problem of irrigation found here ready-made, the elements of solution in a rich and arid soil, in a plentiful water supply precipitated from an elevation that quickened the answer.

Legislative acts looking to the needs of agricultural lands not well-watered were passed as early as 1861. And since Eastern Colorado is strictly an agricultural section, it began the earlier to profit thereby. The Union Colony of Greeley, which will be spoken of later, constructed the first water canals. In the purchase of their lands, over one hundred thousand acres in all, they secured charters for irrigating canals to radiate from the South Platte waters over the entire area.

Following this beginning were organizations controlling large capital that secured huge bodies of land with water privileges for colonization purposes. There was the Colorado Mortgage and Investment Company, with a subsidiary one at Fort Collins, which, under the name



ON THE RANGE.

of the Laramie and Weld Irrigation Company, used not only the Platte but the Cache le Poudre for distributing water sometimes a thousand feet higher than the valley from which it came. Rights to use waterwheels and machinery for raising water were granted by law. Another company, The Northern Colorado Irrigation, extended its interests into the South around La Junta and Pueblo, all this in the early '60's. In 1915 the reservoir capacity of the Arkansas Valley was five hundred and ninety-eight thousand three hundred and ninety-five acre feet of water, with a land acreage fed by these reservoirs of four hundred and seventy-five thousand acres.

With a new problem, such as irrigation was and is, it was to be expected that controversies would arise; overlapping boundaries of systems, prior rights to water when capacity would be taxed. The greatest litigation was probably over the dispute of the rights of those nearer the source of the stream over those out on the plains. Since a State cannot sue a State, Kansas, who claimed rights she was not getting, took her claim to the United States courts to settle for or against the State of Colorado. This will be discussed later.

Some interesting facts in connection with the subject of water for irrigation will, I think, appeal to the thinker. We who go to the tap and let the water flow without thought (why, indeed, think?) of the meter in the basement that works willy-nilly for the soulless corporation, may be far removed from those checker-board fields of green whose tender roots drink in their life from the water that floods their earth coat; yet, from *hors d'œuvres* to savory, few tables can be sure that either grain, vegetable or fruit, flesh, fish or fowl, have not had some acquaintance with these irrigating waters from the Colorado Rockies.

A water right, in irrigation terminology, is a definite thing; it has a determined, fixed meaning by legislative enactment. And water itself has a right and a — duty; if intelligently allowed, crops produced under its influence will reach a higher perfection, will produce greater financial returns than if natural precipitation of the same amount of units is provided. The reason is not far to seek: in a natural rainfall the precipitation is upon the just and the undeserving alike. I say “undeserving” because some plants, some soils, some seasons, some drainages, call for one amount of moisture, some another.

But to get back to the water rights. Such a right covers the lawful privilege of diverting water from a stream for the purpose of irrigating a soil; or diverting this water to a reservoir — a stored-up fountain for the time when the stream flow perhaps is inadequate, as in the late summer when the mountain snows are long since melted, or the June rains have ceased. In the earliest days of irrigation projects in Colorado, a property owner in an isolated county may have secured a water right from a court to build canals and laterals from a near-by river; thus he has a prior right to a company, let us say, who comes later and sells water rights to a large number of land owners. If a controversy arises, as happens frequently, it is settled by the courts.

It is estimated that about twenty-five per cent. of the eastern part of Colorado is under cultivation; seventy per cent. is used for grazing, leaving only about five per cent. as “bad lands,” alkali plains, chalk formations and “red” lands. The crop-value of Colorado soils is difficult of estimation. Few States in the Union have had sifted down upon them for centuries the disintegrating Rocky Mountain walls — “rock meal,” that furnishes all

the elements necessary to sustain plant life. And neither has she had these elements washed out of the soils by drenching rains. Nature has been at once a provider and a conserving agent.

Perhaps in no place in the world can be found a climate equal to that of Colorado. Even out on the "plains" where once raged the fiercest blizzards, cultivation of the soil has in a large measure made them a thing to be remembered along with the "Long Trail" and the buffalo. The range of temperature is between forty and fifty degrees. At Fort Collins, where the State Agricultural School is located, the temperature averages twenty-six degrees in winter — it is seventy-five miles north of Denver — while in summer the average is sixty-eight. And since the rainfall is light, and the consequent moisture in the air is lessened, those temperatures as given are deceiving; an air that is dry is many degrees warmer thereby, or seemingly so. This fact coupled with the number of days of sunshine in the year — never in any section of the State less than three hundred — places the Colorado climate in a class by itself and deserving of all the superlatives that are said of it.

There are seven railroads, avenues of entrance, coming into Colorado from the East, and they have had much to do in changing this "eastern one-third" from free range to productive farm lands. Dairying may be carried on with profit when the "siding," within a mile or so of the farm, takes care of the cream cans until the through train transports them to market centers or a creamery; fruits and vegetables and poultry products will not suffer from the deterioration that comes from long waits to get them to market. Good towns may be found all along the line of the railroads. The Union Pacific comes into the State at Julesburg in the northeast

corner; its establishment came with its designation as a station on the Overland Mail route. The Burlington makes two entrances on the East border, one at Holyoke, the other at Wray. The Rock Island from Kansas City, — the other three are from Omaha and Denver bound — enters at Burlington and is paralleled the width of the section before reaching Colorado Springs by the Pike's Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway. Through Cheyenne Wells another branch of the Union Pacific makes its way, crossing the Rock Island at Limon on its way to Denver. Below these the Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fé, the latter with a "sugar road" branch, cross the Kansas line and pass through Pueblo on their journey to Pike's Peak region.

In addition to the Pike's Peak Ocean Highway, we have the Santa Fé Trail on the south with a branch leaving it at La Junta for Pueblo, where it joins the Rainbow Route that goes through to the Utah line. The Central Kansas Boulevard hugs the Missouri Pacific tracks closely and probably is responsible for bringing more automobilists into the State than any other roadway. The Union Pacific at the north, and its "feeder" at the south, both have companion highways, the former, the Platte Valley Road, and the latter, the Limon Road. Too, the Burlington is closely followed by "Roads" that in the East would be designated by the term "Concourses" or "Boulevards," while every farmer has an automobile, some have several. Motor tractors are a common thing, and electricity is made do work that formerly was delegated to the ox.

I can never quite get over the surprise this section affords me. Nearer the mountains, where rivers abound — and always a mountain home has had its appeal — one expects of the vicinity that it take on inhabited char-

acter. But here I am always looking for that lone horseman who as I looked out of my car window that June day in childhood, disappeared over a ridge, where perchance the herd had strayed; and I am wondering what became of the woman who paused at the door of her dug-out and with eyes apron-shaded watched our train out of sight.

Nor can one longer trace the winding streams by the fringe of cottonwoods. It is the fields that are outlined by trees,—by tall poplars and elms. Orchards frame white farmhouses and stock barns. And it is the winding road that looks like a silver ribbon now, instead of the once dry-creek; mayhap its ready-made bed has become a water canal or lateral.

CHAPTER X

THAT PEAK OF PIKE'S

To the Spaniards — a threat; to the explorers — a dare; to us of today — an invitation. And we who have been its house-guest even but once have learned the true meaning of the word hospitality. "All that beauty, all that wealth ere gave" is here in its mountain home, and the veriest newcomer is made aware that these lavish, fairyland furnishings are as much his as the crystal pure air that makes his body new. This is the historical "Pike's Peak Region" and the dispenser of its hospitality is that "Peak of Pike's."

Few place names in America — in the world — are better known than Pike's Peak. The psychology of its permeating fame and influence is interesting to analyze. In the first place, the name it bears belongs to a man who not only believed it incapable of ascent — himself too, an intrepid explorer whose vocabulary contained no such word as hardship — but who died ignorant of the fact that this monument of the continent was to herald his name to all ages forever. For twenty-five years it even bore the name of James, the first man to reach its summit.

We find "The Peak" (no Coloradoan refers to it as aught else) mentioned in early chronicles as the "Snowy Mountain," "Rock Mountain," and the "White Mountain." From the journals of the first Spanish explorers we learn they were willing to take the word of the Indians

they met, about the frozen sky lands to the north. We who know our Spain can understand that a people who avoid the relentless repelling wastes of their own interior Spain—they have always and do still—would turn back from a land according to report, made up of gigantic peaks and everlasting snows. It is not difficult to imagine those rakish, doughty Spanish brigands—the majority of them were little else—flashing their gay costumes along the zig-zag, animal-made paths of the sunny slopes of the San Juans, but to get a mental picture of them in the heart of the Rockies—never!

Not only had the region been “a threat” to the Spaniard for three hundred years, but the usually daring French *voyageur* and *coureur des bois* kept his distance. It was not until after the United States Government had sent out military expeditions, that the French trapper and trader penetrated to the headwaters of streams in the Rockies and left as souvenirs a French name on the geography of the region—Fontane-qui-bouille, and Cache le Poudre, to instance. What of the romance, so necessarily strange and hushed in these great silences, was suggested by this huge mountain that dominated the region then as now, we can only conjecture. Did they, as twilight came and dimmed its lofty pinnacle, wonder if it too, was retiring behind the veil of its mystic past; or at dawn when its outlines were revealed did these simple-minded adventurers think it, too, had come up “like thunder” with the sun across the plain?

But Pike came. It might be said he reconnoitered. The government “Ahem-ed” a few years. Then they said they guessed the boy was right; it was quite a big country, and the government ought to know about it. So Major Long was fitted out with an expedition of sixteen scientists. Six private soldiers were sent as protection

against a land filled with Indians, and Heaven only knew what other evils! But it must be said to the credit of those scientists, geologists, zoologists, botanists, et cetera, they were not the desk variety commonly associated with universities of that day; at least they must have been red-blooded to welcome a mattress of green sod, the sky as a covering and a rattler, maybe, as an alarm clock.

Anyhow, they came back with the Rockies ticketed and tabulated. Had Romance been a tangible thing, it would have been squeezed dry then, and many times since; but, being a thing to be sensed only it was left inviolable. And, inviolate, it awaits as a giver of gold under a boulder, as a bestower of even greater riches, health, on yon mountain path in the good God's out-of-doors.

The material-minded would laugh at the association of anything fanciful or romantic connected with a dry, sandy plain, bordering on foothills, bare except stray bunches of sage and mesquite that act as stepping-stones to a mountain, half-clothed, half-way, with gnarled and twisted pines, the remainder of the distance to the summit with sharp protruding granite rocks. But let us see what the dreamer, the romanticist, has first visioned, of course, and then beheld. Of course, too, that he was here proves him an adventurer. Then, ventures he made: he was a doer after he was a dreamer. So, we have him playing a joke on the mountain which in the form of snow robbed the plain of its moisture; he took the melting snows and directed them in canals over the soil at the base of the mountain. Thus we have that bright green dipper-valley at Manitou; velvet lawns and shaded avenues at Colorado Springs, and fruitful gardens for miles and miles. From the granite rocks deep in the heart of the mountains, he, the adventurer, took gold, and

to the foothills he sent it to be reduced and refined in huge mills necessity had caused him to build.

Those considerations should satisfy the material minded, for, through man's ingenuity, Colorado has been proven rich; rich, in world terms. But in panoramic splendor, in wealth of scenic grandeur, it surpasses that in a world of worlds. It possesses the calmly beautiful and the beauty that disturbs in its gigantic loveliness.

Pike had pronounced the ascent of the peak an impossibility, although perchance long before some soft moccasined Ute Indian foot, led by eyes trained for footholds, might have sought its top on the lookout for an enemy's fire out on the plain. Afterwards we know a member of Long's party made the ascent; and, too, Fremont's men had achieved the impossible. The Pathfinder, once when he had reached the springs at the foot wrote, "We have become to regard the mountain as an old friend." The first gold-seekers in the region wound around its slopes with their ox wagons; in 1859, the wife of one of the members of a party from Lawrence, Kansas, a Mrs. Holmes, was the first woman known to have ascended to the Peak's summit.

Since then countless numbers have looked on the world below from its pinnacle. Many like to form a burro party, start in the evening, reach a place below Windy Point where a shelter house has been erected, effect a sort of camp, and then arise about three o'clock in the morning and make their way to the top in time to see the sun rise — one of the most glorious spectacles the human eye can witness. This scene has been mine to observe, although I had gone on a sunrise excursion of the cog-road, a regular feature of this enterprising system.

One can never be sure of the atmospheric conditions and no two sunrises are ever the same. This morning,

for the greater portion of the distance, the puffing little engine had shunted us through a moist sea of fleecy billowing clouds. Suddenly we came out upon the bare summit that is covered with huge stones — their edges are sharp as if freshly quarried and dumped here from the iron basket of some mammoth steam plow. Below us, on every side, a filmy white sheet which we knew to be clouds; more like sea fogs they were, the sort I have seen come in from the Pacific and “pitch their tents” in the Muir woods canyons below Mt. Tamalpais. What of sky that was domed over our heads — the universe seemed so small — was of a strangely dark blue ether. Then, in a flash the sun broke, like Kipling’s dawn, over a rim or line I had not known existed, so welded had been cloud and sky.

I could not think I was seeing the sun; you see, so lately it had been black night — below at Manitou it was night still, yet the sun would appear in sight much sooner here from such an eminence. Against the blue of the ether the sun was more like the moon; there flashed into my mind a night in the Atlantic off Ushant on a South Africa bound vessel, when, pacing the hurricane deck with the captain, we had suddenly seen a great ball of living fire (the moon, of course) at one stride come up out of the dark where in the day would be the meeting place of sky and ocean.

But this was the sun, and no Aurora, however swift her horses, however rose-colored the chariot, ever opened with rosier fingers the gates of the East. It was as if Guido Reni had been given the world for a canvas upon which to paint his fresco instead of the ceiling in the middle room of the Rospigliosi Casino. Yet with a lofty, freer beauty than characterizes the sweetness of this master’s brush, the sun described its course across the heavens,



ON THE PIKE'S PEAK AUTOMOBILE HIGHWAY.

strewn wreaths of transfiguring sunbeams in its path.

In 1873, a carriage road was built to the summit. General Sherman said it was "the most wonderful road in the world." In 1890, the Cog Road was built, and it is still a marvel in the minds of all who visit the summit over its route. The company records show receipts from more than a million passengers since its completion.

But this is an automobile age, and every car owner is a civil as well as a practical engineer. Why not an automobile road to the Peak said the motorists to and of Colorado Springs? Several cars essayed the trip over the old disused carriage road. Interest of capitalists in the region was excited, and in 1914 the Pike's Peak Automobile Highway Company was formed with such men as Spencer Penrose, Chas. M. MacNeil and William A. Otis at its head. True to Colorado, they threw into the project all the benefit of their wide experience in the questions that have been vital to the region, and pushed it to completion last year, 1916.

When the company began their plans, their only survey was the old carriage road. Much of the route was not practical for automobiles, so a new survey was made along lines used in railroad engineering. "Safety first" railroad curves were to provide against accidents on a roadway that is a double-track boulevard, twenty to thirty feet wide, with ample room for three cars to pass easily. The roadbed is of disintegrated granite, hard and smooth. Careful attention was paid by the highway engineer, Charles J. Toner of Denver, who surveyed the road and supervised the work, to the drainage and crowning of the roadbed. This feature was an absolute necessity because of the heavy snows and rains that sweep down upon the upper heights of the highway.

Ute Pass.



upon sixty thousand square miles of country. He sees Denver to the north, Cripple Creek to the west, and Pueblo to the south; to the east, a seemingly endless plain; beneath him Colorado Springs, so small at this distance that it might be a doll's conception of a model city, and yet a powerful glass brings even the street signs to him.

Let us take this scenic journey from Cascade. We have come up to the town through historic Ute Pass, which the Utes used on their way to the plains or the mineral springs at its foot, placed there by their Great Spirit, Gitchy Manitou. Cascade is a beautiful little mountain resort which gets its name from the several water courses that tumble pell-mell over one another from the frowning mountains that back the retreat in Cascade Canyon.

Up Crystal Creek Valley we go, the roadside dotted with white and purple columbine. Up, up we wind over the hills and past "Lover's Leap"; we then in another broad swing circle "Little Pike's Peak." We are now skirting the masonry parapet that protects the unwary from the Bottomless Pit, an abyss deeper than any in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. We are above timber line now, above which the giants have blown their icy breath, daring vegetation to come on with each blast. With the bravery of youth a few tender pines are seen to have taken the dare; on the downward journey we may observe them blown helplessly about or uprooted by the wrathful wind. One novel experience is braving Windy Point. Here a wild rush of cold wind, cutting a swath only twenty feet wide, comes as straight from mountains miles away as if compressed through a huge tube. A snowstorm is a frequent visitor as one nears the summit, and it is both amusing and interesting to find one's buf-

falo robes covered, the automobile filling with the finely sifted particles of crystal snow, and then turn to look possibly behind, and below, at that little checkerboard of green velvet marked off with white ribbon that we know to be Colorado Springs, glistening and warm in the sunshine.

We are now in a land of gaunt, brown rock forms, a five-acre plot of massive boulders. We are at the summit. And we are very glad of the warm lodge-like interior of the Summit House and a steaming cup of the never-old beverage coffee. Then we stand wrapt, on the top of the observation platform, feeling that we are perched on the world's shoulder, with the world no longer on our shoulder — no weight in the world, not even of atmosphere to bow us down. When wandering through canyons walled in with mighty granite walls, and are knowing that for miles and miles are just more massive mountains, one has a sensation of helplessness. But when transported (and transport is the word) to the top of a misty, mystic mountain, all is different with one's spirit. We are a part of the scene that surrounds us. Not the least element responsible for this difference in attitude of mind is the building of such a highway as this to the Peak. Man has shown himself a Master, and as one of the great human family we share in the honor.

The same spirit that prompted the building of this world's most wonderful highway is responsible for keeping the Colorado Springs Parks in the front as the most remarkable in the United States. Names of scenic wonders with which we have long conjured, The Garden of the Gods, Williams Canyon, Cave of the Winds, Mushroom Park, North Cheyenne Canyon, the High Drive, Seven Falls, South Cheyenne Canyon, Ute Pass, Crystal Park, all are to be found within the park system.



GENERAL WILLIAM J. PALMER.

Over three thousand acres are contained in the natural and improved tracts that belong to the city; in addition, there are outside the park boundaries many hundreds of acres of mountain scenery that are under the control of the park commission.

The parks of Colorado Springs were gifts; their only cost is their upkeep. General William J. Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs, is largely responsible for them, but other gifts have been and are made from time to time. General Palmer's hobby was outdoor life and the development of these resources. In the original town-site plans, space was left for the parks, North and South, in the business section of the city. Afterwards the strip of land running from the Antlers Hotel north along Monument Creek to the city limits was made a gift, and with it a fund of \$45,000 for its maintenance; the payments were arranged in a system of decreasing amounts, the last \$1,000 being due this year, 1917, the donor wisely thinking the city would administer the fund so that by this time the once marshy, weedy, scraggly ground would blossom into the tree-lined, lake-dotted spot of beauty it is. Palmer Park, a tract of seven hundred acres northeast of the city, was another gift from this public-spirited citizen; it is filled with weird, grotesque and magnificent rock formations with wonderful colorings that delight the eye. A grand boulevard, with bridle paths, extends to it from Pike's Peak Avenue.

Probably the most popular parks are those of North Cheyenne Canyon, Bear Creek, Crystal Park and the Cutler Mountain Park. Tourists line the roadways and many trails in the summer from early morn until nightfall while in winter tramping parties may be met gayly "hiking" along, and almost as frequently. It was to South Cheyenne Canyon that Helen Hunt Jackson loved to come for

inspiration when writing her *Bits of Travel* and song-poems.

She tells of her approach to the Canyon — in those days it was by carriage, today electric roads, the equal of any in the world, provide rapid transit to the entrance. She had to cross a creek that was fed by those wonderful "Seven Falls" farther up the canyon. "The ford was a picture. The creek widened just above it, and was divided by three long sand bars into three small zigzagging streams, which looked as if the creek was untwisting itself into shining strands. The water was of amber brown so clear that the pebbles gleamed through. The sand-bars were thickset with spikes of blue penstemon, a flower like a foxglove, growing here some foot or foot and a half high, with its bright blue blossoms set so thick along the stems that they hinder each other opening."

Since that Sabbath day when Helen Hunt drove through South Cheyenne and to the base of those falls, steps, over three hundred, have been built with a platform at each recurring fall that breaks the climb to the mountain above. But the talented authoress had to find another path; day after day she would climb to the top of Cheyenne Mountain, one of the first in the region to "stand up and take the morning." With her writing pad on her knee, she sat looking out across the Colorado Springs several thousand feet below and beyond. Fittingly, *Ramona* was written here; for it was the gross injustice practised on the Colorado Indian that caused this talented woman to attempt to reach the interest of the country in behalf of the Indian through such a medium.

In the Garden of the Gods, just off the Ridge Road, is a large natural amphitheatre. The Gateway group of mammoth red sandstone acts as a sounding board and here Colorado College holds its annual play. Last year

they gave *The Arrow Maker*, a fitting choice in a region rich in Indian lore and associations. This year the Director of the Midland Band, working with D. V. Donaldson, chairman of the Park Commission, and others, is staging a huge pageant with Indians as the actors. This is to be an annual affair, additional to the already annual Ute Festival.

The section known by the fanciful name of the "Garden of the Gods" was the gift of Charles A. Perkins, once president of the Burlington Railroad. During his lifetime he allowed the public free use of its entrancing drives and haunts. At his death, in 1907, it was learned he had left it in his will to the city of Colorado Springs. The expense of its upkeep had before been borne by the donor, but since the receipt of the gift the city has expended thousands of dollars in various ways.

Last year, "The Hidden Inn," a unique "pueblo" of three stories, patterned after those in the Mesa Verde country, was erected against a huge rock near the park entrance. Indian motifs distinguish the furnishings and decorations. A handsome restaurant and an out-door dancing pavilion have made it the center of much social life.

It is impossible to go into any sort of description that would create the right mental images of those rock formations in the "Garden," or the equally marvellous and grotesque shapes in Monument Park, or the Eden-like beauty of Stratton Park, the gift of that eccentric miner, the many-times millionaire, W. S. Stratton.

I should like to tell you of many camping trips; let me tell you about one up North Cheyenne Canyon, beyond the city limits, when I shot a catamount! We had been at "Trail's End," as we named our ten days' camp. Some of our party had brought in deer, while feathered

game was a common addition to the camp cook's larder. At nights we could hear "cats," and a recluse who had a veritable Hole-in-the-Wall home near by — he had built the front portion of his hut of logs, but extended the end room back into the mountain wall — had told us that his big, yellow cat (which we had seen sunning itself domestically enough in the days when we went by) sometimes disappeared and would return at a safe distance for food with a bob-cat hanging in the background. We looked upon it as a pretty enough tale and went fearlessly along trails with gun on our shoulder.

Now, a catamount, isn't a particularly beautiful animal, and it certainly isn't said to have a nice disposition. By that I am saying I would not seek him out purposely. I had seen the animal at too close a range, once on another camping trip into the Rockies, when my brother had followed howls indicating a fight down into the mouth of a canyon. He had jumped into the opening to save Duke and Turk, our two hunters, from annihilation at the hands — no, three times four feet and what through the flying fur looked a thousand flashing teeth of the catamount. But, this particular morning, with the song of the mountain in the air, and its refrain in my soul, I strode along an unfrequented path, my rifle under my arm. After having gone considerable distance from camp, I dropped down under a tree for a rest. I was busy pulling at some kinnickinnick at my feet that was taking on a riot of colors in the autumn air. A twig broke over my head. I looked up expecting to see — I knew not what. There was a bob cat, crouched flat along a branch of the tree above me! It was no time to think — I didn't until the animal fell at my feet, for my bullet had gone home.

I lost no time in reaching the camp. Those who had not gone out for their morning hunt followed me back

to where the dead cat lay. The animal weighed a little more than forty pounds, and not until I had seen it strapped on the back of T——'s saddle as he was starting down to Colorado Springs to have it mounted, did I realize that I myself had shot a "bob cat." Then, I got frightened — and cried.

That was in the early autumn. Such days, and such nights! Sometimes, the scenery — mountains changing so in color that they all but seemed shifted in position — air that gave one superhuman strength, springs and streams of crystal waters, were all so nearly divine — they hurt. Winter, I have found equally entrancing, opportunities for outdoor life differing but little.

Colorado Springs is well called the "City of Sunshine." In no place in the world will be found as many sunshiny days — an average over a long term of years of three hundred and ten out of the three hundred and sixty-five — seventy hours out of every one hundred the sun being above the horizon. Colorado City, once slated for the state capital, and Manitou, share with "The Springs" in its distinction of climate. Mists and fogs are unknown. What moisture falls is quickly absorbed by the gravelly, porous soil, and this absence of moisture has a tendency, of course, to sanitation, a dry, thin air being death to disease germs. Consequently, this is one of the best known health resorts in the world. Many people afflicted with pulmonary troubles have had a complete cure effected here under the influence of the high altitude and the pure air and effulgent sunshine.

But it must not be thought Colorado Springs is only for the tourist, vacationist and health seeker. It is, too, a City of Homes, as its founder sought to make it. Men of affairs from here direct the vast interests of the Cripple Creek mines, the oil fields and the extensive lignite coal

fields north of the city. Most of the ores which are taken out of Cripple Creek are treated in Colorado City at the Golden Cycle and Portland mills — \$1,000,000 in gold every month. Three hundred and fifty million dollars is the total production of Cripple Creek since its discovery in 1891.

One has only to look at the handsome homes in Colorado Springs, in the city or out at Broadmoor; to look at the handsome hotels — there is The Antlers and one is now being built at Broadmoor to cost \$2,500,000; the Country Clubs, golf and polo courses, to see something of the life that is an integral part of the city itself. "Little Lunnon," it is frequently called because of the rich, cultural atmosphere with which these fortunate Coloradoans have been able to surround themselves. A roster of their names, and of their guests, would show a world-girdling list of familiar personages who are associated with world endeavors. Many men of wealth in the East and South, retired from active business, have come here and built themselves handsome mansions. Many others have come and live modestly. But, whatever, the mode of living, the class of people, metropolitan, cosmopolitan, all are "boosters" for Colorado Springs. Schools, churches and homes, show the result of their pride in this city of their birth or adoption.

CHAPTER XI

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS

FROM the queenly pinnacle of success which Denver has reached civically, scenically, and financially, one might expect to find her resting on her laurels. Nothing of the kind! And it isn't correct to say regarding even her location that she "sits" at the edge of the plain. Denver never sits. There is nothing sedentary nor satisfied about her.

To put one's finger on the exact causes that engendered this active, progressive spirit is not easy. Those first comers, the Green Russell party, were from the Southland, where at that date at least, 1858, we have pictures of sunny cotton fields, of darky cabins out of which pickaninnies were to pour as from a cornucopia when the cotton bolls burst, while back up at the Big House, Ole Marse sat on the gallery, sleepily indicating to the mounted overseer with a wave of his hand the portion of the plantation that needed his attention. Yet these Georgians had left that *dolce far niente* land for one that was to call for their every ounce of energy.

Here were granite walls footed by a "trackless waste" in the words of those first chroniclers, Pike and Long. The homely saying of "making a living on a flat rock" draws up an easy picture compared to perpendicular walls and shifting sand dunes as foundations for a home. But they and those who followed in the wake of these prairie schooners had the faith that literally moved the mountains for them.

We probably would find mixed up in every navigator, explorer, pioneer, elements similar of character, elements not possessed by those left behind, elements that made them dare hardships, the severest endurance tests. Their rewards were the discovery of new worlds, new trade routes, proofs that the world was round, proof that in the round, round world there existed a spot where freedom waited, and we have a Henry, the Portuguese navigator, a Columbus, a Magellan, a Pilgrim Father.

Yet the rewards of the '59er's were not so slow in coming as that of the Pilgrims. True, their landing had been on a flat rock, but it took one hundred and fifty years for them to find the thing they sought — freedom from a yoke that chafed. Lord Northcliffe when in this country a few years ago, in a speech made at a Bunker Hill celebration, very facetiously remarked, that while the Pilgrims made a safe landing on Plymouth Rock, it would have been much better for England had the rock landed on them. For it was of such sturdy souls that England was to be drained and the whole of the Atlantic Coast settled. It was from such mettle that Colorado drew its best, albeit they had been strengthened further still in the crucible of two centuries of American development.

We find these first comers of 1858 organizing the same year a Denver Town Company. By autumn, Auraria, Denver, Boulder, Fountain City and one or two still smaller towns, with a population numbering something like two hundred, selected from among themselves a representative to appear before the government at Washington, asking what then proved futile, that the new region be given a territorial form of government. Another of the pioneers was sent to the Kansas legislature and was

successful in having one section of that disorganized body make the western part of Kansas which extended to the Rockies, into a separate organization under the name of Arapahoe.

The business of hunting for gold went on merrily and right merrily it yielded to the hunt. John H. Gregory had made his discovery where Central City and Black Hawk are now. The whole world seemed to have turned to Gregory Gulch. The finding of this lode was assurance that fortune really awaited under every pebble and boulder. And with the assurance that the Pactolus they sought flowed through a Colorado gulch, there went, hand in glove, the idea that here was the logical site for an empire state, a queen jewel resting on the bosom of the Rockies.

And they, those hardy pioneers of large vision and faith that matched it, never lost sight of this fact; as an earnest, I refer you to the effort in the next year, '59, of a state constitution being submitted to the little handful of people, of another effort to secure territorial organization from Washington; of the same being granted in 1861 by the Congress who sent out that fine, dignified first territorial governor, William Gilpin; of another constitution submitted to the people in 1863, Congress having passed an enabling act; of its rejection and the framing of another in 1865; this latter was adopted, but President Johnson, fearing to sign a document that would cut off his own head, placed his veto upon it. For ten years more this procedure was kept up, it was the "open season" for constitution makers, but finally all requirements were met and Colorado became a state. I came near saying Denver became the state, because it has always been the Mother Lode from whose veins the State's inspiration has come.

It is revelatory for us who face facts, and a sop to the dreamer whose book of stars has these three years now been obscured by the thick war clouds, to note the significance contained in Colorado's dates of importance. It was the financial crash of 1857 that made the thousands forget the dry, bleaching bone, the gaunt wagon wheel that lined the trail to California, and risk anew in the gold fields of Colorado. It was the national crisis that gave the first territorial governor *carte blanche* to work out Colorado's problems as he saw fit.

Had the Congress at that distance and at that date — fifty miles then being equivalent to one today — and millions of miles removed from a working knowledge of pioneer conditions in the Rockies, to say nothing of that body's inflamed state over only one question, that of slavery — had the Congress at that time offered a hand in state and county organization, in people's courts, in miner's laws, in town charities, road charters, pioneer banks, insurance and telegraph companies and much legislation of like character, Colorado would have been in a hopeless muddle. It would have taken years to extricate herself.

Colorado was made a state in the Centennial year, 1876. Within, a spirit of faith was renewed, by the recognition and the memorial; without, eyes of inquiry and admiration were riveted upon the new Far West State, thus honored. There was a rebirth in all lines of activity, especially prospecting in both the likely and unlikely regions. The net result was the "Leadville days" that have never been equaled for feverishness and for returns.

Not that the search for gold, easy gold, had ceased. But mining in those days was not the business affair as it is today. Profitable placer mining was no more, and

deep mining, tunneling, minerals separation were bugaboos not to be entertained even where the idea obtained, on account of the expense. And silver remained king. Then, in 1893, took place the demonetization of silver, a blow that staggered. Most of the mines shut down and Colorado's silver lining blackened with her blasted hopes.

The threatened slump in silver had meant the withdrawal of extended efforts for two or three years before it came. But whatever Colorado's guiding star, it rose again in the heavens, and beckoned toward Cripple Creek. In 1891 gold had revealed there something of its hidden gleams. By 1894 such mines as the Portland, Stratton's Independence, the Mary McKinney and a score of others were million-dollar producers in the "two-hundred-million-dollar cow pasture."

It is estimated that the Cripple Creek District alone has contributed \$350,000,000 to the world's gold supply. Yet the spectacular days were over by 1900. It had settled down as a steady enough producer with always the problem of costs retarding it as in other kinds of mines and in other mining districts — increased costs of labor, of machinery, of research for methods of separation that would recover a larger percentage of the metal from refractory ore.

Then came the European war. Immediately there sprang into being an unprecedented need of metals: lead, zinc, copper, brass, tungsten, uranium, vanadium, molybdenum, radium, and, of course, gold and silver. The latter experienced such a raise in price that the Leadville District sprang ahead of the Cripple Creek last year in its metal production, while Creed, Central City, Idaho Springs, Black Hawk and Boulder saw mines uncovered and unwatered and producing richly that had not been opened for years.

That I have only mentioned the mining interests of Colorado as under the influence of whatever the "divinity" that "shapes our ends," is chiefly because I began with the beginning of Colorado, which was with mining. That her other and larger industries have reacted to its quasi-influence is shown in their increased outputs. What more natural than Colorado's manufactures should keep pace? Not only has she had foreign orders, but her home wants are large. Colorado's agriculture, which, of course, includes stockraising and dairying and farming, has felt the impetus in the increased call for food stuffs. The sugar beet factories, the potato fields, the bean acreages, the grains and fruits have responded.

But, you may be saying, what has this to do with Denver? This is the answer. Every political move mentioned, every financial venture had its inception in Denver; those who worked hardest, longest, for territorial organization and for statehood were Denver men.

That the argonauts should have sailed into Denver was but natural since the first gold discoveries were there. The main route traveled was the one followed by Long and Fremont, down the Platte. The stage lines came that way. The heavy stage expresses carried their mercantile supplies to Denver over the same route. The distribution of supplies to inland points was made from here, stage lines transporting them to the various "camps." It was to Denver the mail lines came, news from the outside sifted through Denver, news of Colorado to the world outside flowed through the same channel.

All the railroads went out from Denver. The old Colorado Central bridged the distance between Denver and Cheyenne where passed the Union Pacific on its way to the coast; it penetrated into the gold and silver mining districts of Gilpin and Clear Creek counties. A road

called the Denver and South Park (now the Colorado and Southern as is the first named) crept by feeling stages toward Leadville through Fairplay. Out of Denver there sprang the alchemizing Denver and Rio Grande; it was the earliest road, the only road, now as well as then, to approach the wealthy San Juan; it brought the joyful "terrestrial paradise" of the Valley of the San Luis to the outside world. If one wished to penetrate into the Leadville district from Pueblo or Trinidad, the Denver and Rio Grande whisked him from plain to valley through canyon to "camp."

√ Mining towns sprang into existence, their stay dependent upon the life of the veins exposed, but Denver, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever. Denver was the Mecca for all who "struck it rich." As if overflowing with gratitude they came to the Queen Mother City to lay their wealth at her feet in the shape of fine business blocks, fine homes, as pillars to banks, as life to her railroad arteries.

We have evidence of this in her Tabors, her Hills, her Campions, Browns, Moffats, Walshes, Sheedies, names without number. Such influential wealth has had much to do in making Denver the industrial center of the Rocky Mountain region. The value of the manufactured products of Denver in 1916 was \$75,000,000, about half of the State's total. For the same year, the bank clearings of Denver, one of the best measures of a city's business status and prosperity, were \$682,799,556.

This amount in a city of two hundred and sixty thousand population seems enormous. Yet when we see that the value of livestock marketed in Denver for the same year was \$53,428,000, with clearance checks in addition for stockers and feeders purchased in other markets; when we see the value of Denver's manufactured products

were \$75,000,000, half that of the whole State; that Denver's investment bankers placed bonds and securities to the amount of \$50,000,000; and realize that from the State's totals of metal production including coal amounting to more than \$110,000,000, agriculture \$95,000,000 manufacturing \$158,000,000, livestock, including dairy and wool products, \$110,000,000 largely passing through Denver as the distributing point, it is easy to understand how the amount of the bank's clearings is made up. It also shows Denver's relation with the surrounding territory.

As indicative of one of the means without motive, with which Denver is kept in close affiliation with the furthestmost parts of the State, let me cite the U. S. market bureau, located at Denver.

It is said thousands of dollars have been saved to the farmers by the establishment of this market bureau. At one place potatoes were selling at sixty-three cents a bushel, while the retail price at the market center nearby was \$1.25. The market bureau forced upon the purchaser in the field a price to the farmer of ninety-five cents.

A comprehensive study in agricultural efficiency is revealed in the work of this bureau. Telegrams are sent the department of agriculture at Washington each morning from every large market center. The price of every commodity, together with the market condition, makes up the report, and if there is a shortage or a surplus, it is mentioned. This information is then telegraphed to every market bureau, which then wires its several field stations.

Field stations are maintained at Greeley, Rocky Ford, the San Luis Valley, Trinidad, all the agricultural sections having "seasons," the Rocky Ford district having

need of an agent during the cantaloupe season, the Grand Junction district through the peach season, etc. These field agents are in close touch with the farmers and local dealers in their respective localities, to whom the daily messages from Denver are given. Denver sends out about three thousand five hundred quotations a day in Colorado, and around twenty-five thousand in the whole Colorado division.

The United States Department of Agriculture made of Denver the central headquarters for an immense section which comprises Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah, Montana, Arizona, Nevada, and parts of Washington and Oregon. All agricultural problems affecting this territory are handled daily by the Denver office. With war-time conditions the bureau is allotted heavy additional work. Bridging the gap between producer and consumer is supplemented by cooperation with city, state and national authorities in the campaign for increased crop production and an economic distribution of food stuffs.

As further proof of the government's indorsement of Denver as the industrial center of the West, it has been made the greatest executive station outside of Washington.

Washington, of course, is the logical location for the country's state and commerce departments, but with those two exceptions, every one of the ten great working divisions of the government, as well as several of the federal bureaus and independent organizations, are represented in Denver by a single official in charge up to several hundred. In the new federal building there are housed more federal officers under one roof than anywhere else in the world; in addition there are three large government buildings, but with the necessity still of hir-

ing five hundred more offices in the fine office buildings for which Denver is noted.

It amounts to the government having made of Denver a "crossroads" city, from which it can the more readily reach points in the Western region. Here is found the office that handles the entire business of the reclamation service outside of Washington; headquarters for the forestry service comprising all the forests of Colorado, of course, and extending even into Michigan; general experimental work regarding irrigation in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska and Kansas.

It is fitting, too, that this district once the headquarters of the Red Man should see Denver housing the United States Indian Service, which is engaged in suppressing the liquor traffic among the three hundred thousand Indians. And just as fitting for those who have in mind that the West was once the home of the "bad" man, here is the secret service department whose business it is to suppress counterfeiting in Colorado and surrounding States. I might say this little note adds "color" to the story of a state where "easy" money, but in this case also "good money," is plentifully made. And I am not referring to the United States Mint, although it has always given a good account of itself. The Mint, not to be outdone in the great sweep of prosperity that has left Colorado clear as to any doubts of her glowing future, has doubled its working force for 1917 and expects to coin 60,000,000 pieces of money during the fiscal year.

These accounts of Denver's marvellous financial enterprises might lead one to think that her people look upon money as the measure of success. The idea is antipodean. Just as those first moneyless miners who became millionaires in a day, rushed to Denver to express their

spirit and pride in the Queen City by building business blocks and hotels and opera houses, just so do these citizens of Denver today return to the source that made them equally large investments. The result? — Denver, the joyful surprise to all who see the modern, palatial city at the edge of the plain.

You see that I, too, avoid saying “sits” at the edge of the plain. For no one who has ever been in Denver but recognizes that each resident is a human dynamo. No “hookworm” could find culture media here. There is something in the climate that promotes the maximum industrial capacity. In an air crisp and cool, dry, without mists or fogs, human efficiency is at concert pitch.

And “concert” is the word. Denver is a translation of concerted action into concrete results. That each Denverite has an opinion of his own, his own ideas as to how the city’s good is to be brought about is to his credit, but that he in the end throws his opinion into the crucible with those differently minded, the whole to come out a city park, a civic center, a network of boulevards, a system of mountain parks, marks the man.

Again I fall back on that overworked, misused, misunderstood word “spirit,” used in connection with the corps work of a city. There can be no true *esprit de corps* until the *Geist* has been worked out in man. The individual in Colorado — in Denver — has had peculiar opportunity for this development.

The Earth-Spirit had sent him westward to a virgin world. He dealt with a virgin gold; met with virgin problems in himself and in his fellowman. No outside guidance came or could come. Under ordinary conditions his opportunity was fortunate for the development of the *esprit*. But here in a pure-air factory, in a vast museum of Nature paintings, in a rarefied atmosphere that

projected the vision over hundred of miles of mountain lands and with that free feeling that comes from ample physical and mental standing room — what wonder he rose from the emptiest thought to a truer Being? That the complexes of human institutions, family, church, state, together with a place for the arts, science, and culture in a man's life, should have found their proper adjustment?

This is the "spirit" the Denver individual brings as offering to the *esprit de corps* altar of his city. By "individual" I hope it is understood both sexes are included. It is almost an insult to the high character of Colorado's inhabitants, to speak of what *women* do, that is to differentiate between them, for women in Colorado occupy the same partnership in the city's life as they do in the home; yet for the benefit of those in other States less fortunately placed the side-light may be appreciated.

True, certain works are delegated to her — the tenderer heart and understanding are best fitted to handle such problems. In other matters she is at one with the other sex. It is due this "other sex" that I mention here that the original draft of the state constitution in 1876 carried a clause providing for woman suffrage, and although erased, it shows the very advanced development of this *Geist* — something in Colorado at that time. For twenty-three years the women of Colorado have been enfranchised citizens. In that time she has regarded as her own cause, that of the poor, the downcast, the ignorant, the shut-in and the cast-out, the defective, the aged, who have come to "life's end with empty hands." Whatever laws have been written into the statutes for a minimum wage law, for mothers' pensions, for probation of adults, for abolishment of capital punishment, for

protection of the defective child, for taking the child out of the beet fields, for support of poverty stricken women about to become mothers, the women of the State deserve the major credit.

Both men and women worked toward the law that made Colorado a prohibition State in 1916. The passage of such a law in a state where mining camps abound is remarkable and significant. For a mining camp without its saloon, and its gambler, "gun-toter," all around "bad man" accompaniments, to the laity has lost something out of the picture. Then, too, the brewery interests in Denver were enormous; they supplied the liquor for a dozen States.

Yet within the first six months after the law took effect, all breweries had been converted into large factories and were producing honest goods. Instead of a slump in business, Denver has never had so few vacant buildings. Instead of the city having to be bonded for an enlargement to its city hospital, as was planned, the old one has plenty of vacancies at all times, the lessening number of inmates being directly traceable to the abolition of the liquor traffic. The total of arrests and the number of indigent families were diminished by three-fifths, while the insane decreased in the same ratio.

I am reminded of a talk Greeley made in a saloon on his trip to Colorado in 1859, according to Albert D. Richardson, who accompanied him. Richardson said they had lodgings at the Denver House. "True to natural instincts, the occupants of its great drinking and gambling saloon demanded of Greeley a speech. On one side, the tipplers at the bar silently sipped their grog; on the other, gamblers respectfully suspended their shuffling of cards and counting of money from their huge piles of coin, while Mr. Greeley, standing between them, made a

strong anti-drinking, anti-gambling address which was received with perfect good humor."

The shades of Greeley have seen those resorts multiply and now disappear. But no less greater than the moral change in Denver has been the physical since Greeley's visit, although the Denverite's genius for organization has not changed. Said Richardson:

"Making government and building towns are the natural employment of the mighty Yankee. He takes to them as a duck to water. Congregate a band of Americans anywhere beyond the settlements and they immediately lay out a city, frame a state constitution, apply for admission to the Union, while twenty-five of them become candidates for United States Senator. . . . Denver consists of three hundred houses, one-third of them abandoned, unfinished and roofless. The early hints of gold deposits had not materialized. There were few glass windows. Only two or three had board floors, occupants of the cabins lived on the native earth bare, hard, smooth, and clean swept, and without chairs, only crude benches, hand-hewed."

In contrast to that handful of cabins of shining yellow pine to which Greeley and his companions had traveled by lumbering stage-coach, we have palatial Denver reached in one night out of Chicago, two out of New York, by palaces on wheels. By ox team, by caravan, by stage coach the intrepid traveler, gold hunter, home-seeker, soldiers of Fortune, the world's greatest army, had come by the thousands to this city at the foot of the Rockies. What wonder Denver has a stream of visitors, many who remain as permanent guests, now that travel is made easy, and the fame of the city's fortune has gone far!

The visitor alights from his "Limited" and, passing

through one of the finest Union Stations in the country, is confronted by a huge arch bearing the talismanic word of the West, plainly read by day, yet picked out by night by sixteen hundred electric lights of high candle power. The Easterner, unfamiliar with the spirit of the West, who is accustomed to accounts collected at the first of the month, across which he mentally inscribes "value received" or a little better, looks upon this vast expenditure of erection and upkeep — the arch cost \$25,000 and the cost of lights is enormous — as a bit Quixotic.

And maybe it is. But Denver is so conscious, so proud of her achievements that she feels she can distribute largesse in whatever fashion she chooses. Yet she has in this *Arc de Triomphe* blended both the parable of the sower and that of the talents. She has reaped an hundred fold, kept her original talents polished and outdone the Biblical rate of return.

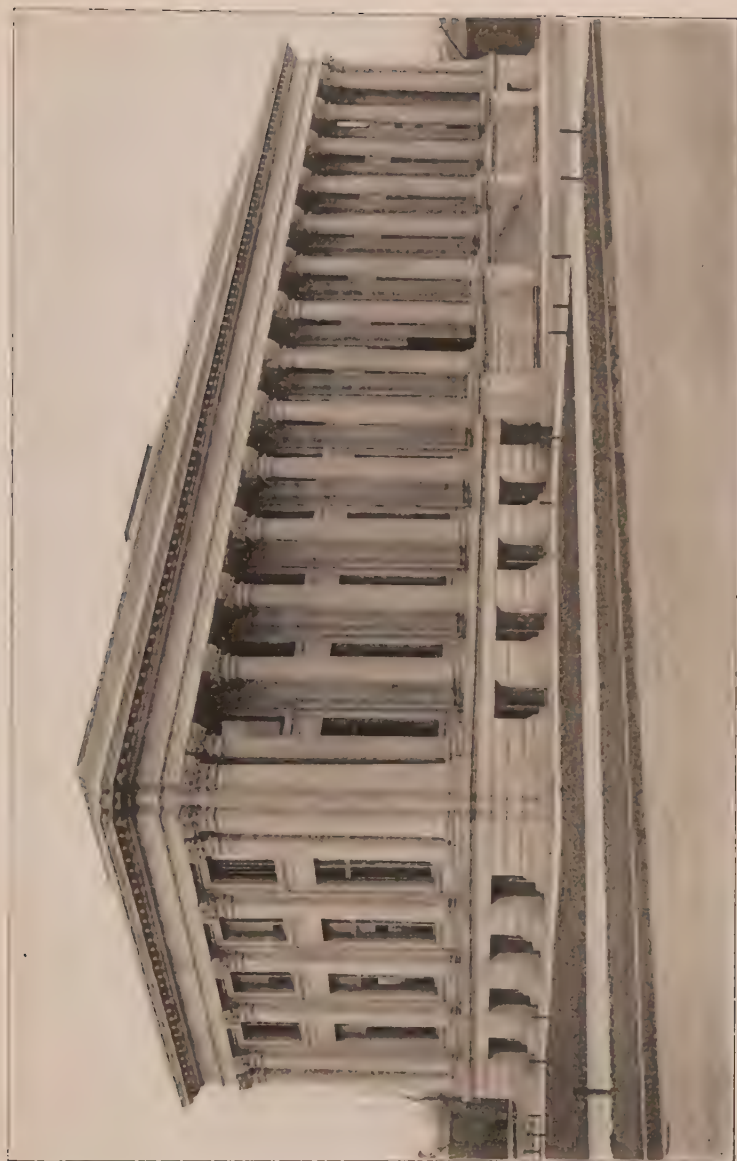
The visitor who is greeted with eye-evidence of Denver's attitude toward him in the Welcome Arch, finds it repeated in the wide streets beckoning him in every direction, in the reception and service shown him at hotel, store and bank. There are fine metropolitan hotels with cuisines the equal of any Ritz House in the world. There are department stores that keep resident buyers in Paris and in all the lace and textile centers in Europe. The Denver banks have their correspondents in every center of the world, while the largest firms of the New York Stock Exchange have branch offices here.

The busy business section of Denver is on the same level of ground as the station. But at the intersection of Seventeenth with Broadway where stands the Brown Palace,— one hears it called "The Brown" in Shanghai, or at Shepherd's in Cairo, and throughout the

longest way between — there is a marked rise in the elevation. To the right is the splendid Civic Center that was conceived in the large vision of the city fathers. A nine-acre space in the heart of the city is devoted to it, some of the most valuable business property in Denver having been condemned for the purpose. The plot adjoins the State Capitol, and the character of the buildings to be erected will serve to include the Capitol in the Civic Center.

The buildings already on the plot are the Public Library, the United States Mint, and the Federal Building. The city and county of Denver have large plans relative to the future of the Civic Center. It is planned to erect a new court house here and a hall of records. Too, an immense amphitheatre seating five thousand people and headed by a stately colonnade representing a court of honor; there will be lights, fountains, musical pavilions and ornamental entrances. The new art gallery that is to house Denver's already large collection of wonderful value and distinction is also to occupy one segment of the civic center area. The monumental fountain, the gift of Joseph A. Thatcher to the city of Denver and costing \$100,000, is nearing completion in the studio of Lorado Taft, its creator, in Chicago. This monument will balance one already installed, the Pioneer monument, by Frederic MacMonnies, that has memorialized the noted scout, Kit Carson, in the equestrian statue that surmounts the center pedestal.

The state building sits in a park of ten acres donated by Henry C. Brown, and occupies one of the most commanding sites in the world. From the dome over two hundred miles of mountain land are in view, Pike's Peak, seventy-five miles to the south, stands as outpost to the arch of vision, Long's Peak, to the north. In front there



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, DENVER.

are Mt. Rosalie, Gray's Peak, Torrey's and a dozen more, while back still is the line of the "Snowy Mountains" that melt into the blue.

✓ The Capitol was built of marble taken from the Gunnison section. Its lines are classic, and its appearance is one of simple grandeur. From the top of the dome to the ground is a distance of two hundred and seventy-six feet, the length and breadth of the building in perfect proportion to such height. This dome, its covering of gold glistening for miles out over the plain, gives the stranger upon his approach the keynote to this land of sunshine and plenty.

The State has sought to honor early Colorado builders by devoting the inside of the dome to portraits of such men as William Gilpin, the first territorial governor; John Evans, the second territorial governor; William N. Byers the founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*; Alexander Majors, commercial pioneer and connected with the overland stage; Kit Carson, famous scout; Bela M. Hughes, connected with both the overland stage and the first railroad into Colorado; Jim Baker, the scout; Ouray, the Ute Chief, friend of the white man; Nathaniel P. Hill, pioneer in the smelting business; Casimero Barela, veteran legislator from Las Animas County, and only retiring from that body in 1916; Mrs. Francis Jacobs, philanthropist; William J. Palmer, railroad builder and several others.

There are several fine collections in the Capitol building. The War Relic Museum, a really rare collection, is justly proud of its Fort Sumter flag, the one that drew the first shot in the Civil War. A reminder of frontier days is the rifle used by Kit Carson. Later it fell into the hands of the old scout, Oliver P. Wiggins, and the even three dozen brass tacks in the stock indicate

the number of times these Indian fighters "got their man."

The Mineral Museum cabinets contain specimens from every county in the mineral belt. Also such minerals as gold and silver are shown in every state in which they are found. Gold nuggets that rival in size the stories of the "gold that drew the world," repose in the glass cases innocent and ignorant of the wealth of human interest bound up in their discovery.

The collections of the Natural History Society and those of the State Historical Society are also housed in the Capitol Building. The ancient Cliff Dwellers of Southwestern Colorado have been given the place of honor in the Natural History section. Articles taken from the ruins in Mancos Canyon make up the exhibit: such weapons, stone hammers and examples of pottery, and woven cloth and baskets, even bones and skulls — all that is left to give us a clew to the character of people who made their homes in Colorado long before the days of the Indian. Fittingly, the sword of Lieutenant Pike worn on the day he fell at York, Canada, in the War of 1812, is a valued part of the historical collection.

The charm of spaciousness pervades the apartments of the administration and the legislative halls, all the rooms on the second floor being forty-two feet in height. A huge rotunda encourages this idea of roominess; it rises to a height of two hundred feet and more above the main floor. From its upper landing visitors watch the play of sunlight on the plain and the cloud-wreathed peaks of the Ramparts.

On the beautiful sloping terrace has been placed a bronze group emblematic of the days before the white man's coming: an Indian hunter standing in thoughtful attitude over a buffalo he has slain. A monument to

the soldiers of Colorado who fell in the Civil War occupies a conspicuous position on the Capitol grounds. On either side is placed a brass cannon used by a Massachusetts Battery in the Civil War. The Colorado Sons of the Revolution have erected on the Broadway side of the terraced lawn a flagstaff to the memory of the Colorado Volunteers who served in the War with Spain.

This same spirit of giving is shown in the loving hands and thankful hearts that have donated fountains in the business districts and in the various small parks, the donors often withholding their names. Gifts aggregating a half-million dollars were made in 1916; a part of this sum was for the purchase of desired collections to the city museum, for children's playgrounds, and for city park ornamental entrances.

Large gifts, too, for the express purchase of a huge pipe organ for the Auditorium were made. This building is Denver's particular pride. Its first cost was about \$600,000, and since then improvements of various natures have been made that together with the pipe organ bring the amount expended up to a million dollars. The building, for which there had long been a need, was built in readiness for the Democratic National Convention in 1908. It has since served many conventions, for the central position of Denver has made it what it is frequently called, "The Convention City."

Most conventions are held in the summer months, a time when other locations are undesirable on account of the heat. In Denver, the labors of the convention may be carried on under the most attractive conditions as to climate and surroundings. The many delightful hotels and the hospitality of the citizens of Denver have placed Denver as first call with location committees. Then, Denver is the logical entrance into the mountain region of

parks that have riveted the eyes of the world on the "Playground of America."

✓ Denver's own city parks aggregate one thousand two hundred and thirty-five acres, while her mountain parks contain two thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven acres. The area known as the City Park covers about four hundred acres and is the delight of not only the visitor, but of the whole city, a large percentage of which turns out to hear the band play every afternoon in summer. They sit *en masse* in the seats provided under tall shade trees, group themselves on the benches overlooking the two lakes, or in motor cars drawn up in open spaces that are featured in the numerous drives. There is none of the lazy sleepiness familiar to summer afternoons in low altitudes. Verve characterizes every movement, not the least element in the impulse of enthusiasm in life being the entrancing mountain view, the mountain air charged with ozone, and the turquoise tent that the heavens have stretched over all.

Not content with what would be ample playgrounds for an ordinary city of its size, Denver has reached out and taken in grounds that spread thirty miles from her municipal boundaries, enclosing a natural park system, that in the short space of five years in which she has been working upon the idea, has put her in possession of features different from any in the world.

This was accomplished primarily through a constitutional amendment that gave the city the right of condemning land and purchasing other lands and expending moneys for roads and park purposes. It took an act of Congress to set aside a tract of seven thousand and forty-seven acres, a portion needed to complete the two hundred mile crescent of which Denver is the geographical center. Under an optional agreement with the govern-

ment, \$1.25 an acre was to be paid, and so that the burden of acquiring these vast park lands and their improvements would not fall heavily upon the taxpayer, Denver, by vote, gave its officials a tax levy not to exceed five-tenths of a mill in any one year.

This park among gorges and sublime mountain peaks consists of three natural geographical divisions, one at Golden, one at Genesee Park and the third on Bear Creek. Leaving the mile high plain at Denver over an oiled boulevard, one quickly winds up to an altitude two thousand feet higher. On one side the panorama of the plains spreads out illimitably; on the other we look down into the Clear Creek Gorge where the first prospectors had their sluice boxes and "rockers," intent on the yellow "flash in the pan." This is a typical sky line drive, and from the summit of Lookout Mountain when reached, we see, between two table-like mountains called the Portals of the Plains, the foothills, Denver, and the plains beyond like a glimmering sea in the sunlight.

In the natural park area that lies around Genesee Peak, eight thousand two hundred and seventy feet in elevation, is the four hundred acres game preserve. Here roam, as in the wild state, herds of deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and buffalo. This park is the center of Denver's winter sports, skiing, tobogganing, snow-shoeing. Contests and tournaments are frequent, the fine automobile roads and electric lines make the park easily accessible, while the air, so dry and bracing, offers none of the rigidity of temperature usually found where such sports are possible.

If Genesee Park is the home of winter sports, then it may be said the park on the Bear Creek Canyon is the home of the sportsman who prefers summer pleasures. The stream is stocked with millions of trout every year,

and the city, careful to see that the baby fishes are able to take care of themselves when removed from the hatcheries, has provided huge reservoirs in which they may remain until four or five inches in length.

One finds hundreds of summer homes in the Bear Creek Canyon, owned by Denver people, mountain lovers from St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg and other Eastern cities. The log house style of architecture has been chosen for most of these houses as fitting the surroundings, although many contain large halls, billiard rooms, fireplaces, many of them like Russian lodges. The picturesque road leads along the creek level; the canyon opens out into grassy plots — at one place the city has set off a three hundred acre picnic ground — and here may be seen “hiking” parties, automobile parties, seated in the pine groves enjoying the delights of a picnic luncheon.

✓ All along the road will be found shelter houses, built of rough-hewn logs and undressed stone; they are half-open to the elements and fitted with stone fireplaces and benches. Outside, near each shelter, has been built an open-air stone oven with double fireplaces for the use of the picnickers. Not infrequently one sees the fisherman and his party serving up a catch from the near-by stream. Too, as we wind along the creek road we see the devotees of the “gentle art” wading in the middle of the stream, or standing knee deep in some quiet, shaded pool watching the “fly” disappear. The beauties of such sylvan retreats are hard to describe. The pines, the quaking aspen, the spruce, the alder, offer quiet shade to those who wish to pause for rest; they clothe the scarred mountainside with graying green and deepening emerald, while at their feet where scared little brooks are hastening through shaded glens one finds columbine, great yellow clumps of them, and white violets

and the shooting-star,—glorious wild flowers of the Rockies, whatever the season.

As in every undertaking of the city of Denver, the enterprise is regarded as a trust and continuous plans are made for further development. With their mountain parks, it is proposed to set apart a large acreage for a log-house city, one where people of small means may spend two weeks, without charge, in mountain enjoyment. The plan is a large one and is to be carried out under suitable supervision.

But the greatest plan in connection with these city mountain parks that surprise the world as a municipal venture, is the boulevard to be built to the top of Mt. Evans. Higher than both Pike's Peak or Long's, and set among scenery far more beautiful in simple beauty and surrounded by a larger family of massive mountains than either, a road leading to the summit from Denver, a distance of thirty-three miles, would have no counterpart. The motorist could cover the distance, which by the circuitous windings made necessary by the grades to be mounted would be considerably longer, from Denver in two hours. All the way the view would change for him; now, there would be mountains to the right, now plains, and far below and beyond; now gulches yawning beneath, and then timber line and on the heights. Glistening lakes, there are as many as fifty of them in sight from Mt. Evans, would lie like set jewels on the breast of the range.

Federal aid is expected in carrying out this highway built into the clouds, and the Bureau of National Parks, the United States Forestry Service, and the city administration are cooperating earnestly in bringing about its successful culmination.

Such stupendous undertakings, such marvelous achieve-

ments could not be effected by a city government unless that body was a particularly cooperating one. Denver, although like all American cities, has been more or less beset by grafters, but has just about managed to get out from under these vermin of politics before being plundered. The grim struggles through which she has passed have been painted with colors that would shame the most rabid of modern artists; the words "Beast" and "The Jungle" have served to luridly portray the plunderer, the vice-exploiter, and the scenes of their orgy. But, like most of life's worries, the thing most feared doesn't exactly happen; still, who is there to say that it is not through fear that the "plunderbund" has been prevented from doing its worst?

But Denver, today, can boast of a plan of city administration that is serving as model for many cities. The old commission form has given way to a modified one, one in which there is more centralization of power, yet one that admits of still greater check, greater democratization of power. Under it, graft is a stranger, city expenditures reduced, and the four departments pitted one against the other in friendly competition of efficiency.

Denver is essentially a "city of homes." Not the sort one sees in Eastern cities — row upon row of red brick houses stretching in endless procession and in deadening monotony; in which the side walls of each house are owned in partnership with the one adjoining, and where no intimate family joy is kept private and no skeleton remains hidden — but roof-trees surrounded by grassy lawns and bits of garden. A peculiar type, too, exists in Denver — a small neat cream-white stucco, two-storied, as dainty as a doll's house.

The more pretentious homes are in the best styles of architecture, while a landscape artist is as naturally called



JUDGE BEN LINDSEY, A WELL-KNOWN CITY ADMINISTRATOR,
DENVER.

in to lay out the grounds as is the architect, or the expert in interior house decoration. No high walls shut out the passer-by from a view of garden and house. A shuttered house, one boarded up, indicating the owner is indefinitely away, is a thing unknown. For once a Denverite, always a Denverite. And he gives of his presence, his home, his money and his influence that all within the city's confines may share with him.

Nothing shows more plainly the desirability of a place as a residence city than the character of its public schools. Denver has something like five million dollars invested in school property with no bonded indebtedness. As part proof of the good derived from such investment are the percentages of pupils who pass from the elementary schools to the high schools and thence to the universities — about forty per cent. of the former and at least fifty of the latter. These percentages also show the class of children generally to be of American parentage, the foreign element in a city seldom keeping their children in school beyond the compulsory age. Too, the figures proclaim the fact already established that Denver has few of the poorer classes. Again we have indication of the *Geist*, the individual spirit that has been translated into the spirit of Denver in the Opportunity School, an idea originating in Denver and differing materially from a manual training or industrial school.

Fifteen hundred students attend this school every day — a school that lasts from eight in the morning until nine o'clock at night. The work of this school is the most modern adaptation of academic, technical, and craft education to the needs of all kinds of working people of all ages. To quote from an authority on the school, "It takes up the slack of the educational system of Denver on the assumption that the educational system should leave

uninstructed no child or adult who seeks skill or learning. It includes for persons of all ages, the usual school curriculum. It also comprises shorthand, typewriting, automobile engineering, millinery, dressmaking, some practical kinds of carpenter work, applied arithmetic, dental nursing and many other needs of daily life. If any applicant desires the knowledge of some special craft not arranged for, it is provided."

The private schools of Denver are of a very high order. We find the University of Denver, the Westminster University, the Jesuit College, The Colorado Woman's College, Wolfe Hall, Miss Wolcott's School, The College of the Sacred Heart and the Loretto Heights Academy, the latter beautifully situated outside Denver, on the Denver and Rio Grande railway. Each affiliates with the higher schools of learning, holders of their diplomas being admitted in many cases to the State Universities and the advanced Eastern Universities and Colleges. The history and growth of each deserves especial attention, as their birth in pioneering conditions and their development has been coincident with that of the State.

Too, a history of the churches of Denver would include much of interest in connection with the early history of Colorado. The missionary work of Father Machebeuf, who went from Santa Fé up through the Mexican missions at Conejos, Alamosa, Guadalajara, and blazed his own trail as he sought the shorter distance from mining camp in the San Juan, to Leadville, to the Clear Creek "diggings," is as full of thrills as of zeal. The missionary work of the Protestants is of equal interest. Today, the number of churches and the fine examples of their architecture reflect the splendid character of the Denver citizen.

It is impossible to portray half of what Denver, our

only strictly American City, represents. Her story is told by the thousands of tourists who enter her portals yearly, summer and winter. Motorists from all the nearby States make regular tours into Denver over the wonderful highways. The Ocean-to-Ocean pathways draw an annual quota that reaches into the thousands. The camping privileges in the city park, free to all comers, reveal tourists from every corner of our country. Not one of them but marvels at the great city at the gateway of the Rockies that in fifty years has sprung into the world class; at her wide, brilliantly lighted streets, her parks within the city and in the mountains near. World travelers compare her hotels, her city and country clubs, her business blocks, her industries, but above the glorious stretches of mountain lands that flank the city's streets, and the luminous sunshine and intoxicating atmosphere that invite one into the great outdoors, with other cities in other lands and their own,—totally unlike any other—only to pronounce it a perfect jewel of a million different facets.

CHAPTER XII

AROUND DENVER

WHEN the word "Denver" is spoken the echo comes back as "Colorado," so close is the capital city to the State's every interest. "Around Denver," then, would seem to call up all within the bounds of Colorado.

But, for the information of the visitor, I mean by the phrase "Around Denver" to refer to those spots of scenic wonder and enchantment that can generally be encompassed in a one-day trip. Not that one day ever satisfies. Instead, it leaves such haunting memories that plans are at once conceived for longer stays at a dozen incomparable retreats.

With a thirty-mile radius describe a half circle with Denver as the center. Divide it into any of a dozen segments, and each will reveal Nature in her most majestic moods. Here will be found the most rugged scenery, mountain torrents charging wildly down a mighty chasm, canyon walls that brush the intruding scenic coaches as they slip through the narrows, glimpses of Heaven's blue that plains-prisoners "call the sky," shady green, flower-starred, open spaces where canyon wall has widened, and a distant snow line that proclaims the mountain spirit hovering over all.

As rich as is the Valley of the South Platte in its own right yet it owes the region a debt never to be liquidated. Where the Platte has its source in the half-circle just mentioned, granite mountain walls have fallen away to

let through the melted snows so that the numerous creeks and rivulets might make up this patrician fork of the Platte. Cherry Creek, Plum Creek, Clear Creek, Boulder Creek, the St. Vrain, even the Big Thompson that provides the liquid music for Rocky Mountain National Park, at all times are doing their "bit."

We are grateful for the Denver that sits in queenly fashion where the plains and mountains meet; sufficient distance exists between her and the mountains to provide the right perspective. Too, such preparedness keeps the experience of going into the heart of the Rockies from being quite so breath-taking. For a day trip into historic Clear Creek Canyon, we leave Denver's massive Union Depot in open observation cars. Our train whirls across a level stretch of country, among shady groves, winding streams and wheat fields to the foot hills, "hog-backs," in mountain parlance.

We have reached the town of Golden. Once in those stormy days for "place" it was the state capital. And while the Denverite, resident of the present capital incumbent, is known the world around, still, some Goldenites have gone out farther, and probably furthered more than any of the first named. I refer to the mining engineers who have been trained in the practical School of Mines. Men graduated from this school have been sent for by every mining district in the world. The reason is not far to seek.

The Colorado School of Mines is unique in that for forty years, ever since its establishment, it has maintained its identity as strictly a mining school, no other branches of engineering being taught except mining engineering — the only school with this distinction in the world. Then, its location is particularly fortunate. Within a few hours' ride there are mines, mills, and metallurgical plants of all

types, while Colorado offers veins of practically all the ores to be found in the bowels of the earth.

As President Howard C. Parmelee has stated to me, "The advantages of this location are something which can never be taken away from the school," one which he considers the first item in the way of its success. No other school has within such easy access the wide variety of mining property or such excellent opportunities for observing the latest and best practices. The school itself has had much to do with these "practices"; many of the methods of minerals separation, of deep mining, tunneling, etc., have had either origin or aid in the concentrated devotion the faculty have given to their work. Professor Haldane, of the Case School of Applied Science in the School of Mines, was responsible in 1912 with Professor Fleck, formerly of the school, for the first successful method in recovering radium from the carnotite deposits found in the Rocky Mountains.

Too, the School of Mines is fortunately situated for the geologist. The surrounding formations present all the strikingly clear characteristics of the Rockies, but in this particular section with a greater profusion and variety of formations. Without going more than a mile or so from the school the study of field geology can be carried on. Another and most interesting phase of the institution is the short course open to even the most illiterate of prospectors. During the winter when the deep snows and rigorous cold drive the prospector away from the mountainsides and gulches, he can come to Golden and take a four weeks' course in mining, metallurgy, geology, mineralogy, and chemistry. The courses are made as practical as possible and are supplemented by demonstration in the laboratory, mine and mill.

If I seem to have made much of this one form of edu-

cation, and of the work done in the School of Mines, it is because of the inestimable value I feel such an institution is to the State, and to the world at large. And I should like to put in a word where I think it is needed — Federal aid should be offered and in plenty for the mining development of — well, any region. Here we have Federal aid in forestation, in highways, in irrigation, and justly so. But large appropriations should be made each year for prospecting and for the development of the mineral lands in Colorado — there is no justice in its denial.

Leaving Golden, the engine seems to be digging its nose down into the mouth of the Clear Creek Canyon. Instead, we are mounting higher and higher, our train a huge crawling serpent, only a part of it in view at a time. Freakish forms of rock are pointed out, the Lion's Head, the Old Road Master, Hanging Rock, Mother Grundy, all carved out by the hand of Father Time with his chisel of erosion.

If you are a stranger to Colorado, you are constantly talking as you travel along about the surprising climate, the exhilarating, bracing air, the piney smells, the turquoise sky, and the brilliant sun. That is because you have come from where the climate is not perfect. At home you say, "It is foggy today," or "It's murky," or "It's damp and depressing," or "Oh! Look, there is the sun." And if you are going on a "hike," or a picnic, or a long automobile ride, you call up the weather man for advice. If you are a farmer, and the city daily hasn't yet reached your R. F. D. box, you telephone central and ask if it is safe to cut the hay on the "far eighty." Even then you risk an eye on some suspicious looking clouds.

But in Colorado! The tired business man, the T. B.

M. of the "columnist," removed from the hectic hunt for amusement that leaves him tired of life, is negotiating trips and trails up mountain heights through the light air with new-made blood coursing through his veins and no thought of the weather. The faint, the anæmic, decide they want to live — and they do, they begin a new existence. The vacationist and the leisure class have their weather as if made to order, while the resident, whatever his business, can never blame it on the weather if things do not "pan out" as planned.

We have reached historic ground. Idaho Springs is still yielding up her gold as she did to those with a yellow-metal thirst in 1859. Health seekers are here in large number testing, and with satisfaction, the therapeutic values of her radio-active mineral water springs.

At Georgetown we approach that far-famed piece of engineering, the Georgetown Loop. The train crosses over West Clear Creek, glimpsing the bridge that spans Devil's Gate. We pass under the viaduct and, rising, leave the city of Georgetown hundreds of feet below; we turn, and again confront the city over the bridge of the "Loop," doubling back upon ourselves as we do so. We turn and twist and circle until all but dazed when the road straightens as we round Leavenworth Mountain and dash into the valley where lies the village of Silver Plume, over nine thousand feet in elevation.

Here is to be found some of the most phenomenal of all the scenery in the Rockies. It is at once a spot of lofty, gigantic heights and of nestling, romantic beauties. We know the mountain of Silver Plume is run with ribs and fronds of silver; we see its pinnacled granite heights hung round with plumes of silvery clouds. The necromancy of it all gets in your blood, and you read for yourself new fortunes in the luminous air and painted

'gainst the blue-ing sky. Yes, Colorado *is* just another word for "color," the "Rockies" for "Romance."

Silver Plume is the terminus of the Colorado and Southern, sponsor of the Georgetown Loop trip. From here we make the ascent to Mt. McClellan over the Argentine and Gray's Peak Railway, a road provided with specially constructed locomotives for climbing the fourteen thousand and seven altitude. The way leads nearly straight up to the top of Mt. Leavenworth and then swerves right along the backbone of the range. As the train progresses, the view is like the unrolling of a mighty panoramic picture. We now begin the actual climb to McClellan's summit. Timber line we leave behind, and the mosses and quaint little blue mountain flowers that peep out through the interstices, snow-enshrouded. We are on the "top of the world." We have surmounted heights that command a view unobstructed in every direction. It is only man's vision that is limited.

Over one hundred of the Rockies peaks can be seen — Long's, James', Evans', Pike's, Mount of the Holy Cross, with others — yet higher still and nearer, are those of Gray's and Torrey's, two peaks named after America's greatest botanists, Asa Gray and John Torrey. Such a sweeping view is to be found nowhere else in America. A wide amphitheatre opens out below forty-five hundred feet, and as we gaze at the terrible beauty plowed out by some Titanic hand and the peak rim of the pit, we feel plunged back into the awful geologic night when the heavens roared and jagged swords of fire tore asunder the curtain to let in the period that is day.

When the State of Colorado was in the making as a political division, it was thought to give it the name of Jefferson. The territory out of which it was carved had been named for the President who had not only penned

the Declaration that made America an independent nation, but who had written into American annals the acquisition of the "Louisiana Purchase," a portion of which is Colorado. A compromise was made on the county in Colorado which bears the name of this illustrious patriot.

And the general character of Jefferson County, the whole of it, honors the name. Its inhabitants could live with a wall around it — yet those without would suffer, for, though thousands depend upon it, its resources are inexhaustible. We find thousands of cattle feeding and fattening on its hillsides; its grains and vegetables, apples and pears and small fruits supply Denver markets. One of its first comers, David K. Wall, was Colorado's first agriculturist. Arriving at Golden in the early part of '59, he began gardening with the seeds, plows and other farming necessities which he had brought with him from his home in Indiana. From Clear Creek he got the water to irrigate a few acres, and the rich nature of Colorado's soil was demonstrated.

We have seen that the first prospecting for gold was on Clear Creek, near its confluence with the Platte. Later, the whole of the gulch was literally turned inside out. Today, the county is still proven rich in gold and silver, copper, lead, coal and petroleum, building stone, paving materials and the tufa which comes from volcanic action, differing not so much from the tufa one sees being hauled through the streets in Rome or in Naples for building purposes, the same which is found in the occasional bits of the old Sabine walls still found here and there in Rome.

Morrison, the Park of the Red Rocks, and Bear Creek Canyon, on a spur of the Colorado and Southern, are delightful spots to visit. Morrison has one of the many Colorado "Tent Cities," and many come here for the

rest cure and to benefit from the high dry mountain air. A funicular runs to the top of Mt. Morrison, seven thousand and nine hundred feet high, from which there is a fine view. In the Park of Red Rocks one sees the peculiar red sandstone shapes which reach their height of grotesqueness in the Garden of the Gods farther south. In the soils around Mt. Morrison are found some of the rarest specimens of fossils in the world. Paleontology has been particularly enriched by the discoveries here. Some of the bones unearthed were sent to the Museum of Natural History in New York, while the School of Mines at Golden and the University at Boulder have in their museum relics equally valuable to science. From the thigh bones, or the ribs, or whatever found, has been created the whole of the gigantic animal which inhabited this region when it was of a tropical nature. Then it was that thick, slimy, seas washed against shores covered with tree ferns and palmettos — tropical vegetation that has lost its identity in the rich coal beds that underlie Jefferson County.

A few miles up the Bear Creek Canyon from Morrison is Troutdale-in-the-Pines, a mountain park district where many wealthy Denver capitalists have their summer homes. The automobile highways between this district and Denver are so perfectly made and kept that many have their homes here the year around. Many owners of these handsome substantial residences, hillside cottages, and bungalows hail from Colorado Springs, and from cities far outside the State. The most distant point in the district is not more than an hour and a half journey from Denver, and the motor enthusiast thinks nothing of going back and forth to his work in the city each day. Roomy structures, built along rustic artistic lines, peep out from dells and under imposing crags; many have

their guest houses and casinos down on the lake, which has millions of trout babies poured into it each year — to the joy of the young and as well as the grown-up fisherman, for this is an ideal place for families whose children are in need of a summer in the pines after a winter of school work.

A modern water works plant with the strong power needed in such elevation, an electric lighting system, scenic driveways that wind in and out the wooded retreat leave nothing to be desired. From Wolfhurst, the palatial mountain lodge once the home of the late Thomas F. Walsh, to the Bear Creek Canyon may be seen homes of rare architectural beauty. Those of Miss Anne Evans, Clarence Dodge of Colorado Springs, Mrs. Samuel Hallett, Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps, deserve particular praise for reflecting the spirit of the surroundings. Other homes represented by mountain lovers from Pittsburg, Chicago, Des Moines, St. Louis and Omaha are of unusual merit.

The picturesque Platte Canyon is lined with quiet retreats known to those who seek rest and a vacation among pine forests and spaces carpeted with wild flowers in profusion. Too, the vacationist can hardly escape, should he try, the call of the trout stream that flows at his feet. The South Platte is fairly alive with the "speckled beauties," and hundreds of thousands are added every year by the State and the Colorado and Southern.

This road has a regular fisherman's service established; trains run daily from the Union Depot in the early morning and late afternoon. During the "open season" two trains are run in the afternoon, with convenient returning hours, and with a special week-end rate. Probably the most attractive and popular resort



THE CREST OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE AT CORONA.

for week-ends and longer stays is "Decker's," fifteen miles by stage from the station of South Platte in the canyon forty-four miles from Denver. Trout Creek has its confluence with the South Platte at Decker's Mineral Springs, and it teems with trout, while a short distance farther up the main stream is the famous Wigwam Creek, another paradise for the angler.

There are many ranches up the canyon where camping accommodations are permitted, and in the case of Fairview Ranch, Crystal Springs Ranch, Graham's Ranch, Silver Spruce Ranch and some others, special preparation is made in cottages and in the main ranch house for guests by the week, or less, or by the season. Well-known places like Cassel's, Buffalo Park, Grouse-mont and a score of others have regular hotel arrangements that are very reasonable and most delightful. Every idea of life is accommodated. If one desires a stay where both the wildest and the gentlest beauties abound, where every form of recreation is offered, where there is a tonic atmosphere that promotes an active day and deep sleep at night, these can be found in Platte Canyon.

A delightful trip over the Moffat Road can be made in a day from Denver to Corona, the highest station in Colorado. Here the railroad has reached eleven thousand six hundred feet, at the crest of the Continental Divide. An account of this road and its intimate connection with Denver, and its possibilities as a trunk-line in the future are given in my remarks on the Queen City.

The "Switzerland Trail" route includes a trip from Denver over the Colorado and Southern to Boulder and from there to Eldora or Ward on the Denver, Boulder and Western. The journey through Boulder Canyon has few equals in the world. To the uninitiated, the word

"canyon" may convey the idea that all of them are alike. But they are not: they each have a personality, yes, that's it, personality, as differing as humans. And while one might be perfect in delineating character, in precipitating upon the consciousness an image of the person described, yet when it came to projecting the personality on the canvas, the brush would falter. And that is as it should be. Personality should be left to be discovered by those who desire a more intimate relation than the superficial. One's personality-likings depend, then, upon temperament, and we make our choice accordingly. I do not think many would pass Boulder Canyon "by on the other side."

In the first place, the name of the canyon conveys at once one of its differing characteristics — it is literally lined with boulders. Some are so large and round and smooth that we think the Titans when making mountains had stopped here for a game of ball; others piled high as if they had been gathering giant pebbles on the beach of the world that was then a sea. Then there are the boulders that one loves to sit upon by the side of the rushing mountain stream, and forget with it that there is anything to do but play.

The "Switzerland Trail" winds the length of Boulder Canyon to Nederland, the Tungsten Town. Boulder County's last year output of this chief ingredient of tool-steel totaled \$5,357,732. Tungsten is, today, the leading metal mined, but the district began as a gold-producer, and is still "going hard" with lead, silver and copper, metals usually associated with gold veins. Boulder County is making the most of the fact that it ranks third in the State in production of coal; power derived from it and the mountain torrents send electric currents to the whole of the metalliferous district. One plant,

the Western Light and Power Company, serves an area of over three thousand square miles, in which there are twenty-four cities and one hundred miles of lines that run into farm homes furnishing both light and power for irrigation pumps, feed cutters, etc.

The first public school of Colorado was held in Boulder City in 1860. From the interest of those first Coloradoans in education grew the State University which was established in 1877. Today, on the sixty-acre campus, there are twenty-two completely equipped buildings, occupied with carrying out the provisions of the Organic Act which created the institution, one clause at least of which is worthy of being used as a model by every school of learning. I have reference to the clause which gives the object of the University to be that of providing the best and most efficient means of imparting to young men and young women, on equal terms, a liberal education and thorough knowledge of the different branches of literature, the arts and sciences, with their various applications.

I wish I might analyze each of those provisions in that one clause, they are significant of so many things. I might, though, in a short space refer to the broad vision embodied by the minds who sought to found the institution. They committed the State, in a word, *to use the best and most efficient means*, so long as time should last; this provides for appropriations to cover not only the imparting of this education, but for research as to best methods of imparting the same. And to young men and women *on equal terms*. In 1877, this idea was a decided novelty. We see in it a reflection of that spirit that was later to assert itself with equal rights in suffrage and in citizenship. Today, in one form or another, the idea is general, though differing in uniformity of method. That

Colorado should have, at that date, so expressed herself reveals the fine character of her founders, upon which inheritance her sons have helped in building higher and yet higher, still, this commonwealth on the crest of the Rockies.

Then, take the phrase, "knowledge of the different branches of literature, the arts and sciences, *with their various applications.*" At once we have the professions of law, medicine, and theology, the ones formerly alone considered the *liberal professions* ranking with the newer ones of engineering, architecture, veterinary medicine and agriculture, another demonstration of the spirit of democracy centered early in Colorado. This, too, in addition to a recognition of the place of the *profession* in a university of culture. For at that time Universities did not have Schools of Medicine, of Law, etc. Now, we have, in a way gone back nearer to the type of university as first founded at Salerno, and at Bologna, and Paris, all professional schools at founding.

If we go back to the clause as quoted we will see that the central idea in the object of the University as stated was the providing of a "liberal education," to be gained through a study of the different branches of literature and art and science. I take that to mean the development of the *man*. It means more, much more than educating a man to be a bread-winner, whether in the professions or in the so-called business world. If he applies himself even to liberal studies merely for utilitarian reasons he is never educated. He has neglected a curious, yet simple thing, the cry of the mind for satisfactions of its own from the world of knowledge which he can make his own. Through such satisfactions culture comes. Without them, laws of God and Man are to him but scraps of paper. For him no voice of nature is

heard; no rhyme or reason, no poet or philosopher finds him at home.

That the University is living up to its objects as set forth by the founders may be gathered from the size of the faculty, numbering over two hundred, from the student body around fifteen hundred doing work in the eight schools and colleges with eleven departments. A library housed in its own building contains eighty-two thousand seven hundred and fifty volumes. Andrew J. Mackay made the University the beneficiary of an administration building now nearing completion, costing \$300,000, the valuation of all the University buildings totaling \$1,734,730.

The Rocky Mountain National Park cuts off the northwest corner of Boulder County, that Mecca of so many mountain-climbers, Long's Peak, being just within the county. From Boulder to the Park is a fine automobile highway; in fact few counties in the State have any such roads as this. Around Boulder are many charming, gem-like attractions that invite thousands of tourists. There is Glacier Lake, in a country as "wild as the Himalayas," Boulder Park, Allen's Park with Long's Peak occupying the center of the background; in fact it is hardly possible to look upon a scene anywhere around Boulder where Long's Peak does not dominate. Its far-flung magic is felt even as one buries himself in the wooded fastnesses of Wild Basin, at Copeland Lake, on the double track road up Boulder Canyon to Boulder Falls, to Nederland, where nestle the tungsten camps.

The gold days of '59 have almost been repeated as to feverishness in the Boulder tungsten boom. Seventeen mills are now working on the reduction of tungsten ore. The district reaches from South Boulder Creek to Ward, twelve miles, and from Cardinal to Magnolia — an area

twelve miles square. Visitors to the region can see the tungsten workings, most of the mines being near the surface, the majority less than a hundred feet, although some reach much deeper. This famous black metal has given Boulder a world-wide reputation, since the European war has called for its use in the making of much munition machinery.

Even with the tungsten wealth of Boulder running into millions annually it is interesting to note that her chief industry is agriculture, with the returns about equally divided between farming, dairying and stock raising. When the surface gold had been panned out, literally, and the quartz rock refused the crude methods of extraction, those early timers turned their attention to making the soil yield up treasure another way — by farming through irrigation. In 1867 a county agricultural society was organized — more evidence of the business-like intelligence of the state fathers. It is difficult for people not accustomed to conditions in high elevations like the Rockies to understand such successful raising of grains and orchard products. At heights where the mountains in the East end, these plains at the edge of the foothills begin. Here, at an altitude of five thousand three hundred and fifty feet, berries and cherries and apples and plums are at their best. And they are best in flavor, especially, because not matured under such quick-ripening conditions as where the heat of the sun is added to by heavy moisture in the air. Longmont, first a settled community formed of enthusiasts from Chicago, is the center of a rich valley land, the St. Vrain, Boulder Creek, the Little Thompson affording inspiration for far-reaching results with their diverted waters. The town of Lyons repeats the story of golden grain, of ripened fruits, and acres after acres of sugar beets,



LONGMONT.

found elsewhere in the district. Thus do we see the play of many colors in this many faceted Queen Jewel of the Rockies.

If there be those who wish to go "far from the haunts of men" without crossing half the earth into "Darkest Africa" or losing themselves on the Great White Way of the "Yukon Trail," I know of no place so easy of access as Northwest Colorado, the Big Game country. One of the popular one-day trips out of Denver is over the Moffat Road to Corona at the top of the Continental Divide. This same road, known, too, as the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad, increases its distance as the square of its wonders increases until one finds themselves lost in a labyrinth of mountain ranges ruled over by Storm Kings in Middle Park only to have flashed on the confused retina velvet pastures of quiet green upon which feed thousands of sleek red cattle.

The Divide crossed, Sulphur Springs is reached. We stop long enough to congratulate ourselves on being too healthy to need the curative sulphur water and yet deploring the fact that art and time for the conveniences of our own little span are not better balanced, because here is one of the most restful, inviting retreats in all Colorado. We follow the Grand River until it dips down into Eagle County to pick up the Pitney River's offering, then swerve abruptly to the north again and into the Valley of the Yampa, forgetful in the quieter ruggedness of hedging wall of that wild gap in the mountains of the Park Range, called Gore Canyon after the Irish nobleman, Sir George Gore, who, with a party of fifty in the middle '50's, went over the Divide for big game hunting.

Farther north still we go, and instead of the snowlocked land we thought to find, here are veritable gardens for miles. We are in strawberry land, that myste-

rious place whence come "Colorado Strawberries" in late July and in August. We are at Steamboat Springs, the strawberry shipping point. It is a far cry from strawberries to skiing, but probably Steamboat Springs brings up winter sports to more people's minds than any of its other distinctions. Two of its sons, the Hall brothers, won first and second place at the snow carnival in St. Paul in January, 1917.

Not the least among the joys to a ski jumper is to be able to ski from the snow land of a distant mountain top over the snow-covered valley below to the brim of a large open-air swimming pool fed by hot mineral springs, where he may delight in a restful warm bath after his strenuous sport. For this town in the Colorado Northwest is noted for its group of mineral springs, the largest in the world. Over a hundred different springs there are and of many kinds of medicinal waters of varying temperatures. Its name arises from the peculiar sound the gurgling waters make when coming up from the ground — much like the puffing sound of the steamboat in motion.

Aside from the tourist population, Steamboat Springs contains about two thousand inhabitants. One is accustomed to thinking of rude pioneer conditions in sections far removed, yet here we find electric lights, of course, and telephones, town and rural, too. In fact, there is little to differentiate it from a more congested district. Somehow we associate the region with that picturesque pioneer and scout, Jim Baker, who settled up against the state line in the early '40's. We hear of his moving down to the "diggings" around Denver in 1860 and establishing himself at one of the toll-roads stations which he built. But the call of the wilderness "got him," and we see him back in his log cabin with its roof look-out,

from where he could sight an Indian on mischief bent.

Today, Baker's valley of the wilderness is a paradise of homes and fields and fine roads lined with automobiles. Instead of the "racks" that mar the usual small town streets or the courthouse "square," we see long rows of neat, well-kept automobiles in which the farmer has come to town for supplies. Beyond Steamboat Springs we have Hayden in the center of a rich coal belt. Since the extension of the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad to Craig, the whole of the district between has seen a marvelous development, showing to the capitalist that all he needs do to found a new empire is to extend transportation facilities to a section long denied. Everything is favorable, there are no "bad lands," no adobe soils, nor alkalis, and the rainfall is sufficient to insure remunerative vegetation without the use of irrigation.

CHAPTER XIII

THE VALLEY OF THE SOUTH PLATTE

It is the rivers of Colorado that provide the proper setting for her, the Queen Jewel of the Rockies. As dependable as platinum and as valuable are these silvery shining rivers, the structure work of a mighty diadem that bears in its heart the crown jewel.

This is no mere flight of fancy — a glance at the Colorado map will show this framework of rivers radiating from the central heights of the Rockies in Colorado like the setting of a jeweled sunburst ornament. The South Platte, the Arkansas, the Grand, the San Luis, each with their affluents are contributory supports to this diadem. That man has studded the points of this ornament with jewels in the shape of homes and flowering orchards and smiling grains is just evidence of his recognition and veneration of the powers of Nature. And if the mighty Rockies lift themselves high above the setting, yet remaining firmly imbedded, an ornament that will outlast the ages, it again is in acknowledgment of Nature, the Wonder-worker.

The Valley of the South Platte is throughout its length a demonstration of the marvels Nature can perform, alone or when understood by man. In the gulches along Tarryall Creek, in the whole of the wash of the South Platte Canyon, her waters released the yellow gold; out on the spreading plain they mixed with sun and soil, and we have through the application of irrigation meth-



THE PLATTE CANYON.

ods one of the richest agricultural sections in the world. The Greeley potato has no rival, and even before the European war cut off the supply of imported beet sugar, the very mention of the sugar beet to an American had come to mean Colorado.

I know it is a far cry from the high tense emotions aroused by the mysterious canyons of the Platte, from the almost *dolce far niente* of trout fishing in a shadow pool under a whispering pine — to a sugar beet. But man must work, and that the South Platte Valley has been discovered to yield riches in the nature of the sugar beet industry is to his credit.

It is to Horace Greeley, that grizzled pioneer in rugged journalism, the credit is due to exploiting the agricultural possibilities of the Platte Valley. "Go West, young man," he said, and in the admonition there is carried the sense of regret that he himself was no longer eligible. But plenty there was, and Greeley, Colorado, was the first result.

The South Platte goes out of the State at Julesburg, a town in the extreme northeast corner of this empire of the West. The brain-storm that filled the various gold camps of Colorado, in the late '50's, blew the adventurers along the South Platte from their homes farther east, and Julesburg on this main route of travel was established early as a way station for the Overland Express. Too, it was at Julesburg that the Pony Express or Overland Mail branched off for Denver. The town name comes from a French settler of unsavory reputation, known to the pioneers as "Old Jules," who kept an inn at this stage-line. Mark Twain in *Roughing It* writes of his joy at not being the cause of another notch in the old desperado's gun handle.

For many years this section saw great droves of cattle

feeding on the range, growing fat on the short curly grass as did the buffalo before the ruthless white hunter came. Stockraising is still an important industry, the cattle grazing in the summer on the rich natural grasses of the uplands and fattening in winter on beet-tops and beet pulp. Cattle from surrounding States also are shipped into this section to be fed on the portion of the beet refused at the sugar factory.

Sterling, in Logan County, contains the sugar mill to which the beet product is shipped from all the adjoining counties, five railroads radiating from it to take care of the traffic. It was down — or up? — the South Platte that Major Long's expedition made its way in 1820. When near the present site of Fort Morgan they got their first glimpse of the Rockies. To Dr. James, who so recorded it in his journal, the country presented "the aspect of hopeless and irreclaimable sterility." Today, not less than eighty-five per cent. of any of the same country is classed as agricultural land by the United States Government, while half of each county through which the river runs is irrigable, the non-irrigable producing astounding results under dry farming.

As Eugene Parsons says in his "Colorado," "The myth of the 'Great American Desert' died hard." The myth was too widespread to be erased in a day. In a way, America looked upon it as a sort of asset. With a smug complacency she turned the key in the showcase of her National Museum, and looking across her state of content entered the possession on her books as another "Sahara." It was left to Coloradoans to explode the fallacy.

Even the first territorial legislature passed an act in 1861 providing for the free use of water from a stream on the margin of a land claim for irrigation purposes.

From time to time new laws were added to encourage artificial means of supplying water to dry areas. Ditch construction was ordered not taxed, and conservation of the water for the benefit of users farther down the stream was regulated. Private capital was engaged; one company, the High Line, an auxiliary to a land company, began a system of canals, even tunnels, to irrigate three hundred square miles of land to the southeast, east, and northeast of Denver.

But before this company and others had begun such extensive work, the Greeley colony had been demonstrating their belief in the powers of irrigation. This colony was the outgrowth of Greeley's visit to the West in 1869. Upon his return to New York, he began, in regular poster style, to flamboyantly describe in his paper, the *New York Tribune*, the Colorado climate, and its scenery, and the opportunities not afforded the Easterner. His agricultural editor, Nathan C. Meeker, was put in charge of the organization of a colony and was later sent out to Colorado at its head.

The site chosen for the new venture was where Greeley now is, at the junction of the Cache le Poudre with the South Platte. A system of irrigation was at once begun on the one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land secured under installment contract. A rolling body of land susceptible of irrigation had been chosen far enough away from the mountains to avoid too frequent changes of temperature. It was the first colony organized with a stipulation that no liquor was to be sold; any offender was to forfeit his membership. Colorado Springs adopted the same form of charter, and later the town of Sterling was similarly incorporated. Today, Colorado, the whole of it, is a prohibition State; those who worked against its establishment are now loud

in praise of the measure as a conservation agent not only of morals but of moneys.

Most towns in most States just sort of happen. A store, the cross-roads variety, is often the first beginning. If another is added, and another, they are placed haphazard, with no plan. Greeley is an example of what a different aspect for all time is presented when the situation is different; she has been an example, too, for dozens of other new towns that were afterwards projected. This was the framework for Greeley: A ten acre square was reserved in the center of the town, artificial lakes were constructed, trees set out, and canals sent through the plot. Lots were set aside for certain public buildings, schools, churches, town halls, etc., business lots and residence lots of certain sizes, and of as certain a consciousness and faith that all would work out as planned. This spirit itself, the spirit of certainty, was the *primum mobile* that made the Greeley of today.

The sturdy, conservative habits of the founders of the colony are observed there today. It was established as a place in which to live, a residence city. Over \$2,000,000 is invested in schools and churches. The Colorado State Teachers' College is located here. Since its establishment, in 1889, over three thousand teachers have graduated from it; children may enter it from the kindergarten age and finish as graduate teachers. It is, as it were, a human laboratory for the teacher aspirant, corresponding to the use to which a nearby mine is put by the School of Mines, except that in the latter experimental laboratory it is all *take* and no *give*. In the former there is not only *instruction given*, but *supervision*, and of the most exacting order.

Greeley is the center of one of the most extensive and productive agricultural districts in the West. Naturally

it is the most important commercial center of what is known as Platte Valley irrigated district. Literally dozens of smaller and most prosperous towns surround it, and with similar interests. For years the Greeley district has been famed as the best potato section of the West. The principal crops grown under irrigation are alfalfa (four to six cuttings are nothing unusual in a season), sugar beets, potatoes, beans, peas, small grains, and garden truck. The location of three sugar beet factories in Weld County of which the county seat is Greeley, has added materially to the development of the irrigated districts.

Weld County has always been a stock raising section — it is the third largest county in the State — and with the increased beet acreage the last ten years has come more stock feeding, the beet-tops and pulp adding to the supply of stock feed. Too, the county ranks seventh among the counties in coal production, a thousand men being employed in the lignite coal beds, the output finding a ready market in Denver and near-by towns.

It must not be thought that all is a bread-and-butter sort of existence, yet with these most necessary considerations settled, the dweller in the Valley of the South Platte can enjoy with serenity the wonderful automobile highways and mountain parks that are within sight of his home. Weld County ranks first in the State in total mileage of roads, having five thousand one hundred miles open to travel. The county also ranks first in rural communities in number of automobiles. The Commercial Club of Greeley has worked untiringly for a good road system. Convict labor is employed and convict camps are regularly maintained throughout the year. The whole county shows the greatest enthusiasm for continuous road improvement.

A good automobile highway, called the Greeley Road, runs between Denver and Cheyenne, Wyoming. Another, the Platte Valley Road, follows the course of the Platte from Greeley eastward to where the river enters the State; it is joined at Sterling by the Omaha-Denver Highway which comes into the State in Phillips County. In less than two hours the trip from Greeley is made to Estes Park, following the Big Thompson most of the way.

Follow the Cache le Poudre River up about twenty-five miles and one finds himself in what was once the trapper's paradise. A party of forty-five French *voyageurs* came into the region in 1816, when "beaver was money," and trapped and hunted for the American Fur Company. As was the habit or necessity with the trapper, he frequently hid or *cached* the supplies in which he was not in immediate need when ready to thread the radiating streams from his starting place in the region. Thus we have *Cache le Poudre*, and are grateful for the reminiscent picture the words create. Visitors to the region above Fort Collins may see a granite monument erected on the spot where the doughty little Frenchmen had made a *cache* of their powder.

Also in the employ of the American Fur Company was Lupton who established Fort Lupton, a trading post on the Platte. His full name, Madeiro Gonzales Lupton, would indicate he was either Portuguese or Spanish-American. Associated with him was a St. Vrain, probably not the Ceran St. Vrain allied with the Bents, who also had "forts" or posts in the Platte country. Some of these trapping and trading centers were built strongly that they might be fortified against Indian attack, and a few of them were made official forts later by the United States Government. Fort Collins was established as a

military post in 1864. It took its name after its commander, Colonel William O. Collins, who with his troops occupied the rude cluster of log houses that made up the frontier fort.

The town of Fort Collins was laid out in 1871, retaining the name which had made the region well known. Probably one of the strongest elements in the remarkable growth of the town and the country surrounding it was the opening of the State Agricultural College provided for in the state constitution. Since then it has been necessary to open several branch schools that are in the nature of experiment stations in different sections of the State, so general and so successful has been the work demonstrated at the Fort Collins school.

Soil surveys have been made under the direction of the college experts, and agricultural agents maintained in most counties throughout the State. In some cases a few counties band together in the employment of the agent, as in the San Luis Valley, where the problems differ little. Their work is strictly practical and the results are so decisive that the agricultural lands throughout the State are being rapidly taken up. As an instance of that, when the Land Office at Sterling (the Sterling District comprises the counties of Sedgwick, Phillips, Yuma, Washington, Logan, a half of Morgan and a slice of Weld) was established there were shown to be 17,236,114 acres comprised therein. It has now all been taken up in homes except 150,000 acres. This, too, in a section, with the exception of a strip from ten to twenty-five miles wide on both sides of the Platte River, classified by the United States Land Office as semi-arid land.

Particular attention has been paid by the Agricultural College to dry-farming. Professor Kezer, head of the

department of agronomy at the college, gives some very interesting accounts of what intelligent scientific dry farming has done for the owners of land in the immense plains region in Eastern Colorado. In Lincoln County, where the State Board of Immigration has not a single acre mapped as anything but semi-arid, in Adams, Logan, El Paso and Cheyenne, during the past year, which was very dry, the farmers have come out in very good shape, many far ahead. The professor cites the year 1911, when the rainfall was 7.69 inches. During that year the farmers not only did not make any money but there was actual suffering and want all through the region because of the crop failure. In 1916 the rainfall was only 7.38 inches, or .31 inches less. Yet the farmer had satisfactory yields.

Here are some of the reasons why this was true. In the first place, the farmer has been learning from experience. Secondly, he has set himself to learn along the lines set down by agricultural experts. He has profited from the instruction given on conserving moisture, on better cultural methods, on questions of agronomy. The college has endeavored to inculcate better methods of crop rotation, management of stock, and keeping of accounts — general farm management principles.

This last year an extensive soil survey has been made in the counties just enumerated. To take the report, the largest labor income (that is, the largest income clear of all farm expenses, interest on the investment, etc.) was made on farms which represented an investment of \$20,000 and the labor income varied in exact ratio to the investment from the lowest investment up to this figure. It was not the farmer who had the biggest yield who enjoyed the most profitable investment.

Instead of this it was the farmer with the average yield, or slightly above, who made the most money. This is because the farmer of the second class mentioned kept his cost of production in a smaller ratio to his yield than the farmer who went after the big crop. In the five counties referred to, the average crop value per acre was \$12.30. Here is the cost of production, according to the figures of the survey: The average requirement in raising corn was about fifteen man hours per acre, and forty-two horse hours per acre; spring wheat, twelve man hours, and twenty-six horse hours per acre; small grain other than wheat, thirteen man hours and twenty-five horse hours per acre. The cost of man hours was fifteen cents an hour, that of horse labor ten cents an hour.

Professor Kezer concludes that the farmer must keep the total number of acres up to the very highest maximum possible, if he would have his income a profitable one. In other words, the farmer cannot afford to pasture his land. He must put it to raising crops which can be fed to live stock. And he must also remember that diversity of crops is his salvation. The certainty of success is greater, the greatest incomes arising from cases where the crops have come from three to five sources.

The agronomist's survey of conditions also shows dairying as the dry-farmers' answer as to how best dispose of his crop. As proof, the case of El Paso County is cited where the labor income was almost in the same proportion as the receipts for dairy products. Forage crops are more easily raised on dry lands and dairying furnishes an excellent means of marketing them. Of course, the best methods for storing these crops is in a silo. The silo makes it possible to get from ninety to

ninety-five per cent. of the value out of his feed. Left in the field to cure, the losses range from fifteen to eighty-five per cent. Then, the cattle will not eat all of the dry fodder, while they do not leave a shred of the succulent silage.

Another bit of evidence showing the value rendered Colorado agriculture by the College is the work they have done in proving that seed from the beet could be raised in Colorado. This is more serious than it might look. Ever since the beginning of the beet industry in America, the seed has come from Germany; the German contending that only first-class seed could be raised there. Too busy with the comparatively new business of raising the sugar beet (the first sugar factory was erected only in 1899), the growers let the foreigner continue to furnish the seed without making any investigation.

But the war in Europe brought them face up against the fact that the billion dollar industry built up with great effort could not much longer continue unless something was done. The Great Western Sugar Company with its own lands and their experts' aid took up the propagation of seed and last year raised three million five hundred thousand pounds of seed, enough to plant two hundred thousand acres, more than enough for the probable acreage needed in one year.

What "sugar" means to Colorado may be seen from last year's figures, and they, because of thinner seeding necessitated by seed shortage, and because of the war which restricted the foreign shipments, was slightly smaller than the year before. The amount of money paid the farmer for his product was \$12,980,000; the money paid the factory hands, \$3,170,000; paid farm labor, \$3,844,000; for supplies, \$3,050,000; for railroad transportation, \$2,775,000. The money paid to the farmer and



A SUGAR-BEET FIELD.

laborer, of course, stays in Colorado; the supplies are nearly all purchased there, and largely the railroad money stays in Colorado. The "sugar dollar" then, it will be seen, stays at home.

This question of "the dollar that stays at home" used in reference to sugar has been much discussed the last two years. In Hawaii, I had opportunity to see what would happen if the tariff was kept off sugar importations — rather I saw what it meant to have it left on.

The Hawaiians are tight little islands adapted wholly to sugar raising, from cane in their case. Such prosperity in all classes is seldom witnessed. Without hesitation, the verdict was that sugar made it so, thus said the butcher, the baker, everybody. The general idea seems to be that only those at the head of the industry are the money makers. It will be seen in the figures from Colorado that the farm owner and the farm laborer and the factory laborer are well paid. In Hawaii, the conditions were similar. Too, I noticed that the presence of such a successful industry in their immediate vicinity was an incentive toward thrift, or saving, in order to own sugar stock. Our Portuguese chauffeur owned stock, our Jap "chambermaid" (a man) at the Moana Hotel, out at Waikiki Beach, owned stock. It is easy to see what would happen, if the tariff remained off sugar after the war is over.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE LEADVILLE DISTRICT

WHATEVER measure of success Colorado has achieved as a state is due primarily to her mining interests. It was her mines that brought her into existence, and, although her agricultural and her manufacturing returns now either one far exceed her mineral output yearly, yet it is as a mining state that she is known in the popular mind. Her mines were her first developments; her rise was through them, as was the region generally known as the West, the section adjoining the State having come into attention through its proximity to Colorado.

After the first discoveries of gold around Denver, the scene shifted to Leadville. At first it was the "Pike's Peak Region" into which the gold-mad poured. Then the Upper Arkansas caught the overflow, and the "Leadville District" came into being. Now, for convenience, the State Bureau of Mines has divided Colorado into four mining districts known variously as the Georgetown, which takes in Gilpin, Clear Creek — the parent section; the Cripple Creek, covering the gold mines of Teller County and the minerals of El Paso, Pueblo, Huerfano and Las Animas, the coal regions of these last named counties being very large and under a separate department of inspectors; the San Juan district, which not only includes the counties embracing the San Juan Mountains but the divisions on the Gunnison; and the Leadville district, of Lake, Summit and Pitkin in the heart of the



MOUNT MASSIVE IN WINTER.

mountains, and Mesa, Garfield and Rio Blanco to the western border.

But to the average person, the "Leadville District" has Leadville for a center with Breckinridge, Fairplay, Buena Vista, Aspen and Red Cliff on the outskirts, with a little pride and prejudice allowed Breckenridge, perhaps, and Fairplay. We would, however, much prefer to bound the district with the mountain family of peaks, Mount of the Holy Cross, Mount Sherman, the Collegiate Range (the laboratory of whose school of mines has the three jeweled towers of Mount Yale, Harvard and Princeton), and the mountain peaks of Massive and Elbert, the latter both 14,402 feet, tying for place as third highest in the United States — and as the highest in Colorado.

Mount Massive forms a striking background for Leadville, as its snow-covered heights rise with conscious dignity from the Saguache Range, itself the Continental Divide. The Colorado Midland Railway on its way from Colorado Springs to Glenwood, crosses the Divide at Hagerman's Pass, on the north slope of Mount Massive, through the famous Busk Tunnel, two miles long, and at an altitude of 10,944 feet.

A few miles from Granite, a small station on the Colorado Midland, is a retreat well known to the Ike Waltons — the Twin Lakes. They are situated about half-way between Buena Vista and Leadville, the Lincoln Highway skirting the side of one of these homes of the Rocky Mountain trout. Covering an area of two thousand eight hundred acres at an altitude of over nine thousand feet, few bodies of water are more imposing, yet inviting. Grassy slopes of the Saguache Range come to the water's edge; pines and Engleman spruce add shade and beauty to the picture that greets the eye of the tourists who pass by on the ocean-to-ocean highway. The lakes are known

to hundreds of campers and fishermen who while away week after week by the limpid waters, exhilarated by the keen mountain air and lifted up by the presence of the towering mountain heights. Trails and roads lead to the summit of the Continental Divide, to Red Mountain, Monitor Rock, and to the various falls on Lake Creek. The new Aspen Highway will cross from the Pacific side of the Divide to the Atlantic side on the northern border of the lakes, come down through the town of Twin Lakes, winding its way through a canyon of scenic wonders.

Near the little Twin Lakes commonwealth, which lies at the foot of Mount Ebert, is a promising mining section. The Derry Ranch Gold Dredging Company, with a dredge boat of the standard California type, are taking out two thousand cubic yards of gold-carrying gravel a day, working twenty out of the twenty-four hours. Steam and electricity keeps the boat crew of fifteen men comfortable, and the machinery in good working form. Each cubic foot nets the company twenty-two cents per cubic foot, and since the company owns one thousand eight hundred acres of land, as one man put it, their property should yield pay dirt for fifteen years, and by that time gold might be demonetized or Bryan president. (The Coloradoan was so hard "hit" by the demonetization of silver that references frequently still crop up in his conversation.) This huge boat dredger at work in the midst of such charming scenes seems almost so incongruous as to supply the comic touch. Yet so accustomed does the eye become to the novel and the unique in the Rockies that, after a blink, these also fit into the picture.

For this is a wonderland of sweet and simple beauties and yet no less a wonderland of gorgeous grandeurs

where lofty heights are eternally hung with snowy, gossamer veils. As one winds along the well-made state highways he likes to people it with picturesque miners picking their way up rugged trails with their miner's kits on their backs, their camp utensils, though few as befits the nomad prospector,—coffee pot jingling against frying pan.

Mountains do not change, and trails on their sloping sides change but little, so to reconstruct the early day miner in such environment is not difficult; it is when one comes to Leadville itself that he is balked. Here is a modern city with every sign of the prosperity and enterprise associated with places of no such "lurid" past as had Leadville. In another chapter I have quoted something of the life that existed when "all roads led to Leadville."

Leadville has frequently been called the "camp" of surprises. Just about the time a report goes out that the great carbonate deposits at the head of the Arkansas are exhausted a new discovery is made or the presence of another mineral is revealed.

Were it not that the district has received the closest attention from geologists who insisted upon its unlimited resources, Leadville would, several times in her career, have folded her tents and silently stolen away, as have hundreds of other camps which are scarcely a memory.

But today Leadville is the leading metal-producing center of Colorado. Few mining districts in the whole West can show such a record or such promise. Up to 1915 her total output values were \$431,000,000, while the year of 1916 saw such a raise of prices that the output was stimulated, and with the increase received for the metals the values probably reached \$450,000,000, a total for the thirty-nine years of her existence. These values

are based on the metal taken from "an irregular area of about twelve miles square in the foothills that extend from the upper Arkansas to the Mosquito range that separates the valley from South Park."

A history of the methods of mining employed in any part of Colorado could be written from Leadville's annals. Only the simplest, crudest processes were used by those earliest prospectors in California Gulch in 1860. The sluice box and rocker and the "Long Tom" were the means for separating the yellow gold from the loose gravel in the gulch.

With the amount of metals exposed on the surface gone, the outlook for the district became dark; but the presence of silver bonanzas revealed themselves in the late '70's in the lead and sand carbonates quite near the surface. Their treatment proved simple enough and smelters were built to turn the silver (often pure) and lead into ingots. But the surface deposits were all too soon exhausted.

Again the faith of the geologists in the region asserted itself. They must dig deep, deep, for underneath the whole region there lay wealth untold. At once sinking was begun on every hand. Then the trouble began. Under ground water poured into the shafts, swamping the expensive machinery, and all but drowning hope. Pumps were put in, but found inadequate against the increased flow; more and larger pumps were installed and the expenses mounted high, too high sometimes, for many mines had to close down. Finally, though, capital conquered.

But, up to date, smelting had been a simple question of metallurgy. Now, the ores from the depths of the earth proved refractory and had to have evolved special treatment. As usual, man overcame the problem confront-

ing him. But silver, the district's biggest product, was demonetized. Leadville received its hardest blow. Then she returned to gold, her first love. The results were surprising. Old holdings were reopened and new leads followed.

The discovery of zinc-bearing ore added to Leadville's reputation as a "surprise" camp, and since 1907 it has been the greatest source of Leadville's mineral wealth. Lead, which is found with the gold and silver ores of Leadville, contributes largely to the total values of the district; copper forms no mean amount of the metal shipments, while brass, which is thirty-six per cent. spelter (zinc-bearing ore), is shipped out at the rate of twelve thousand tons to the month.

The Leadville district ranked first in 1915 and 1916 in the production of both precious and semi-precious metals. Such eminence was due to the fact that her wealth is drawn from eight separate and distinct metals. A careful summing up of the mining field shows one hundred and twenty mines in full operation, with many others half-working for reasons of their own. The largest producers are the Star Consolidated, the Robert Emmett, the McCormick, The Yak Tunnel and its tributaries, The Iron Silver, the Home, the Penrose, the Garbutt, the Leadville Unit, the Ibex and the Ponsardin — names, many of them, that will be recognized by old miners as belonging to the early days in Leadville.

This district has found it profitable to take care of a large amount of its ores in smelters of the region; at one time fourteen smelters were in operation here. The American Smelting and Refining company, which created a new era in smelting, handles a large percentage of the output with the exception of the zinc ores.

Leadville, with a population of eight thousand, is a

stable, substantial city. Its situation almost at the very summit of the Rockies gives it a much cooler climate than the average found in Colorado. It has frost every month in the year, an annual rainfall of fifteen to thirty inches, and a mean annual temperature of thirty-five to forty degrees. The main lines of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland railroads pass through Leadville, both following the course of the Arkansas River, but the Rio Grande goes directly west from Leadville, while the Colorado Midland runs on north to the Tennessee Pass where it crosses the Divide.

These roads, it will be seen, together with the numerous wagon roads and trails that thread the mountain sides, take care of the ores mined in the district. These present day conditions present sharp contrasts to the weighty problems of transportation that affected the district in its infancy. The Midland Trail, the principal transcontinental highway which touches Colorado, passes through the district, following the general course of the Denver and Rio Grande. Many other highways are being laid out to take care of the rapidly increasing tourist travel.

Breckenridge, like Leadville, one of the oldest gold mining sections, is now remarkable for its zinc production. Gold was first discovered in the Blue River sands near the site of Breckenridge in 1859. Since then placer mining has gone on steadily here, though displaced in all other sections except where the dredge is in use — itself a modification of the crudest methods in vogue in the gold-fever days.

For many years only gold and silver were sought in Summit County, of which Breckenridge is the county seat; then careful prospecting revealed rich deposits of zinc, gold, silver, lead — all in the sulphide belt that extends from the base of Long's Peak to beyond Leadville.

As the name of the county indicates, it is at the summit of the Continental Divide, with an average elevation of ten thousand feet. Some farming land is found along the Blue River, and what of produce is raised finds a ready market in the mining camps near, while the hay is fed the livestock which grazes on the mountain lands during the short summer.

At Fairplay, in Park County, is found another mining camp of early origin; but, unlike that of Leadville, its greatest output is yet of gold, although of no very considerable quantity. In 1915, there were seventeen producing mines with an output of a quarter of a million dollars a year. These mines are practically on the spot where gold was first discovered in the sands of Tarryall Creek. A little later, placer gold, too, was found only a short distance away, at a place which was named Fairplay. But, as at Leadville, placer mining here had to give way to deep mining.

This little town of three hundred is in the beautiful South Park from which thousands of head of cattle are shipped every year. The natural grasses of the park provide ample food for fattening the cattle, in spite of the fact that the rainfall is very light, scarcely over ten or twelve inches; but the mountain ranges which wall in the Park on all sides except the south are very high, and the melting snows run down into so many numerous streams that a natural system of irrigation is the result.

In Chaffee County is found a continuation of the same character of mines as exist in Leadville. Zinc comes first in metal-production, gold second, lead third, and silver fourth with a total of \$1,250,000 in 1915, according to the report of the United States Geological survey. Here free gold was found, too, deposited in the creek beds, and the county shared the fate of its neighbor on

the north, of which it was still a part. But when the carbonate era began, in 1878, new towns were started and the county divided. The lower section was named after Jerome B. Chaffee, one of the first United States Senators from Colorado.

It is in this county of Chaffee that is found the well-known Collegiate range. Buena Vista, the county seat, affords a beautiful view of not only these peaks of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, but of miles upon miles of mountain scenery in every direction. Salida is situated on the Arkansas River, and is a favorite of tourists because of its commanding situation on the Divide with an elevation of over seven thousand feet, and also because of its proximity to hot springs that range in temperature from 90 to 185° Fahrenheit. At Poncha, five miles southwest of Salida, ninety-nine hot springs burst out from the mountain side. Out from Buena Vista are found the Princeton mineral springs in the shadow of the mountain of the same name. At Cottonwood Springs, six miles west of Buena Vista, where the medicinal waters draw thousands yearly, one finds a spot of particular beauty. People who come here for cures from catarrh and rheumatism and other ailments are brought back to health as much by the scenic loveliness of the place and the high dry mountain air as by the medicinal springs.

The Mount of the Holy Cross, which dominates the region of the Upper Arkansas, heads the Sawatch Range of mountains. A longitudinal crevice in the side of the mountain, crossed by a shorter horizontal one, filled with snow the year around, has given the mountain its name. No more striking figure could be picked out by the eye in the Rockies than this Holy Cross deeply planted on the bosom of this massive mountain. It has been the subject of poetry and song, the object of adoration and

prayer. Travelers, when crossing the continent or going perhaps to Glenwood Springs, watch for this well-known phenomenon as soon as the train leaves Leadville.

Former Governor Alva Adams said of the mountain: "The Omnipotent hand has placed the seal upon this land. Yonder upon the wondrous mountain of the Holy Cross — in the clefts of the eternal granite — the Almighty with everlasting snow has painted the symbol of masonry — the cross of Christianity. Like the cross that blazed in the heavens above Constantine, this emblem of faith and purity shines from the pinnacles of the mountains to lead us to a higher and a more holy destiny."

The mining town of Red Cliff is the county seat of this, Eagle County. The principal mining camp is Gilman, three miles from Red Cliff, high up on the slope of Battle Mountain. The mines, though small here, are steady producers, and have been so since their discovery at the time of the Leadville silver boom. From Red Cliff, sportsmen make the trip to Trapper's Lake, one of the most beautiful spots in the Rockies. It is situated on the upper waters of White River and is teeming with trout, while in the National forests surrounding it are to be found deer and antelope and bear. It is in Eagle County that the finest specimen, and the most frequent, of the Rocky Mountain eagle is seen. Red Cliff itself is nearly nine thousand feet high, and in the wild crags of the still higher surrounding mountains the eagle has his home.

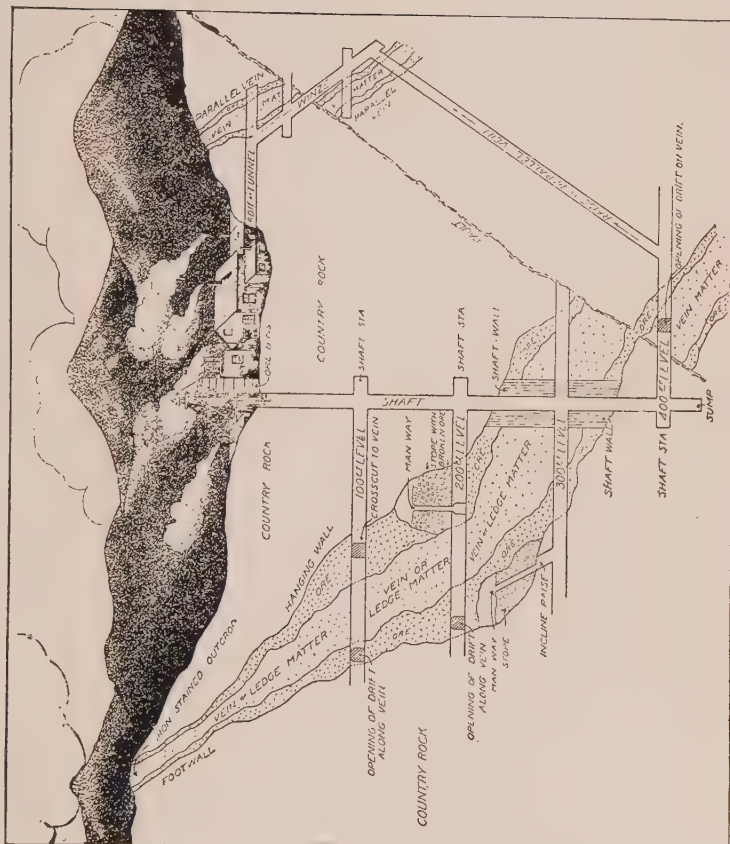
It will be seen that Leadville is the center of this metal-producing region; a region rich in more than a half-dozen metals of commerce in which there is a constant and heavy demand. Multiple millions in moneys have been taken out of these mines; many millions have been put in that good results might ensue. Mining methods had to be studied; the exigencies of the case called for change of

idea, of treatment, all of which cost money. New ideas would be tried out at great expense only to be discarded at the suggestion of some other which seemed to promise maximum returns at minimum cost.

At first the only thought was not only gold — but GOLD, in large quantities; then, silver was mined. It, too, must show no petty yield. The same was true of the baser and semi-precious metals. That meant large dump heaps of refuse that carried only a small or poor grade of ore. Since those days labor has increased in price, but methods for reclaiming those dump heaps have been developed until they are now being treated at a profit.

The greatest discovery, or development, in mining methods has been in the use of flotations. It has meant the reclamation of these heaps of refuse that have lain idle for forty years. Under the flotation processes they are returning good pay. Then large bodies of low-grade milling ore are now being mined and proving profitable with the installation of flotation plants in connection with concentration and magnetic separation. But the largest consideration, perhaps, having to do with the oil flotation discoveries is the ability of the process to retrieve from eighty-five to ninety per cent., sometimes more — whether tailings, low-grade or high-grade — of the assay values of the ore against something like sixty per cent. under the old methods of concentration.

The history of flotation processes is full of interest. It was only natural that a need as great as that of a cheaper and more effectual means of ore separation should not only find many experts at work trying to solve the problem, but that their discoveries should overlap. Litigation would naturally result; and even though a recent decision by the United States Supreme Court has confirmed the Minerals Separation North American Cor-



CROSS SECTION OF A TYPICAL MINE.

poration in their contention that the development of oil flotation as a practical means of mineral recovery was due to their discoveries, plants will be found probably in many districts where the *idea* is being used with methods that differ.

And more litigation will result, but that is the history of all big inventions. That this one of oil flotation is really all that is claimed for it, is shown in a litigation involving the five leading porphyry copper mines of the United States, wherein it was demonstrated that by its adoption a yearly saving of at least \$17,000,000 would be effected at normal prices (not war prices). Last year 35,000,000 tons of ore, concentrates and tailings were treated; new installments are constantly being made, and conservative estimates double that amount for this year with corresponding increases until all mines where the ore can be treated by such processes are brought under its adoption.

Many processes were tried before the one now in use was settled upon. There was the Elmore patent which used the "bulk-oil" flotation process, where the ore was simply mixed in a revolving drum with several times its weight of water, and an equal or several times greater weight in oil (dependent upon the nature of the ore). It is now only of historical interest, even though it was used extensively in Utah, South Africa, Australia and Great Britain. It did serve, however, to force more devoted attention on the problem through its shortcomings.

A London Company, the Minerals Separation Company, were trying out the concentrating process of Arthur E. Cattermole in their metallurgical laboratory. They had been trying to improve upon it for two years, had made great strides already in reducing the amount of oil used — to forty pounds to every one hundred and

twenty pounds of ore. After long labor they discovered the process, that, by machinery — principally jigs, shaking tables and vanners — utilizes little bubbles of air that course through a muddy ore pulp of finely ground ore mixed with water. These bubbles pick out and attach to themselves the valuable metal particles, repelling and rejecting the useless particles of dirt and rock or sand, generally called *gangue*, in the mining world. The air bubbles, secured of course in the mass by agitation, and the metal particles once united cannot be separated. Each little air bubble gathers up a load of metallic particles, and when given a reasonable opportunity floats them through the pulp to the surface, where is formed with the other metal-laden bubbles what is in fact a water-air froth of metal-carrying bubbles!

Here we have air and bubbles, the very symbols of things transitory and useless, harnessed to the service of man as valuable and persistent agencies to carry out his will in a manner bordering on the Arabian Nights! The whole art of concentrating the ores of zinc and lead and copper, which have made of Leadville the richest producing district in the United States, has been revolutionized.

With the advent of this method that not only reclaims the waste of the past but prevents waste of the future, has come increased confidence. We find old mines being unwatered, electrical machinery installed, and continuous activity throughout the twenty-four hours of the day without suspension during the year. Wherever oil flotation is shown by the testing laboratory to be the correct process for mineral separation, immediate steps are taken to install the plant needed.

CHAPTER XV

ON THE GUNNISON

To a horde of sportsmen the words "On the Gunnison" are equivalent to "On the trail of a trout." They call up joyous memories, jewel-framed in skies of turquoise, emerald-clad slopes, purpling shadows hiding from the yellow-gold of the sun, amethystine tints on mountain wall and a "sparkling beauty" struggling on the end of a line, with all the colors of the rainbow imprisoned in the whirling spray whipped up by this gamiest of trout.

The district gets its name from Capt. J. W. Gunnison, whose unhappy fate has been related. Others had made their way to this river of grandeur and gloom, of receding walls and laughing sunny waters, but it was not until the feverish Leadville days in the late '70's, that "the Gunnison country" sprang into being.

Some miners, less fortunate and more adventurous than the rest in California Gulch, had in 1861 plowed over the Divide to work the streams of East and Taylor Creeks. A band of Utes pinned the seven men in a gulch who for three days and nights withstood the attack before they were annihilated. It was through Kit Carson that the news of their fate reached the outside world. His friendliness with the Indians often provided a means for information of like character that would have otherwise remained hidden.

But the successes in Leadville in 1879 caused prospectors to ignore danger and cross the snow-covered mountains in unlimited numbers. Wagon trains came into the newly discovered silver district over Marshall Pass from the East, and via Cochetopa from the south. Soon the mines promised riches equal to Leadville assays. A half-interest in one of the first mines, the Forest Queen Lode, sold for \$100,000. In the Roaring Fork, Ruby, Gothic districts, on the Tin Cup and its tributaries further south on Taylor Creek, the Ohio, and the Tomichi — over a tract some fifty miles wide and one hundred long the mining camps sprang up. The quantity of mineral was enormous, but the grade low at first. Development showed a better average as mining progressed.

Then the slump came. The deeper the work went, the greater the expense; water stopped work and called for millions in machinery. All the while was the fear of silver losing its standard. In 1893 it came. A gradual recovery was made in the discoveries of lead and other minerals, zinc being prominent. Today it is said that in the county of Gunnison there is a wider variety of minerals than in any county of the State; molybdenum, antimony and tungsten being added to those most commonly found in this section of the West. It ranks sixth in the production of coal; it has unlimited quantities of marble, in which it ranks first.

The county of Gunnison was cut off from Lake County in 1878, and then extended to the Utah line. It has since been reduced until the section spoken of as the "Gunnison country" is all but included in the county bounds. This section stops not far short of Aspen on the north, easily takes in Buena Vista and Salida on the east, goes with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad al-

most to Lake City on the south, and for purposes of the sportsman extends as far west on the Gunnison River as Cimmarron.

Still, a portion of the district which goes beyond these western bounds has come largely into the limelight in the last ten years. I refer to the section affected by the boring of the Gunnison Tunnel through a mountain — one of the most spectacular engineering feats in the history of man, and one of the most miraculous of the many projects of the United States Reclamation Service. Through this tunnel water is carried from the Gunnison River into the Uncompaghre Valley, reclaiming two hundred thousand acres of arid lands.

Here in the mighty gorge of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison roared a rush of waters maddening in their suggestion of power and magic. Up and over those mountain walls a parched mesa flung its story of thirst to the winds that whipped it dryer still. That these twain should meet — that is the story of the Gunnison Tunnel.

For fifteen years the project had been discussed. Then a private corporation took hold of it, only to give it up when the enormity of the scheme revealed itself upon nearer investigation. In 1903 the United States Reclamation Service proclaimed its willingness to take on the proposed project — that of tunneling the mountain and diverting the Gunnison waters into the Uncompaghre Valley. It was well that they were ignorant of what was in store. The Black Canyon had never been entered by a white man. There was only one way to get to the mountain through which the survey was to be run, and that was by the water route of the Gunnison, and there was no one to tell them where falls and cataracts lay. Once within those walls that towered precipi-

tously upward from one thousand to three thousand feet the rushing waters forbid their retreat, while to go on invited death.

The engineers, A. R. Fellows and W. N. Torrence, had twenty-five miles of this dance of death in a torrent of falls and cascades. They used a pneumatic raft when possible and were finally successful in getting through with their instruments unharmed to where the location of the Gunnison end of the tunnel should be. This entrance is now known as River Portal.

But their work was just begun. Their instruments showed the logical end of the tunnel to be in the side of a perpendicular wall of solid granite. A site for a power house had to be excavated and a strong base made, since there was no ledge. A road had to be carved out from the stone wall the length of the canyon, so that the necessary materials could be hauled — machinery for the power house, rails, wires, motors, and cars for the tunnel, to say nothing of bringing into this remote district food and supplies for the men engaged in the work. This was the only wagon road into the canyon for seventy miles and the drop averaging twenty-two feet to the hundred gives one an idea of the problem of transporting heavy machinery and other supplies under such conditions. All the hauling had to be done in summer as the snow was much too deep to allow passage in winter.

The work took six years. In that time there were many delays. One blast opened a stream of water of underground origin which flooded that portion of the tunnel already excavated. After a wait for the flow to be somewhat spent, the extent of the stream had to be discovered, and conduits built to take care of it. Then the excavation filled with carbonic gas and drove



RIVER PORTAL, GUNNISON TUNNEL.

the workers out. Not until compressed air was driven in could the labor proceed.

They were now tunneling into the heart of the mountain. Intense heat began to check the work, and an air-shaft had to be driven down four hundred feet from the surface to ventilate the tunnel. This delayed the work for three months. The most disastrous event took place when a bed of sand and shell five hundred feet in depth was encountered. Thirty-two men were imprisoned for three days and nights, but the air-shaft saved them from suffocation, although six were killed from falling sand and rock. Before the excavation could begin again, the vein of sand had to be propped up with timbers.

At last the six miles of preliminary subterranean work were completed. Then began the concrete construction of the tunnel which is in the shape of an arch, ten and a half feet at base and twelve feet high. The tunnel completed, the open canal of twenty miles into the Uncompaghre Valley was begun. Laterals from this canal extend one hundred miles. The fall from the west portal to the Uncompaghre River, a sluggish yellow inadequate stream, is two hundred and fourteen feet. This develops a large horsepower in its five concrete drops, and so provides electricity for the Valley.

An idea may be gained as to the general use to which farmers on the west slope are putting electricity. A twenty-six mile line between Montrose and Delta was begun in 1914 and completed the following year. In its course through the Uncompaghre Valley it passes forty ranches, each of which takes current for lighting houses, barns and cellars. The company controlling the line was compelled to begin extensions immediately upon its completion and the installation of service. Immediately, also, farmers who had lighting privileges saw the

advantage of electric motors for water pumping and for filling silos. In some of the ranch houses the cooking is done by electricity; the washing machines run in the same manner, while every housewife has an electric iron. What a contrast there is in this picture to the one usually framed in the mind as to what farm life means by way of hardship and inconveniences for the housewife. This, too, is in the "woolliest" of the "Wild West," while in the East in thousands of even fine old homes, one finds smelly, flickering gas lights still in use. As to the farm-wife in the East, she still blows her breath on the coal oil lamp chimney and, with her apron, polishes and prays that it may shine and let the light through.

What the diverted waters from the Gunnison have done is as Arthur Chapman has said, "more like parlor magic than evolution." One might add that the river from its inception in the west walls of the Great Divide, until it loses its identity in the Grand at Grand Junction, is one full of magic charm; that, whether it trickles under bending boughs where trout hide in the shadows; whether, like the "waters of Lodore," it comes with a rush and a roar almost as precipitous as the straight stark granite walls between which it runs; whether, when doing man's bidding, it spreads out over a land that once "silvered with glint of sage-brush," though now transformed into fields of golden grain and flowering orchards, each globule of water containing the nucleus of a new "lesson in contentment," it is an amulet, shining with set gems and singing its own incantation, as it strings itself across the breast of the Rockies.

It must be kept in mind that few locations in Colorado are below a mile-high elevation, while in the Gunnison country an 8,000 feet elevation is the average. During

the early mining days, only a few stretches of grassy lands along the river banks were used by cattlemen, but with the development of mining came the extension of the grazing lands up on the higher levels. Now, it is discovered that these higher areas are ideal for certain varieties of wheat, for oats, peas and especially for potatoes; while down below, the meadow lands, first used for grazing purposes, are rich in the wealth of alluvial that has poured down from the heights in the melting of snows of May and June of each year.

Still, stock-raising must ever remain the leading agricultural industry. Cattleman's Day is an annual feature at Gunnison, and as many as 12,000 head of fat cattle are shipped to Denver, Kansas City and Omaha each year, their value aggregating \$1,000,000. The passage of the new homestead law allowing 640 acres to the stock-raiser on land where means of irrigation are not in evidence, points to a large acreage being taken up by cattlemen.

Around the north end of the West Elk Mountains will be found grouped the extensive coal mines of Crested Butte, Ruby, Anthracite, Baldwin, and Somerset, most of whose production is anthracite, the only place where it is found in any quantity west of Pennsylvania. The granite for the building of the State Capitol at Denver came from Gunnison, while Colorado yule marble was chosen for the Federal Building at Denver, and the Lincoln Memorial Monument at Washington.

The Rainbow Route, an automobile highway, which is a part of the National Roads system, passes through the Gunnison country, almost paralleling the river; it has had much to do with bringing tourists and vacationists into the region. Beginning at Pueblo, where several state highways center and whence most of the

automobilists come who have entered the State from the east, it follows the Arkansas up to Salida, where it crosses the Divide at Marshall Pass into the Gunnison section.

The whole of the way is particularly enchanting. Stops may be made at a number of resorts in the region around Gunnison. There are Almont, Jack's Cabin and Crested Butte up the river; Hierro, Iola, Cebolla, and Sapinero down the stream. Along the Tomichi and its branches are Ohio, Pitkin, Parlins and Doylesville. Hot radium springs are found at Waunita Hot Springs and Powderhorn. The beauties of stream and canyon are not to be passed over with a word.

Of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, many have essayed description. Bancroft said the gorge sometimes "narrows down to the width of the river, and is all gloom and grandeur, and again broadens out into a park, with waterfalls dashing down its enclosing walls, needles of highly colored sandstone pointing skyward, trees growing out of the clefts in the palisades, huge rocks grouped fantastically about, curious plants sheltering in their shadows, and the brilliant, strong river darting down in swift green chutes between the spume-flecked boulders, dancing in creamy eddies, struggling to tumble down some sparkling cataract, making the prismatic air resound with the soft tinkle as of merry laughter. Again, it surges along in half shadows, rushes as if blinded against massive abutments, to be dashed into spray, gliding thereafter more smoothly, as if rebuked for its previous haste, but always full of light, life and motion."

"Needles of highly colored sandstone" are many, but half-way along the canyon is an isolated one called Curecanti Needle,— "a tremendous splinter," in Edwin L.



Curecanti Needle, Black Canyon of the Gunnison.



Sabin's words, that "pierces the clouds." Chipeta Falls is the name given to a huge ribbon of water that comes out from the upper reaches of the canyon with such force that the water does not touch the walls but falls into the river bed with a thunderous roar. Chipeta was the name of the wife of Ouray, the Ute Chief who befriended the whites many times against his fiendish tribesmen.

Sapinero, at the mouth of the Black Canyon, from where one may take the spur of the Denver and Rio Grande to Lake City clear on to where the Gunnison has its birth, is the home, it may be said, of the nimrod and the angler. Back against the mountains that skirt the Gunnison about ten or fifteen miles, grouse and sage hens may be found in plenty, while a bit farther back still, deer are found, and bear and bob cats and mountain lions.

But it is in the royal stream itself that the chief sport lies. Here are four varieties of trout — the rainbow, Eastern Brook, Loch Levin and native, the first being the largest, gamiest and commonest. That the native trout has almost entirely disappeared is due to his voracious rainbow relative. The Loch Levin also is rare. The open season for fishing is from June 1st to October 31st, and the law requires that a fish caught under seven inches must be returned to the stream; that not more than twenty may be caught in a day, and the catch must not total more than 50 pounds.

Thousands have demonstrated that the cheapest way — and the most delightful, too — to spend a vacation is in camping, and while all who come to the Gunnison do have life in the open as an object, few there are who do not also have the ambition of casting a fly. So famous has trout fishing on the Gunnison become, that

parties are made up in the "home town," in near-by States and those farther afield, even as far as both coasts, to spend from two weeks to a whole season camping on the Gunnison itself, or on one of the many creeks that add to its flow.

Many camping "clubs" have their own property by purchase or lease; in fact, each stream is practically preempted by owners or by parties who have bought up the land adjoining for leasing privileges. The conditions for camping are ideal — sunshine all the day, little wind and dry weather, no snakes and no insects, the most stimulating rarefied air and scenery that is entrancing. House tents may be rented for a very small sum, and comfortable furnishings, canvas carpets, rocking chairs, straight-back chairs, folding tables, folding cots, mattresses, cooking utensils. Many have spent their vacations on \$2.50 a day, exclusive of railroad fare, while many, more careful of expenditures, clubbing together, reduce that by half. Of course, there are many who bring expensive equipment and Chinese servants, but the trout doesn't bite any better for the man versed in the lore of split bamboo rods and automatic reels than the man with simpler outfit.

I know there be those who prefer their "gentle art" more strenuous, those who love the struggle with a deep-water fish bigger than themselves — one that usually ends in a test of strength rather than skill. But isn't there something lacking when you have come back to lay your one lone specimen by the side of a fisherman's piled-up catch for the trade?

And the difference in "atmosphere"! Instead of rich racy mountain air, delicate, laughing, whispering waters and — solitude, you go out from a bay and a wharf that reeks of fish; fishermen's nets are drying in



ON THE TRAIL OF A TROUT.

the sun, fishermen with oil skins covered with shiny scaly things are mending them.

But the trail of a trout — it is an elusive one. You never can tell. Where you landed a three pounder yesterday may prove barren for days to come; or, hidden from sight as you should be, you watch the speckled beauty flirt with your fly as coyly as a maiden, and yet maiden-like, dart away revealing itself wise beyond its seeming.

CHAPTER XVI

THE VALLEY OF THE SAN LUIS

HERE in the Valley of the San Luis we have an emerald gem set in a rim of yellow gold. Mountain walls encircle the rich green floor and the sun kisses their heights with a golden glow. The Spaniard, seeing the eastern wall when the sun's rays were painting it crimson, burst into poetic phrase and called the range — the Blood of Christ.

One likes to people this valley shut in by the Sangre de Cristos, the Culebras, the Cochetopa Hills and the Continental Divide, with that famous Spanish cavalcade which sought the “*siete cibdadis*,” the legendary “Seven Cities of Cibolla” — a force which, according to Castenada, historian of Coronado, consisted of two hundred and fifty horse soldiers, sixty foot soldiers, all armed with swords and crossbows and harquebuses. Giving class and tone to the literal “moving picture” were the thousand negro and Indian servants who led the thousand horses, the pack mules that carried the ammunition, extra luggage and supplies, and who drove the herds of oxen and cows and swine that were used for food. Whether this *opera-bouffe* expedition ever reached into Colorado will never be known. Yet a glance at the map would lead one to think here had once been a Spanish empire, for each county in the San Luis Valley bears a Spanish name, and each river and most of the towns — that they all do not, offends the ear.



THE RIO GRANDE, WITH MT. BLANCA, OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE, IN THE BACKGROUND.

Coming down the western slope of the Sangre de Cristo Range from La Veta Pass, with the Spanish Peaks to the left, past the Trinchera Game Preserve where roam herds of buffalo, deer and elk, we get our first glimpse of this vast valley. The whole of it lies at altitude of over eight thousand feet, and over it spreads the Rio Grande, with its tributaries, like a huge fan.

To Lieutenant Pike it was "a terrestrial valley," and said he in his journal, "We ascended a high hill from which we had a view of all the river and prairie north of us. It was one of the most sublime and beautiful inland prospects ever presented to the eye of man. The great and lofty mountains, covered with eternal snow, seemed to surround the luxuriant vale, covered and crowned with perennial flowers."

From the shape of this inland empire one might think a master hand had with a huge shovel been at work in its center looking for buried treasure, and that these surrounding mountain walls were the refuse that rimmed the pit made by the giant workman. The valley is about one hundred and thirty miles long by sixty miles wide, and contains over five million acres of tillable and grazing lands.

The upper portion of the valley is known as the San Luis Park, the largest of the four large natural amphitheatres for which the State is noted. Like the others, it was probably once an immense lake and was drained later by volcanic action underground. Its previous life as a glacier has been spoken of; one awaits with interest the continuing discoveries of the geologists who find the formations of southern Colorado especially baffling.

The first settlers in the San Luis were Mexicans who came up from Taos and Santa Fé in a colony under Major Head who himself had married a Mexican wife.

They built crude houses of adobe, did some irrigating, raised a few cattle, and called their little hamlet Guadalupe. But before their coming, trappers had set snares along the streams near the mountains. Parties, sent out by the government for different reasons, had penetrated through the whole of the valley, for the government was interested to know what their new acquisition encompassed. Indians were giving trouble, and expedition after expedition left the outpost of Fort Leavenworth to frighten the savage by a display of armed strength. United States Senator Thomas F. Benton, of Missouri, a power in Congress, procured for his son-in-law, Colonel Fremont, a well-fitted expedition that might discover for powerful interests a feasible route to the Pacific.

This same object had later brought William Gilpin, the first governor of Colorado, into the region. He had been allied strongly with those who sought a southern pass over the Rockies, and his speeches and articles on the subject of railroads and the topography of the Rocky Mountain lands are masterpieces of scientific knowledge, classical allusions and sound practical reasoning. He called the valley "the garden of earth" and proved his faith in the lands by acquiring one of the largest of the Spanish land grants.

But whatever the nature of those visits to this Eden, good was worked in the end. Well-organized forces were at work developing the Spanish grants made to private individuals; what could be done on a large scale was attempted on a smaller one. The government established forts for the protection of the settlers, for the Utes had long regarded the valley as their winter hunting grounds and resented the presence of the whites. Too, it was Spanish land or still so regarded, and prospectors and hunters and outlaws, often one and the same,

found this a good field in which to indulge their hell-bent propensities.

The ill-famed Espinosas represented the latter class, and once, after they had committed a particularly atrocious crime on a man and wife who were traveling by ox wagon from Trinidad to old Fort Garland, Colonel Tappan, commander of the Fort, sent that picturesque old scout, Tom Tobin, to capture them. This he did, returning to the fort with both their heads in a sack. I have repeated the repulsive story as it was enacted rather than gloss it over that the character of those early days may be better understood. Severe measures were necessary as payment for foul deeds, and no way does Tom Tobin's act class the man as depraved or savage. His is probably one of the most interesting stories of all the old scouts and trappers of those days when each man wrote his own law.

Tobin had first come into the West in 1837, as companion of Lawrence P. Lupton to a post on the Arkansas called the "Wolf's Den," the same fur trader who afterwards founded Fort Lupton on the Platte. Meeting those intrepid adventurers and fur trappers, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and Jim Baker, he decided to join them in their fur trapping; with them he roamed from British America to the Gulf. He was employed as scout by Ruxton, the English traveler, later by Fremont. When Governor Charles Bent was murdered by the Indians in Taos, Tobin himself was taken prisoner but later allowed to go free. He had always shown himself the friend of the Indian as well as the white man, and as proof of his friendly relation with the better class of Indians, the Indian women made him a buckskin suit, elaborately beaded and trimmed with beautiful appliqué. Like Carson, he married a Spanish woman, and his daughter later

married Kit Carson's son William. His children and grandchildren still live in Alamosa, one of the latter affectionately known as "Young Kit." The old scout himself died only in 1905, and until the day of his death he treasured the buckskin suit as he did his Winchester, his two bowie knives and a revolver; as late as 1890 never appearing in public without these weapons. When old age crept on, he had them hung on his sitting-room wall together with his powder horn and bullet pouch.

Old Fort Garland, where Tobin lived before moving to Alamosa, as did Kit Carson when breveted Brigadier-General, was the first government fort in Colorado. It was first christened Fort Massachusetts when its location had been a few miles up the river. It served as headquarters for the valley, for the San Juans, and for two hundred miles up the Sangre de Cristos. Here Captain Gunnison was entertained, and it was here that Marcy's ill-fated band recuperated on their memorable journey from Fort Bridger in 1857. Besides being the home of Brigadier-General Carson for two years, the fort received such generals as Sherman and Sheridan for sojourns more or less lengthy. Here all the noted travelers of America and Europe were entertained when they came beyond the Missouri. But only a few adobe walls now remain to mark the old historic spot which as a fort was abandoned in 1883.

There had been ample excuse for a troop of government soldiers in the region at even that date, for the route from Trinidad to the San Juans was one periodically visited by the stage coach robber, while "Billie the Kid," the famous outlaw, plied his trade here with more or less success. A well-known novelist, writes me, "One month ago I returned from New Mexico, where I talked with the man who helped kill 'Billie the Kid' (the most

notorious bandit the West ever had), and with two men who rode by his side for years in the Lincoln County War. They told me that Billie never killed a man who did not need killing!" Still, if the latter proviso were enforced!

In sharp contrast to the outlawry that stalked unafraid through the bordering mountain sections of the peaceful valley were the early missions established here by the Catholic Fathers from Santa Fé. These brave Spaniards sought to form their first mission in the Valley on a branch stream of the Rio Grande, which they named Rio Conejos because of the number of rabbits in the vicinity. They knew of the spot as one where there had long been a thriving Indian village, and firm in their faith thought to convert the inhabitants to Catholicism. The mission was established but held only through many bloody struggles, the Indians soon objecting as elsewhere to what proved complete occupation of their land.

The old church of Conejos, Our Lady of Guadalupe it is called, still stands, a crude structure of adobe brick with an odd square tower that has windows as lookouts on each side. It has two rather good paintings, "Our Lady of Mount Carmel" and "Our Lady of Sorrows," which were brought from Spain to Mexico more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Lafayette Head had brought a colony of about fifty Mexican families here in 1854 when it was yet a part of New Mexico, and Spanish territory of course. In 1842 a grant of one million two hundred thousand acres was made to Luis Lee and Narciso Beaubien for colonization purposes, but on account of the unfriendliness of the Utes toward the already established mission settlements, few families could be persuaded to try their fortunes here.

Head had been commissioned a Major by the government, and troops assigned to his command to hold the Utes and Arapahoes in check. His influence was so effectual that he became a prominent figure in the southern part of Colorado, and was made the first Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, under Gilpin. After his term of Governor had expired, he returned to Conejos and on his huge ranch built a handsome home, known as the Head Mansion, still one of the showplaces of Conejos.

Because of the preponderance of Mexicans and Spanish-Mexicans in the early settlements, the Catholic bishops of Santa Fé kept in close touch with the religious life of the Valley. An order of the Catholic church, the Penitentes, took on peculiar interpretations of the object of their order. Always strict in their understanding of what "moral living" and doing "penance for their sins" meant, when the persecution of the priests took place in New Mexico and they were left without a head, their form of "penance" took on the nature of the greatest of excesses, even to crucifying men who broke the rules of the Society.

Finally the government took a hand, and with the aid of the Church many of the cruel practices were stopped. Bishop Lami, about fifty years ago, put new meanings into the rules of the society which has been in existence since their establishment in the Spanish possessions by the Franciscans four hundred and more years ago. He made the priest of each community the ruler of the branch, and the elective head the oldest man in the group who is called the *Hermano Mayor* or older brother.

The headquarters of the society is a place called the "Morado," and is always located in the depths of some solitary wood. Here is their chapel, and here their prayers are said and penance done. Their commonest

form of punishment is scourging themselves, and severe scourging has now taken the place of crucifixion. Fasting and bearing the cross go along with the scourging, which is done with cactus stalks or whips in which the smaller cacti have been tied. The man who scourges the thieves, drunkards, adulterers, is called the Celador. Holy Week is the time of their greatest penance, although Christmas and New Year also see the "Penitentes" undergoing severe trials.

Curious individuals secrete themselves in the forest to observe the horrible punishments inflicted and many are the weird tales they tell. The weak and weary penitents struggle onward with their crosses, whipping themselves and chanting as they go, falling from sheer exhaustion, but never giving up until their prescribed paths have been circled. Their fanaticism (and it must be understood that these strange believers are the most ignorant of Mexicans and half-breeds) leads them to great excesses and the duty of keeping them within reason — that is, if one can reconcile such beliefs with reason — falls very heavily on the priest in charge. Father E. E. Behiels of Alamosa is the present head of the valley societies, and there are branches located at Conejos, Capulin, Del Norte, Saguache, and San Luis.

The counties which make up the San Luis Valley are Costilla, Conejos, Rio Grande, Saguache and Alamosa. The largest city, Alamosa, is in the Valley's geographical center. Radiating from it like spokes in a wheel are the branches of the Denver and Rio Grande which serve the large farming and stock interests of the Valley — the Creede and Salida branches to the north and northwest, the road to Durango, to Santa Fé and to La Veta. The townsite of Alamosa is particularly beautiful as to the situation, level as a floor, and commands a gorgeous

panoramic view of the mountains that skirt the Valley. It is a division point for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and the car shops give employment to several hundred men. Too, it is the Valley's distributing point, and the shipping point for the ore from the mining camp of Creede.

We might think of this district with its average rainfall of nine inches as a dry arid waste; one of sage brush and sand, of mesquite and chaparral, the monotony occasionally varied with maguey, prickly-pear cacti saguaros rearing fluted columns now here, now there, and tall stiff yuccas or Spanish bayonets, such as it really is some distance to the south of Alamosa. For this valley-plateau is what might be described as a projection of New Mexico whose land characteristics generally fit the above. But the "terrestrial paradise" Pike saw in the spring has become a perennial one through the processes of irrigation from the streams, the lakes and from artesian wells.

It is interesting to reflect upon the changed opinion that has grown from a reversal of what before seemed fact. No less than the sound-minded John Bigelow, writing in *Harper's Magazine* in 1883 on the railway invasion of Mexico, speaks of the greater portion of that country of an elevation of five to seven thousand feet. "No people that deserve to be regarded as an active civilizing force," said he, "have ever flourished in so high an altitude."

But here in the Valley of the San Luis, where the elevation seldom falls to seven thousand feet, we find a soil rich in values upon which there has been bent the strongest of "civilizing forces"—that of earnest, intelligent, concentrated effort. Through scientific irrigation, not two, but a million blades of grass has been

made to grow where one was before. No wonder the best blood of the world is finding a path to its door; that scraggly "scrub" cattle have been displaced, not by "grades" but by full-bloods, usually the Hereford or White-face, as they are generally called. The same can be said of the sheep that fatten on a thousand hills, sheep that, like all the other farm animals, are being bred up to the highest standard of stock-judging points.

These "active civilizing forces," too, are at work in the scientific mining methods. Ore that was formerly tossed aside as not worth consideration is being re-treated. If the test shows the right character, oil flotation, the greatest mineral discovery of the ages, is used. Even the old Spanish workings on the west side of Sierra Blanca are being re-opened, and a concentration plant has recently been built on the south side of the mountain.

San Luis Valley has its greatest length in a north and south direction, and its defining lines are mineral lined mountains which converge at the north in what happens to be the range denominated as the Continental Divide. No one who has looked up to such inspiring, "everlasting hills" can but be lifted up himself to dreams of larger achievement.

David Starr Jordan in an address made at Colorado College a few years ago said that Colorado was a virile State, "one of earth's male lands, to adopt Browning's classification." I have grasped something of the force of the phrase when looking from the summit of peaks upon vast mountain fastnesses stretching without interruption beyond the human eye — knowing that strong men were burrowing far into their granite sides for hidden wealth. But no lesser meanings have I sensed when

viewing fields golden in their yield that once were "dry, monotonous" sand areas.

Perchance it has been this virile male-ness of the land that has forced onward many a faint heart that has repeatedly failed to strike "pay-dirt." The poor prospector, Nicholas C. Creede, had turned over many a boulder, many a shovel of dirt, no doubt, and yet his hopeful eye remained undimmed. In one of his wanderings in 1890, not far from Wagon Wheel Gap, he came upon pay-ore indications. "Holy Moses" he called the mine that made him a millionaire over night, and no doubt that was his excited ejaculation upon making his discovery.

Over night, too, brought with it the remnant of the flux of '49 and '59, plus the later crop of soldiers of fortune, one of whom at least is born every minute. Gold, silver, lead and zinc, these slopes of the Divide gave up, and the output ran from one to three millions a year. Each new mining camp is a repetend of the feverish ones gone before, and Creede was no exception — as Cy Warman said in one of his poems:

"It was day all day in the daytime
And there was no night in Creede."

Deep mining and newer methods of extracting ore are changing this camp that had settled down into the steady producing class to one that in 1916 showed an increase over the year before of one hundred per cent. The old "Holy Moses" is still a regular shipper, but such companies as the Commodore, which has erected a new and efficient electric power plant for sinking below their tunnel levels, and the Mineral County Mining and Milling Company that has adapted the famous Humphrey Mill to flotation requirements, have brought up

the production of concentrates, of very high quality leads and zincs, to a spectacular record. Fluorospar and potash are mined at Wagon Wheel Gap. The former is used as flux in the fusion of metals in steel works, and both are in great demand in all munition plants.

America lays claim to many "Carlsbads" but probably no springs in America approach as near the analysis of these famous Bohemian waters as do those of Wagon Wheel Gap. General Palmer as early as 1881 had pushed his railroad, the Denver and Rio Grande, to this romantic, health-giving retreat, although a stage line had been in operation from Alamosa since 1874. Here the General spent the greater part of his last years after an unfortunate fall from his horse.

Like thousands of others, he was ready to proclaim to the world the waters, the enchanting scenery and exhilarating mountain air, the miracle charms which had been appreciated by the Ute Indians before the white man's tread. The Wheeler National Monument, about ten miles from The Gap, draws annually a large number of visitors.

The waters of the Rio Grande Del Norte, to give its full name as known to the Spaniards, abound in trout. The fish hatcheries near Wagon Wheel Gap supply trout eggs, spawn, for every State in the mountain region and for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries. Millions of the eggs, the best to be obtained in America, are shipped to all the Western States, and before the war in Europe were sent to Italy, England, Austria and Japan.

Poncha Pass on the north, between the Cochetopa Hills and the Sangre de Cristo Range, is the logical entrance into this valley. The traveler finds himself in a fine cattle country. Great ranches and wide expanses of natural hay lands provide media for large fortunes in live-

stock. Villa Grove, Moffatt and Hot Springs are the largest towns and shipping points. Saguache, in the northwestern part, is reached by stage from Del Norte and Villa Grove; Crestone is a neighbor of Saguache, and, like it, is the center of agriculture and stockraising interests. Near are the mining towns of Orient and Bonanza, and a line is being built from the latter place to Salida that will delight the ore shipper.

Here in the Valley of the San Luis all foods necessary for human life are grown. Peas, beans — the “pinto” has all but become a gold nugget — wheat, oats, barley, alfalfa, these crops are marvelous. “Pigs, Peas and Alfalfa” is the motto of one of the Better Farmers Clubs in the Mosca district. Twenty-five hundred carloads of potatoes are shipped annually from the Monte Vista section alone. They go to the Pacific, and the Central and Southern States, where “San Luis Valley Potatoes” follow the “San Luis Pea-fed Meats” on the hotel menus and on dining-cars.

I have already spoken of the precious metals, the baser ones including vanadium, tungsten, graphite, which line the mountain walls, but there are riches more than can be grasped in the valley. Hints of these are seen in the many companies at work on promising oil prospects in the northeast, following the shale and clynes that outcrop across the Wet Mountains at Florence; in the white sand of the north end of the valley of the sort and quantity that would supply the world with glass.

Plainly, it is impossible to drain the valley of its resources. Its soil values apparently are inexhaustible, but as if to take care of her promises, Nature brings down from the timbered mountain sides coatings of rich black loam. The valley counties maintain an agricultural expert whose practical aid and advice have had



" PIGS, PEAS AND ALFALFA."

much to do with their development. A man with a little money, say two or three thousand, as the first year's start, will find the soil here to "back" him, the sun to "stake" him, and a rain-cloud harnessed to an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SILVERY SAN JUAN

SOME one has said that more country is standing on edge in the San Juan district than in any place in the world. That should settle it as a mining section or at least as not an agricultural one. But we shall see. At first, silver came to the mind when the name was mentioned — and it does now. Yet millions in gold have been taken from the rich quartz veins, and zinc, and lead, and radium; San Juan County alone, since 1882, when the Durango and Silverton railroad was completed, has shipped out precious and semi-precious metals valued at more than \$65,000,000.

Too, San Juan County, proud in its patrician inheritances, boasts that it is the only county in the State in which there is not a single farm. It is probably the only rural county in the United States in which farming is not carried on to some extent. Not to be outdone, Dolores County — the name has a lonesome sound, hasn't it? — comes up with the representation that she has fewer inhabitants to the square mile, the United States Census report showing a density of 0.6 per mile. Its total area is six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, five hundred and twenty acres and in 1910 its population was six hundred and forty-two, half of which was in the little mining town of Rico, the only incorporated one in the county.

These conditions of sparse population are primarily

due to the wild inaccessible nature of the region, certainly a parallel to its ruggedness does not exist in Colorado — no, nor in the United States. Our first description of the region comes from Escalante, that fearless father who hearkened to the request of Father Junipero Serra of the California missions, to come across from Santa Fé to the Pacific Coast. His route took him north to the San Juan River and then northwest across this river's several affluents. They bear the names today that he gave them, Piedra Parada, Los Floridas, Los Pinos, Las Animas. Into the fastnesses of the San Juan Mountains he went, on to the Uncompaghre, even to the Gunnison. Never a word did he say about the incomparable hardships he must have met in this wild region, and the conditions under which he at that date must have traveled. But he did have a great deal to say about the rugged beauty of the mighty mountains and their pinnaced heights, the charming and fertile valleys, and the graceful rivers and frequent cascades.

Geologists tell us that this region of the San Juan was the home of the first animals which lived on land. Hard by, are the remains of the Cliff-dwellers, certainly the oldest evidences of human habitation in America. The first Americans who penetrated into the region came to grief. Fremont was here on his disastrous expedition of 1848 when his pack-mules were all frozen to death on the top of the San Juan Mountains; his luggage he had to abandon, and the party dropped one by one from starvation as they wended their way down the San Luis Valley, their leader finally reaching Taos, New Mexico, after what would have killed an ordinary man. The Baker expedition met a similarly unfortunate fate from an overplus of faith in themselves,—their faith in the region was well enough founded. The beautiful ele-

vated valley at the head of Animas Canyon is called Baker Park after the man who so firmly believed the region was plated with silver and gold that he persuaded a man of some gold in the new gold region around Denver in 1860 to "grub-stake" him in this far off corner. On his way to San Juan from Denver through Pueblo, he literally shed his enthusiasm all the way until from one thousand to five thousand persons are said to have followed in his train, only in the end to be mowed down by the Indians.

Negotiations with the Utes, who looked upon this section as their special province, succeeded in quieting them to some extent, and when the government bought the land from them in 1873 prospectors poured into the region unafraid. Before this date, in 1870, Miles T. Johnson had discovered the rich "Little Giant" gold mine, but he kept his discovery quiet for two years. Only when the heavy pack trains of mules had reached the outer world was the yield disclosed. Then, the discoveries of two men, Brandt and Peterson, on the Rio Grande headwaters — they had flashed big gold nuggets in Denver and Pueblo — filled the southern mountains in the summer of '74 and '75 with hundreds of prospectors.

The developments showed the region was one not of pockets, simply deposits, or "blow-outs," but of mountains seamed with metalliferous veins so wide that the "outcropping streaks can be seen for miles." As was usual, the prospectors had no money, but depended upon the "dust" they found to pay for getting the ore to the railroad. Immediately, however, the capitalists were convinced of the richness of the region, surveys were made for railroads. The Durango and Silverton was completed in 1882; the Denver and Rio Grande came

over La Veta Pass from Pueblo. The question of ore transportation settled — the problem was a larger one in this section since often a third of the earth taken out proved “pay” — the region became a beehive of miners and mines.

The San Juan region was at first included within the bounds of Conejos County, the one founded by Lafayette Head. But when the development of the mines began, the counties of La Plata, Rio Grande, San Juan, Ouray, and Hinsdale were created; later, Mineral County was carved out of Hinsdale. Portions of Dolores, San Miguel and Archuleta are well within the region of the San Juan.

Travelers visiting this most colorful of all the mountain sections of Colorado, come into it over the Denver and Rio Grande from Pueblo through the Eden-like San Luis Valley; or from Canyon City, through the Royal Gorge, through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison to the Pacific slope of the Rockies at Montrose, then on down over a circular tour which is everything else but “down.” At no place is the elevation less than eight thousand feet, frequently the “valleys” are more than ten, sometimes twelve thousand, as in the case of Paradox Valley.

If we are taking the “all-rail” route from Ridgway, we go through Pleasant Valley up to the Dallas Divide of the Horsefly Mountains over the Rio Grande Southern, following the picturesque Leopard Creek all the way. With a last view at the mountains of Uncompaghre we coast down the Divide, circle Mount Sneffels (14,158 feet in height) to Vance Junction, where we are shunted onto the short mining road that takes us to Telluride, a mining camp eight thousand seven hundred and fifty feet in the air. One could spend weeks here winding, as do the pack mules, up and down the mountain sides

with their loads of precious metals from mines not possible to reach with a railroad.

Not possible, did I say? More truly, at present not practical; for one has only to cross Marshall Pass or La Veta Pass, cross or follow canyons, slip out of them or through them so easily we are not allowed to wonder how, to know that "need" has only to express itself and a "way" is found. "Take the message to Garcia," is all that has to be said. What a wonderful world it is! And the real world's wonder is the people in it.

Coming back to the junction from Telluride we pass Ophir Loop, and the Cathedral Spires, skirt Trout Lake, which is a fisherman's idea of Paradise, revel in the spray from Bridal Veil Falls at Pandora, marvel at that lone pinnacle called Lizard Head Peak which reminds us at a distance of those ancient telegraph or signal towers that border the Mediterranean and often stud the hilltowns of Italy. At Dolores one may leave the railroad for a trip to Mesa Verde or from Mancos a little farther on, which we shall do later.

We have been going through the La Plata Valley, richly timbered, grass-carpeted upon which large herds are grazing, and farm-lined, the irrigation ditches revealing the source of its reclamation. Along with the other rich metal-bearing counties of the San Juan, La Plata was formerly considered only a mining county. Even now interest centers chiefly in Durango, the county seat, where there are smelters that take care of most of the ore mined in the mountains to the north. Railroads radiate from here in four different directions, highways traverse the farming and mining districts of the five counties of the region — all bringing their products for market to Durango or for transfer shipments to Eastern markets.

But had I not left the all rail route at Ridgway, I should have missed an experience which boys or girls just out of college would characterize as "the time of our lives." But having lived — well — some longer, we know the last "time" is always the best; still, when we have again come into early youth — second childhood? — we may recall the memory of that trip on a Concord coach, for such it was, and again it may be the "time of our lives."

Alighting from the Denver and Rio Grande at Ridgway, I took a spur of this road to Ouray whence a "stage" ricocheted me to Red Mountain and Silverton. When I learned I was to have this experience of riding in a real Concord coach, not the Wild West Show kind, but one from which the driver would crack his long whip for the hostler to "give 'em their heads," meaning, let go the bridle of the leader of those six white horses, I thought much as I did when we first had negotiated mountain "loops," "bow-knots" and other engineering feats — that it was a "show" staged simply for entertainment.

We had gone on foot up a trail to overlook this city, the "Gem of the Rockies." It lay at the bottom of a cup whose inner sides were banded with shades of red from the most delicate pink to the deepest maroon, purple cast; where the light broke through from a canyon the sun made orange with his mixing brush. Thoroughly immersed as we were in these beauties of "still life," we felt nonetheless the entering of a new element of interest. Somewhere "action" was being added to the picture. Our eyes, all eyes at once became focused on "the stage."

Now, Ouray, though a mining town, takes its dignity very seriously. But it hasn't yet learned to be proof

against "the stage." With little variation it might have been a Leadville crowd that had gathered — the gone Leadville, you know. We had some excuse for our hurrying to the stage "stand." Our seats had been engaged — and there was a waiting list. I was denied the driver's seat; still, I shall never forget the ride. The horses were as lanky, as cantankerous at first, the driver as profane as I could have wished; we hugged the overhanging mountains or careened over brinks, devil-may-care fashion; halloo-ed around sharp-nosed curves for prospectors or pack-trains; exchanged the courtesies of the road with an incoming stage; passed mining camps that looked to be giving a good account of themselves, others, that yawned and gaped their story of a Fate that had played them false.

No more Romance in the world? Why, did I know I should never see the Rockies again, the Door of Hope would still hang ajar and in its sliver of light there would be pictured, if nothing else, this weird, wild trip on an old Concord coach through mysterious ways, poetic places and dim shadowy mountains. Talk of allurements, of necromancy — all is here. The call of the sea? Your ears have never *heard*, until you've listened to the Call of the Rockies. I know that is a strong statement, but it is one that comes from an outsider, from one who knows many lands.

Do you know that Colorado never had what is a familiar thing to most commonwealths — a boom? That she has had nothing but boosts? Perhaps some one is thinking now of that sign that sometimes followed the "Pike's Peak or Bust" lettering on the early prairie schooners. If so, I venture this assertion that the man who added "Busted" to it had gone to Colorado in that deflated condition in the first place. Colorado has al-



OURAY, "GEM OF THE ROCKIES,"

ways shown rich returns. If it was beaver skins that were wanted, they were there and supplied the trade as long as there was a market — until, as John Jacob Astor said, the silk tile put the beaver hat out of business. If gold was sought, it was given from the day of asking with yet no end in sight. If farming and allied industries were the choice, there was the soil adapted for them, and rain when needed through irrigation from the mountain streams. One can readily see there has never been an opening for the banal real estate booster. No burning sun nor blistering sand ever made even a wag say as one did of Texas: "Our only fight with Mexico should be to make her take Texas back." No political strife has there been to make an Ellen Lease say, as did that well-known Kansan of her State, "We should raise less h—l and more corn!" No, Colorado's advantages have been their own advertisement.

From Ouray to Red Mountain, to Silverton our Concord stage carried us over a thrilling mountain-trail. This was the stage road over which Barlow and Sanderson operated the Southern Overland Mail and Express. They met the Denver and Rio Grande at Alamosa, coming through Del Norte and Wagon Wheel Gap to Lake City, where they made connection with the Silverton lines. From Silverton to Ouray a stage ran in the summer months, a trip of eighty miles that could be covered on horseback by trail in thirty miles. Only this horse or burro trail was open in the deep of winter, for the snows are very heavy and stay long in the San Juan.

Wagon roads, too, extended from Alamosa to Silverton through Conejos and Pagosa Springs; from Lake City to Ouray, following Indian Creek and Cevolla. Barlow and Sanderson ran an open wagon line from

Saguache to Ouray. This latter line connected with one through several interruptions with a Leadville line. The man responsible for the building of these wagon roads was Otto Mears, a Russian, who came to Saguache in 1867. Seeing the need of some method of transporting the prospectors across to the San Juan from Saguache as they came into the San Luis Valley through Poncha Pass from the older mining fields, Mears, with the aid of Enos Hotchkiss, built the first road to Lake City. The "Slumgullion" road they built from Lake City to Del Norte, and one later to Alamosa. Mears's services to the State as a road builder have been given recognition by a full length portrait in one of the corridors of the state capitol at Denver.

This year a new wagon road is being built to the top of Mill Ranch Hill, an extension of the famous Red Mountain wagon road in the Mount Sneffels district. Its maximum grade of six per cent. is a great improvement over the eighteen of the old road, while a grade on the old Red Mountain road known as the Bear Creek Hill road, has been reduced from a grade of twenty-one to six. The high prices of ores recently have caused workings in mines that had lain idle for some time through high cost of production. By this is meant the increase of labor, the deeper the veins are probed; increase in price of labor; increase of machinery costs. With better prices for ores have also come new mining processes, dredgings, oil flotations, etc. Reduced road grades then take on new meanings — the \$20,000 and more per mile being well spent. But not only mining interests are served. Each of these new road enterprises opens up for the scenery-lover views stupendous in extent, marvelous in combination and coloring, and ravishing in beauty.

The monthly production of the Red Mountain district is marvelous. Few mines give a better account of themselves than The Genessee, The National Bell, St. Paul, Barstow and Ledge. In the Silverton district, Jack Slatery, a mine owner known wherever mines exist, keeps the Gold King adding to the bulk of tonnage from the San Juan. The family of the late Judge Terry, with the son, Joseph Terry, as manager, is keeping up the reputation of the Sunnyside mine as the steadiest producer in the district.

An example of some of the misfortunes that happen in mining districts is the hard luck of the Kittimac last year with a forest fire which burned out their tram lines; but the mine being a rich producer and well managed, the damage was soon recovered from. The entrance of the Tonopah-Belmont people into the San Juan triangle is of much interest. The most sensational discovery of recent years was the uncovering in 1916 of a forty-five foot vein in the famous old Columbus mine in La Plata County which had been closed down years ago when water flooded the old workings and pumping became prohibitive. The richness of the Sueno de Oro reminds one that with the Spanish meaning of the name — the whole mining region is a “Dream of Gold,” or its equivalent.

A little bit of history in connection with Camp Bird will demonstrate this. A recent biographer of the late Thomas F. Walsh tells of a visit of this well-known mining man to his holdings here:

“On a later trip Walsh went inside and carefully examined the walls of the vein, finding tellurium rich with gold. He broke off pieces of rock, filled his pockets, and carried away sacks of samples, which he took with him to Leadville to be assayed. He got samples that

assayed \$3,000 to the ton. That was in September, 1896. Returning, he set quietly to work and gathered in nearly all the claims in the Imogene basin, buying them on tax titles for \$10,000. He also paid Hubbard Reed \$10,000 for the Una claim. In this group of claims, the Gertrude and Una formed the most valuable portion and constituted the bonanza afterward named the Camp Bird mine, which yielded \$2,500,000 before Walsh sold out in 1902 for \$5,100,000.

"The Camp Bird has been one of the largest gold mines in the world. With the exception of the Portland, it was probably the richest mine in Colorado. The output of the yellow metal from the wonderful Camp Bird for a long time varied from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year. During the last twenty years, from 1879 to 1916, it has added \$25,000,000 to the money of the nation."

Many of the English owned mines have been closed down since the beginning of the European war because of the fifty per cent. war tax levied — a vein of gold or silver is like a bank account, you either draw upon it or you don't. But the famous Tomboy, owned by a London Gold Mine company, has kept steadily at work, paying thirty per cent., instead of the former sixty per cent., in earnings to its stock holders.

It may not be generally known that the world's greatest supply of radium-bearing ores is deposited in southwestern Colorado. These deposits go into Utah beyond the La Sal Mountains, as far west as Green River and south to the Moab district. The main deposits, however, are in and around the Paradox Valley. The ore itself is called carnotite, and with a not very definite chemical composition, miners, other than experts, will pass it by when masked by other minerals in the sand-

stone. It was left to the devotion of the School of Mines at Golden to discover proper means of analysis and means of extraction. The best estimates from the most conservative experts place the amount of the deposits in Colorado and Utah to be between one hundred and two hundred grams. But the fact that the ore is in deposits, pockets that are in limited extent and difficult of access because of the amount of drilling required, will not encourage prospecting unless the price paid for the metal is higher than it is at present.

The following from the *Rocky Mountain News* is revealing: "The history of the carnotite deposits is interesting. Those in San Miguel and Montrose Counties, have been known for a number of years. As far back as 1881, Andrew J. Talbert mined some of the ore and sent it back to Leadville where it was tested for gold, silver and copper. In 1887, Gordon Kimball and Thomas Lothin sent specimens to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, and they were informed the mineral contained uranium.

"A little later these men mined ten tons of high-grade ore and shipped it to Denver. In 1899, two Frenchmen Poulot and Boilleque, visited the Paradox Valley, collected specimens and sent them to Messrs. Friedel and Cumenge in France, who described the mineral as radium in the French journals. Poulot and Boilleque began operating a copper mine at Cashin in the Paradox Valley. They operated until 1902 and during this time produced about 15,000 pounds of uranium oxide. Their mill was started again in 1903 by the Western Refining Company but closed down in 1904. Shortly afterward the Dolores Refining Company built a new mill, but after running a few years, they too, shut down. The concentrate which was obtained by the Haynes and Engle process retained

the uranium and vanadium but refused to give up radium."

Vanadium steel enters largely into the manufacture of aeroplane parts, as well as those of submarines. Huge quantities have been used in the manufacture of armor plate for warships and as shields for armored motor trucks. Many parts of the forty-two centimeter German howitzers are made of it, while the lighter machine guns, especially aerial artillery, are almost entirely made of it.

"The method used by the mill was originated by Professor Engle of the Denver University, who had associated with him one of his pupils, Mr. Haynes. In 1912 the American Rare Metals Company acquired the mills of the Dolores Company and operated about a year. The method used was one patented by Professor Fleck, who was then at the Colorado School of Mines and had associated with him in his work Professor Haldane of the same institution. His method was the first one that took into consideration the recovery of radium."

Thus again is demonstrated the value of a School of Mines to a state. Too, the value accrues to the United States as a whole, an argument that should bring Federal aid large appropriations for the furthering of mining science.

But what of agriculture in the San Juan triangle? Last year on land "two years from sage brush" of the Kentucky Mesa, a colony of experienced farmers, but new comers to the San Juan, raised ninety to one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. Durango lambs "topped" the Kansas City market at \$9.35 per hundred weight on seventy-five pound lambs. A sugar beet test showed 19.4 per cent. sugar content, an argument that is expected to bring a sugar factory to them from the Great Western Sugar people. The height of the mountains render irri-



DURANGO LAMBES.

gation from the mountain streams an easy process; that is, where irrigation is needed, for this is the best watered section of Colorado, the average rainfall being from seventeen to thirty-five inches.

The high table lands or mesas, looked upon as arid and sunbleached sand, have been conquered by scientific farming. The apples and pears from these lands conquer a market wherever shipped; peaches, prunes, plums, cherries and berries reach a perfection and flavor unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

These are soul-swelling things that man has done in a semi-arid region by using the good brain God has given him. Here is a place for the soul's growth and expansion. Napoleon said, didn't he, that the soul was the measure of the man? Then, the transformation of this region reveals at least one thing—men who have come here to develop homes are men of souls, and big.

A grassy valley, stream or canal threaded, cottonwood fringed and mountain rimmed, is an inspiring sight—one calculated to be a constant source of ambitions for the man who lives among them or the one who as a traveler drinks it in at a gulp as his train whizzes through. We, the travelers, see the rich growth of native grasses covering these once thought-to-be worthless hills, feed not excelled anywhere for the growing of live stock. We know that over and beyond these hills there are other valleys almost without number, every one producing either in the natural state or under the plow for the farmer and the stockraiser. At every turn the traveler is thrilled with the wonderful development and possibilities of the region.

It does not matter whether this traveler is in the heart of this American Jungfrau or on a mesa; whether he has had the rare and unique experience of a thirty-mile

trip through the connected underground workings of Smuggler Mine and eaten his dinner with the miners at the mouth of Bullion Tunnel at the Smuggler-Union boarding house; whether he has admired the neat, sanitary miner's cottages in a valley of 12,000 feet elevation, with mountains surrounding — still high enough to “Oh!” and “Ah!” at; whether he has opined over the humanly paradoxical Paradox Valley across, not through, which a river flows; whether he is emerging from a Lost Canyon of the Rio de las Animas (River of Lost Souls) from the honey-combed Silverton out to a sweet pastoral scene at the foot of an up-edged mountain: in no place in the world will he have had the sum total of thrills as in the San Juan, and those, too, in a day when new sensations are as rare as radium.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ARKANSAS FROM GULCH TO PLAIN

FROM yellow metal to golden grain — that is the story of the Arkansas. Born in the royal halls of the Rockies, she has distributed largesse as befits one of mighty birth. To those whose haunts are in gulch and between canyons she has made gifts of free gold; silently, unostentatiously she deposited the yellow treasure under a boulder or in the eroded earth, laughing, whispering, murmuring to herself of the good she has done as she dashed on her way down the river bed; emerging from her mountain home she spread alluvia, as rich a wealth, out over the plains. Within an eagle's flight from her beginnings, we see broad valleys filled with orchards and homes, pastures of cattle and fields of waving grain — all sprung into being under her influence.

Lieutenant Pike had gone up the Arkansas from the present site of Canyon City to its headwaters; Fremont crossed over the Park Range at "Fremont's Pass," and followed the stream down to Bents Fort below Pueblo; trappers found it a *cache* of wealth for them in its beaver-lined banks; while the Indian knew its widening walls in the upper reaches to be an impregnable fortress.

This same valley where canyon walls had widened out at the foot of Mount Massive, provided truck farms for those less fortunate in the digging for gold in California Gulch. Leadville sprang into existence over night, and of the thousands who had poured over the

range from the gold district around Denver many continued down the stream to find fortune in rock wall or the rich valley lands. Many came up the Arkansas who had traveled to the Pike's Peak region over the Santa Fé trail. Buena Vista, Salida, and Canyon City, were formed from the overflow at the north and the upward trend from the south. Aside from the rich mines of gold and silver and zinc and copper, the thrifty farms and grazing lands in the broad open valleys around Salida and Canyon City, there are found here before the river reaches the plains, some of the world's greatest mountain marvels.

Canyon City is so called because it is at the mouth of the "Grand Canyon of the Arkansas." There is no chasm or rift between mountains in the world so strictly true to name. Take the word itself, as it comes from the Latin, *canna*, a cane; in the Spanish, it becomes *canyon*, a tube. In other well-known canyons, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, for instance, the aridity of the region is responsible for the erosion which has broadened and widened the fissure until no connection exists, no picture is called up by the word. Here in the *canyons* of the Arkansas, so tube-like is the aperture, one may safely so call it, that an aëroplane flying at a level close to its rim would make nothing of it except a blurred crack in the granite walls.

The tube-like nature of the canyon is due to the great height or elevation from which the river descends on its short way to the plain, a distance of little over a hundred miles as the crow flies, with a fall from the sides of Mount Massive, itself over fourteen thousand feet to four thousand at the plains opening. Helen Hunt Jackson's description of the Royal Gorge surpasses any I have ever read. We who have viewed the canyon

from above or passed through it at its base are able to recreate from the writing the scene and the thrilling sensations which such awe-inspiring splendors have made indelible on the consciousness.

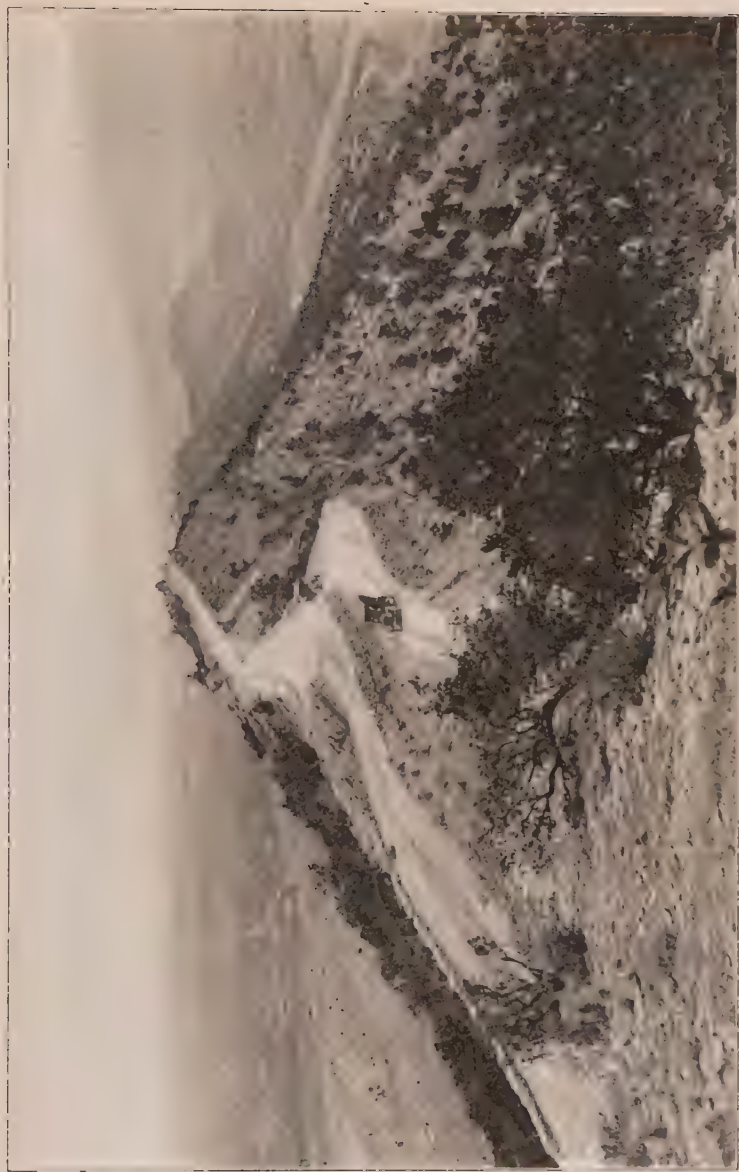
She says there is nothing "pretty" about the scene. "From the moment when you first reach the top of the grand amphitheatre-like plateau in which the rift was made, until the moment when you stand on the very edge of the chasm, and look dizzily over and down, there is but one thought and one sense — the thought of wonder, the sense of awe. The uncultured mind today is but one remove from the savage mind in its feelings when confronted with nature at her grandest. I do not know what Indians inhabited the region of the Arkansas River a half-century ago; but I would hazard the statement that they held many an unhallowed rite on the edge of the abyss and believed that the bad Spirit lived in it.

"I said that the plateau in which the rift was made was amphitheatre-like. The phrase is at once a good and a bad one — bad because it is hardly possible for the mind to conceive of the amphitheatre shape without a good deal of limitation in size. . . . To picture to one's self an amphitheatre whose central shape shall be measured in tens, twenty, and thirties of miles, shall be varied by meadow parks and the forests which enclose the parks, and whose circling tiers of seats shall be mountain ranges, rising higher and higher, until the highest, dazzling white with snow, seems to cleave the sky, rather than to rest against it — this is not easy. From every hill-summit that is gained the amphitheatre effect is more and more striking, until at last its tiers of mountain walls are in full view — south, west, north and east. Then it is that, walking along through the groves of piñon-trees and seeing so far and so clear in

all ways, one wonders where can be the canyon. . . . Then, looking southward, one sees a few rods ahead a strange effect in the air. There is no precipice edge visible as yet; but the eye perceives that just beyond there is a break, and there against the sky looms up a wall whose base is out of sight. It is strangely near, yet far. Between it and the ground you stand on is a shimmer of inexplicable lights and reflections. This wall is the further wall of the Grand Canyon. A few steps more and you look in. You have been already for some minutes walking on ground which was only the surface of an outjutting promontory of the nearer wall.

“Twelve hundred feet below you roars the Arkansas River, pent up in a channel so narrow that it looks like a brook one might ford. . . . Now the wall rises abruptly from the water — so abruptly that it looks as if it might reach as many hundred feet below as above. Now it is bare rock, lined, and stained and furrowed as if wrought by tools; now it is cleft from base to top, as if streams had leaped over and worn pathways for themselves. . . . The rocks are all granitic, the prevalent tint being red or gray, with sharp markings of black. . . . Again and again you come out upon points from which no river can be seen, so sharply do the walls turn and shut off the view both ways. The farther west you go, the wilder and more terrible the abyss becomes, until the walls begin to slope down again to the western plain or park through which the river has come.”

When Mrs. Jackson (she was then Helen Hunt) visited the top of the Royal Gorge in 1875, this far-famed rift was not known to the thousands of sightseers as it is today and access to it was by ways devious and difficult. Now, it can be reached by a charming eight mile



THE SKY LINE DRIVE, CANYON CITY.

drive, and too, the awing spectacle is discovered to be more than twice the depth quoted,—two thousand six hundred and twenty-seven feet to be exact.

At Canyon City one may face to the west and say, “Here lies the Gateway to the Rockies”; or he can turn about and say with equal truth he is at the gateway of the plains. A trip to the Sky Line Drive, a marvelous piece of road engineering traversing the crest of a rocky ridge of the mountain overlooking the city, lays both out in front of him. The view obtained from this drive gives one a new idea of the bigness of things. To the west, lies a deep narrow valley filled with garden tracts, the Green Horn Range of mountains and the world-known Royal Gorge; to the north, Pike’s Peak and the great gold camps of Cripple Creek; forty miles to the south, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains with their summit wreathed in eternal snow; to the east, the greatest producing coal and oil fields of the West and seven distinct towns in view, one of which is Canyon City, surrounded by orchards and green fields which reflect the industrial value of the Arkansas River.

One of the towns within view of the Sky Line Drive from Canyon City is Florence. Too, it is on the Arkansas River, and surrounded by scenic beauties; but if it be true that man cannot live by bread alone neither can he live on scenery, although the very presence of mighty mountains and mighty chasms, wreathed about by atmospheric conditions that produce polychromatic colorings, have made many a mighty soul forget the cankering ills of body and spirit. Here the region is thrice blessed: not only is bread provided from the fields of wheat, but it has the distinction of being one of the most important fruit-growing sections in the State. This is due to the large percentage of sunshine in this lower part of the

lower valley of the Arkansas, greater than in any other similarly mountain shielded district, unless it be in the San Luis Valley. This accounts for the quality and quantity of the apples grown, for the varieties of small fruits — strawberries from Florence rank with any in the world. And the Arkansas waters are the alchemizing influence. Truly, Florence flowers from its flow.

We leave the oil-derricks behind, themselves monuments to the industry which has been a prolific one since 1860, and pass down a valley whose transportation is cared for by both the Denver and Rio Grande and the Santa Fé, to where the junction of the Fontane-quebouille with the Arkansas is memorialized by the marvelous city of Pueblo. "The Pittsburg of the West" it is called, because of its large manufacturing interests. Yet, it lacks all of the sinister suggestions of its eastern prototype as regards smoky conditions and shadowy doings of the "*nouveau riche*." Few cities are as clean and well governed.

As El Pueblo the present day city first knew itself. Some Mexicans came up from Taos, built adobe huts and began farming in a crude way. The soil they found rich, and irrigation from the Arkansas easy. But the Indians of the Rockies not only hated Mexicans but they resented anything that resembled a settlement within what they regarded as their territory; they looked upon it as a bad precedent to allow them to remain, however inoffensive they were. So they harassed them, drove their stock off, forced them to give up the products of their farming and ended in terrorizing them until they were glad to escape into New Mexico. Fremont wrote of stopping at the fort — all early settlements made in the Indian country were protected with some sort of

stockade or fort-like buildings — on his second expedition as he came down the Arkansas in 1844. It was here at the junction of the Fontane-que-bouille and the Arkansas that Pike had built his rough stockade, and left all but three of his party which he took with him on his unsuccessful ascent of the Peak. Yet when Major Long came by in 1820 no sign of such a fort was to be found. Hunters and trappers found this a convenient place to establish headquarters, and the nearness to the trading post of Bents Fort, a few miles below, added to its popularity. But with the dwindling of the fur trade went all efforts at maintaining a post here.

A mulatto named Jim Beckwourth, often mentioned in annals of Kit Carson, Bridger and Wootton's career, had married an Indian wife and thought to make his home at the joining of these two rivers whose soil character he had learned well from scouting and reconnoitering for Fremont and other expeditioners into the Rockies. As protection, his adobe huts — he had gathered a number of congenial spirits around him — were surrounded by a stockade built of cottonwoods placed solidly as uprights. But, although the Indians seemed friendly for a period, they wound up by burning the fort (it had been called Fort Napeste, Indian for Arkansas) and killing all the inhabitants.

Before its destruction, Fort Napeste was the rendezvous for people crossing the plains. In 1846, when the Mormons had been forced out of Independence, Mo., into Iowa and, later, by advice of their sacred writings had gone to Utah, they sent a party of their number to winter at Pueblo. But their hardships had been great. So Pueblo became the burying ground of many during the winter. They erected houses; there were several births and as many marriages, yet by spring they were

again on their way to Salt Lake to join the migration that had preceded them.

It was only natural that the location of the present city should make its appeal to some of the many who were on the wild goose chase, as many grew to regard it, after gold into the Pike's Peak region. In the winter of 1859-60 some who camped for the night remained to stay permanently. The little colony was of slow growth, although it went through all the form of surveying and laying out of streets. The Civil War acted as a check, and in 1867 the town numbered scarcely fifty people. But with the rumors of a railroad came new settlers. The settlement boasted a North and a South Pueblo in 1872 when the Denver and Rio Grande reached it—it had been only by dint of much planning and a bonus of \$100,000, a large sum in those days for a community to raise, that the road was prevailed upon to pass through Pueblo instead of Canyon City, a shorter detour from the mountains.

The coming of the Santa Fé Railroad in 1876 was deserving of a festival day, and people poured into Pueblo from every corner of the surrounding States. The results of such advertising were apparent at once. Developments came thick and fast and more railroads were called for. Today, Pueblo is well along toward being the industrial and commercial center of the region between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. At no city in this vast territory is there such a centering of trunk lines, Pueblo having the Denver & Rio Grande, the Rock Island, Colorado and Southern (C. B. & Q.), Colorado, Kansas, Colorado & Wyoming, Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fé, both from the East and the South. Pueblo is the only natural location for the gathering and distributing of raw material in the Rocky Mountain

region, providing a down-hill haul from all points of production.

By the same process of reasoning, Pueblo is the center of a trade district that takes in southern, western, eastern Colorado, the Oklahoma northwest, northwestern Texas, western Kansas and the greater part of New Mexico and Utah. Over five thousand railroad employees make their home in Pueblo, the million dollars a month in freight charges accounting for such a number of employees being needed.

The largest industry and corporation in Colorado, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, is located at Pueblo. Last year this company added coke ovens that cost \$2,000,000 to their immense plant, the steel works of which are the marvel of the country. Three-fourths of the coal used within a radius of five hundred miles is taken from the Pueblo coal fields, Pueblo lying at the apex of a sector of seventy-five miles radius, within the limits of which lies the greatest coal region of the West. Pueblo has large brick plants, stove foundries, machine shops, wire fence factories, implement factories, canning factories, packing houses and many other valuable industries.

These factories supply needs outside of the State, many of them making foreign shipments, and since the European war such calls have increased. But, in the main, Pueblo seeks to serve the needs of her own State, and the proximity to cheap fuel has been first aid. The demands of an agricultural section such as the Arkansas Valley take care of a large percentage of her manufactured products. Some idea of the richness and desirability of the lands of the Arkansas is given by the figures of the Land Office located at Pueblo. Last year over five thousand applications for land were received, and

over four thousand granted; over a million and a half acres of land were parceled out with about a million left open in the Land District to settlers.

These figures show several things. One, the extent of territory of only one part of Colorado and the extent of land yet open to settlement. Another, the care of the State in restricting the character of those applying for lands. Not only must the register of the Land Office be convinced that the applicant is a bona fide settler, not acting for some company who wishes to secure large bodies of land, but the prospective citizen of Colorado must show he has means of his own to carry him through the initial period of establishing himself. The same careful scrutiny is applied to each applicant for a homestead throughout the Colorado Land Offices.

One of the problems the Land Offices had to meet was the question of title where the land in view was a portion of one of the old Spanish Land Grants. After the close of the Mexican War, the United States found itself in possession by treaty of Spanish and Mexican Land Grants lying in the States of California, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado, and even Wyoming. The grants lying within the State of California were adjudicated by a commission established soon after California became a state. The titles to the grants in the other States were cleared by a special United States Court, created by Act of Congress, known as the United States Court of Private Claims which was in existence from June, 1891, to December, 1904. The Judges of this court were Wilbur F. Stone, of Colorado, Henry C. Sluss, of Kansas, Thomas C. Fuller, of North Carolina, Joseph R. Reed, of Iowa, and William W. Murray, of Texas. This court adjudicated about two hundred

claims to private land grants in the six States over which it had jurisdiction.

The principal claims in Colorado were the "Tierra Amarilla," extending from New Mexico into the southern part of Archuleta County, Colorado; the Sangre de Cristo Grant, Costilla County, Colorado; the Costilla Grant, now referred to as the "Costilla Estates" and undergoing a wonderful development; the Maxwell Grant, extending from New Mexico into Las Animas County, Colorado; the Luis Maria Baca Grant No. 4, Saguache County, Colorado, and the Vigil, St. Vrain, Nolan Grants in Pueblo County. There were several smaller grants adjudicated, some of them lying entirely in Colorado and some of them extending from New Mexico into Colorado.

These grants lay principally in that portion of Colorado which was included in the State of Texas — it followed the line of the Rio Grande — when that State joined the Union, and include the territory lying south of the Arkansas River and the narrow strip extending through the west central part of Colorado into Wyoming. The titles to a considerable number of these land grants were confirmed by Acts of Congress before the establishment of the United States Court of Claims. The provisions by which this court was created prevented the court making inquiries into the titles thus confirmed. Among these was the famed Maxwell Grant and the Luis Maria Baca Grant No. 4.

The Maxwell Grant was originally a munificent gift from the governor of New Mexico, Manuel Armijo, in 1841, to his friends, the Castilian brothers, Don Guadalupe Miranda and Don Carlos Beaubien. "Three square leagues," the document read, the measurements used being the old Spanish land league (*legua*) of 4.23 kilo-

meters or 2.63 miles, and according to the Surveyor-General's report, 1,714,764 acres. Don Carlos bought out his brother, and Lucien Maxwell who had married Señorita Luz Beaubien, daughter of Don Carlos, became manager. By inheritance after his father-in-law's death, Maxwell came into ownership of the largest private estate in America. Most of this land has since been divided.

The Luis Maria Baca Grant No. 4, was a lieu land grant made by the United States Government because of a conflict over the boundaries between the original Maxwell grant and the Las Vegas Grant in which the city of Las Vegas, New Mexico, is now located. Because of the difficulty in adjudicating this conflict, it was finally agreed that Baca, who belonged to one of the most noted Spanish families of New Spain, should accept about four hundred thousand acres of government land within the territory of the United States in lieu of his other claims. He selected four tracts of land, one of which was located in western Saguache County, Colorado, containing about one hundred thousand acres. It has long since passed into the hands of American owners and a portion of it has been cut up into smaller tracts. It forms one of the richest sections of the garden-like San Luis Valley.

The Sangre de Cristo Grant was made to a Frenchman named Bovian and a Spaniard named Miranda. In 1864, William Gilpin, Colorado's first territorial governor, secured possession of the tract. The Costilla Grant lay to the south of the Sangre de Cristo, extending into Mexico. The Tierra Amarillo was a very large grant, lying mostly in New Mexico. These three just mentioned were the largest in Colorado to be adjudicated by the Land Court. The Vigil and St. Vrain Grant was made by the Spanish government to six men, but

has always been known by the names of the first two appearing on the title. Vigil was a Spaniard and many of his descendants still live in Colorado, especially in Las Animas County. Colonel St. Vrain was a well-known French explorer of St. Louis; his name is frequently met — the river of St. Vrain, a tributary of the Platte, probably taking its name from the fort of that name which was established at the time St. Vrain was actively engaged with the Bents' in the fur trade. One grant, the St. Vrain, was made outright to him. The Nolan Grant just south of the city of Pueblo is now included within the city limits.

The Las Animas tract, probably a blanket term covering the several grants north of the Maxwell Grant as far as the Arkansas, and between the Las Animas and St. Charles tributaries, was subdivided into leases for cattle companies, the largest being the Hermosilla Rancho of one hundred thousand acres. Maps of the early statehood period show the existence of many "ranchos" of varying sizes, no doubt: Anderson's Rancho, Barry Rancho, Cody Rancho, Cook Rancho, Dog's Rancho, Dry Rancho, Horn Rancho, and many others.

Within the last two years the cattle range in Las Animas County has been very much broken up. Where formerly was only one well-developed farming community — that of the Sunflower Valley on the Purgatoire, Picketwire in its Americanized vulgarized form — there are several. Homesteaders discovered that on the slope of the eastern foothills there was a sandy, easily worked soil, and domestic water at no great depth. Too, for all they raised there was a market near in the coal mining camps which exist in the foothill region.

Farmers Clubs have had much to do in dispersing

the knowledge each gains from his experience in dry farming and in learning to co-operate with the county agricultural agent. One of their most profitable crops is the Mexican Pinto bean, the yield amounting to from three hundred to one thousand pounds to the acre. With the present high price forced by war conditions, it will be seen that at eight to fourteen cents a pound, an excess price in retail at other times, the farmer is doing well, with no expense, too, for water. Alfalfa, a good dry-land crop, can be cut three times per year. The roots can find water at from ten to twenty feet. A good well location for domestic water can often be determined by the special luxuriance of the alfalfa in a certain part of the field.

Sudan grass is a good forage crop and grows as well here at altitudes of 6,000 feet as on lower levels. Wheat and oats are also grown for feeding the dairy cattle from which much profit is derived in butter and milk products. A market is always ready in the many coal and other mining camps.

The city of Trinidad, the center of interest in Las Animas County, has since the beginnings of the Santa Fé trading days occupied a unique position in the history and development of Colorado and the whole Southwest. Although this trade with Santa Fé was interrupted by Indian wars and the Civil War to a certain extent, still Trinidad was never without its hordes of wagon trains that here found supplies — wild meat and game of all kinds — and rest for the caravans that were crossing the plains with government munitions and army supplies for the outposts in New Mexico and Arizona.

Today it has a million dollar water system, a \$100,000 federal building, a city hall that cost as much, and a \$300,000 courthouse, electric railways and numerous fac-

tories. Contrast this picture with the adobe huts that made up the place where ox trains wound in and out its dirty streets which were lined with lazy, lounging Mexicans in the old Santa Fé Trail days. There are many Mexicans in the city's population today, but of a very different *genre*. Casimero Barela, a man of Mexican birth and of strong character and excellent education, has been one of the most powerful factors in development not only of his section but of the State itself. He represented his county in territorial legislature in 1872 and 1874, was a member of the constitutional convention in 1875, was elected to the first state senate. His services as a state legislator have been continuous up to 1916 when he retired. He was considered one of the worthies whose portrait should adorn the dome of the State Capitol, along with Gilpin, Denver, William N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, William J. Palmer, railroad builder, and others connected with the building of the State.

A population of fifteen thousand with bank deposits aggregating \$6,000,000 tells its own story as to the section's resources. That its inhabitants know how to live can be gathered from the attention paid to the development of its scenic features.

Trinidad is located at the foot of Fisher's Peak which rises to an elevation of ten thousand feet. The Sangre de Cristo Range, fourteen thousand feet, is only a few miles distant, and, always snow-crowned, adds to the wonderful setting of the city. It also supplies the city's water. Here at the base of the Sangre de Cristos lies the beautiful "Stonewall" country and here Trinidad has but recently acquired a Mountain Park at what is known as the Stonewall Gap. A magnificent highway has been built by the city to the park, thirty miles distant.

The charms of this mountain playground are unique and beautiful. A peculiar wall-like formation of white stone extends the length of the valley back against the mountain side, rising to a height of two hundred feet.

I recall few automobile drives that have held for me the calm, sweet charm under the influence of such a panoramic display of large scenic grandeur. Here, a turbulent mountain stream, shaded by forest monarchs; back against the mountain side, this peculiar wall of white stone, broken occasionally into "Devil's Stair-Steps"; forest-covered, real mountains behind the wall, and beyond — that mighty mountain range, always snow-white, yet reflecting the red-yellow-red rays of the sun until we, too, broke into the exclamatory Spanish utterances of "Sangre de Cristo! Sangre de Cristo!" — The Blood of the Christ!

An automobile highway that is worth a trip to Southern Colorado is one called the Circle Spanish Peaks Highway. Starting at Trinidad and up the Las Animas Valley, through the Stonewall country it skirts the base of the famed Spanish Peaks — which I always seek out, if the day be clear when I have taken a trip to the summit of Pike's Peak — passes the Cuchara camps, goes through the town of La Veta, and still keeping in the Cucharas Valley to Walsenburg, the county seat of Huerfano County and the center of a large coal district, the return is made to Trinidad over the great North and South Highway. This highway was built by convict labor and from Trinidad on to Raton, New Mexico, forms a part of the National Old-Trails Ocean to Ocean Highway; a continuation of the North and South Highway is made from Raton to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Arkansas Valley proper begins where the river breaks away from the mountains through the triumphal

effort of the Royal Gorge and extends to the Kansas line. But the river gathers its waters first from snows that melt in the canyons of that almost uncanny emblem of the Mount of the Holy Cross; it is contributed to by snows and rains of practically all the mountains in the center of the State. These rivers of the southern counties, Las Animas, Huerfano and others, also contribute, but distribution by the Arkansas has begun long before in the canals and ditches that radiate from the river, even above Canyon City.

The larger canals of the Valley are: the Amity, Lamar, Pawnee, Kicking Bird, Comanche, Lone Wolf, Buffalo, Otero, High Line, Colorado and Fort Lyon, the latter being one hundred and thirteen miles long. These either parallel the river or are carried twenty or more miles away from it. Great altitudes are reached by means of machinery and high dry mesas are often as well-watered as lower levels. The aggregate length of these larger canals is one thousand and forty-nine miles, with the larger laterals, two thousand three hundred and eighty miles; their maximum water capacity is one thousand three hundred and twenty-six cubic feet per second. They distribute in turn to four hundred and fifty-five ditches that criss-cross the irrigable land. All canal associations and companies employ "ditch-riders" who see that every farmer gets his right amount of water.

Some of the canals feed the storage reservoirs for there are seasons when the flow runs low from the river. The large sugar companies on what is known as the "sugar road" of the Santa Fé have numerous reservoirs of differing capacities. The American Sugar Company have many near Rocky Ford, and in Otero and Bent Counties. Not far from Lamar will be seen five belonging to the Holly Sugar and Land Company on

the borders of Prowers and Kiowa Counties. They contain enough water when filled to cover one hundred and eighty-five thousand acres a foot deep. They have sixty miles of shore line and their greatest depth is ninety feet. The system which commands this flow is one of the marvels of the age. The intakes and outlets of these reservoirs are of cement, and where the water is to be carried to canals below, there is a cement drop to break the fall. Should a natural stream of water cross the path of the canal, the water is carried underneath by a siphon; sometimes instead, the water is carried over the stream by a system of viaducts. At Fort Lyon, where the water is diverted from the Arkansas into the huge canal there, the company has built a dam of cement and bolted it to solid rock, twenty feet below the surface. The headgate also is set in bedrock. The Holly Company have invested as much as \$2,000,000 in this private system of irrigation.

The introduction of the sugar beet industry has caused the population to increase very rapidly in the Valley. The four large sugar factories take care of hundreds of laborers the year around, while the success of the section with sugar beet has caused large extensions in land ownership and irrigation systems. The farmer contracts with the company for his output at the rate of \$5.00 a ton (more if the percentage of sugar warrants it), and his land, if properly cultivated and irrigated, yields from ten to thirty tons. Such a thing as a sugar beet crop failing is unknown where the soil is suited to the beet. However, the ground is quickly impoverished under the beet growth, unless alternated with some other crop. Alfalfa is thus always a mainstay of farmers in Colorado, both because of the high price it commands and because it enriches the soil, being a legume. The farmer

is glad to grow alfalfa one season and then beets the next, assured of rich returns in either case.

Barley, oats, and wheat yield marvelous returns on the irrigated lands in the Valley. The Colorado canneries show by their shipments something of the possibilities of Colorado in the raising of vegetables and fruit. The Arkansas Valley provides such products as celery, cabbage, cantaloupes, cauliflower, cucumbers, eggplant, onions, beans, peas and tomatoes — seven million two hundred and fifty thousand cans of the latter per year being credited to this section, while it is said that the Colorado pea is the only variety of canned pea in America which approaches the superior French product.

We saw that Florence was the home of the cherry and Canyon City of the apple. They are raised with great success throughout this region, as are currants, grapes, plums, peaches, and pears, while it is the world's melon valley, Rocky Ford being the center where the cantaloupe and the watermelon reaches absolute perfection. Other sections of the United States have profited both by the seed of the melon grown here and the method, but none have been able to equal the flavor. Melon Day at Rocky Ford is an annual festival visited by thousands and it is a sight not soon to be forgotten — those pyramids of bright green watermelons, the artistically arranged cantaloupes, all for consumption on the spot, and as Riley wrote, "The more to eat was the more to spare."

Much of the Eastern section of Colorado is classified by the government as semi-arid lands. The "Carey Land Act" was passed to aid just such sections where they are too far removed seemingly from irrigating waters, where dry-farming is not possible and where the rainfall is insufficient. Upon proofs sufficient to satisfy the Secretary of the Interior that sufficient water can be

developed — from artesian wells or other sources — to irrigate and reclaim desert lands, patents will be issued to a State for lands not exceeding one million acres, such lands to be parceled out in lots of not less than twenty, nor more than one hundred and sixty acres.

Colorado has already entered into contract with the government, placing such land under the Board of Land Commissioners, with a fixed price of fifty cents an acre, one-half due upon entry at Land Office, the remainder when final proving day has come. A large body of land in Baca and Prowers Counties under management of the Two Buttes Irrigation and Reservoir Company have already been entered and with surprising results to the settlers from the start. Colorado might be said to "mother" her population as do few States. Taxes are hardly worthy of the name. The tax levy for state purposes is four mills and on a valuation not to exceed one-third, more frequently one-fifth. School levies never exceed two cents, often half that. When it is known that \$15 is the tax valuation placed on irrigated land that could not be bought for less than \$75, more often \$125 an acre, one can see the farmer has no fear of being "taxed to death."

On the state line in Prowers County will be found one of the finest dairy sections anywhere. The Helvetia Milk Condensing Company handles the production from ten thousand cows. The farmers understand the superiority of alfalfa over other forage crops, and the advantage of silos, usually built here underground.

In Bent County, such returns as from \$100 to \$500 an acre are frequent from cantaloupes; \$400 to \$700 for apples; sugar beet \$150 to \$300; alfalfa, the hay, \$50 to \$70, while if fed, the returns can be multiplied by six to ten, dependent always upon the intelligence of the



BRIDGE OVER THE ARKANSAS AT LA JUNTA.

farmer. It was Otero County that gave fame to the "Rocky Ford cantaloupe." Some of the most important of the canals of the Arkansas Valley traverse this county; while the prosperous towns of La Junta, Swink and Rocky Ford have each made themselves known outside the State by their brick and tile plants, their Holly Sugar Company factories, and American Sugar Beet Sugar Company factories, respectively. Fowler, in Otero County, is the home of the Omer Irrigation District and Reservoir Company which has a capacity of forty thousand acre feet of water.

Cattle and sheep run in the open the year around in Baca County, the extreme southeast county of the State; what feeding found necessary is with such foods as cured Kaffir, milo, and, lately, Sudan grass. Water from artesian wells in the eastern part of the county is revolutionizing farming in that section, while the Two Buttes Irrigation system waters about sixteen thousand acres in the northeastern part, wheat, rye and corn doing well in the soil here.

It is a far cry from the agriculturists who live on these farms which are literally oases in this once Great American Desert, to the thousands, yes, thousands who about twenty-five years ago were induced to seek fortune in Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado by the type of Land Agent who flourished at that time like the famed bay tree. Now, the State is the Land Agent, and you do not have to look up his character — instead he looks up yours! Result — the class of farmers has no superior in the United States, and their well built homes, barns, orchards, fields and automobiles are proofs of the assertion.

CHAPTER XIX

THE VALLEY OF THE GRAND

I AM finding it increasingly to analyze coldly — any analysis must be given coldly, without emotion — a single section of Colorado. For instance, every peak, mountain range, pass, park, mesa, valley or plain, without any exception might well be called “The Grand.” Fortunately, here, in the name of the river that forms this valley, is a relief for the emotions, since “The Grand” is a concession both to fact and fancy.

This river is the largest one in Colorado. It has its birth in the largest lake in Colorado. Fittingly, its name is Grand Lake; it is balanced at an altitude of nine thousand feet on the slope of the highest range of the Rockies, the Continental Divide. As if playing with distinctions, this lake boasts of a Yacht Club House. Think of it! Our idea of yachts and yachting is associated with the ocean — sea levels. Yet the yachts and motor boats racing are not toy affairs. Their rank in the sport world is such that Sir Thomas Lipton, prince of yachtsmen, who is a member of the Club, each year gives a cup for the winner of the Grand Lake races. This Lake is within the border of the Rocky Mountain National Park. But as if recognizing the river's individuality, the government, when setting apart this wonderland, brought its bounds up to the banks of the lake's outlet — the Grand River, of course — allowing it to flow on undefined and unconfined.

And on it flows through a country as diversified in

Eagle River Canyon.



riches and beauties as one could think. The State has called the first political division through which it runs, Grand County. Almost, in outline, it is the "Middle Park," one of the few physical divisions noted by the early physiographers. After leaving the Park Range Mountains which form the west boundary of Middle Park, the river may be said to bid the mountain ranges good-bye, yet the scenic beauties of the canyons and mountain slopes are all but breath-taking far out beyond Glenwood Springs and the Great Hog Back Plateau.

The first large tributary of the Grand is the Eagle River, rising on the other side of Tennessee Pass from where the Arkansas has its beginnings. (Truly, the Rockies deserve the name "Mothering Mountains," sometimes given them by the Indians.) Into Eagle County the Grand River has come along with the Denver and Salt Lake Railroad which it "picked up" near Sulphur Springs. It almost goes out of the county at McCoy Station as does the railroad, but on second thought, which is often the best, continues on down to the county's west line, where it welcomes the very splendid Eagle River, as an affluent.

In Eagle County the land bordering the Grand's banks takes on the character of a real valley. The rather narrow benches or mesas, are given over to orchards, potato fields, and grain areas; the great expanses of the adjacent territory are covered with rich pasturage upon which thousands of horses and cattle graze. After crossing the line into Garfield County, the river passes through the Holy Cross National Forest before reaching Glenwood Springs, a town which, because of its wonderful hot springs, means more to the world outside the State than any other Colorado town on the Pacific Slope of the Rockies.

The town Glenwood has a population of only three thousand, but in the tourist season twice that many are domiciled at any given time in the fine hotels and other accommodations provided for the ever-recurring visitor. There are few hotels in the world as beautiful as the Hotel Colorado; the building, the location, its service induce many to remain here the year around. An immense bath house, the vapor caves used for baths, and the immense swimming pool, seven hundred feet long by one hundred and ten feet wide, stand alone in the world. The temperature of the water, 127 degrees Fahrenheit, is produced by chemical reaction far under ground; this liberates a sulphureted-hydrogen gas which brings with it the mineralized vapor that is used in the vapor caves, cabinets and bath houses. The waters are particularly efficacious for diseases of rheumatism, gastro-intestinal disorders and nervous troubles. The out-flow of these hot springs exceeds eight million gallons every twenty-four hours. The outdoor swimming pool is a unique sight in midwinter. Perhaps the snow will be falling and yet the pool is filled with bathers who are sporting in the warm waters and laughing at the experience.

Aside from the charms and delights the warm springs here offer, Glenwood's enchanting surroundings are added reasons for her many admirers. In Dead Horse Canyon, we found two mighty cliffs reaching straight up two thousand feet or more. From a crevice in one of them fell a huge stream of water, so mineralized that it petrifies everything it touches. It had worn an immense bowl from the rocks below into which it has been falling for centuries, and trees that had dropped into it were like pillars of stone. So wide, so large was the sheet of falling water that greeted the eyes that it looked its name, a Hanging Lake.

The waters of all the streams and springs carry heavy minerals in solution. In Rifle Creek, a small tributary of the Grand, is a beaver dam in the building. Probably it has been building for centuries, since it is near a hundred feet high; the sticks and trees the little animals used in the dam have become petrified from the action of the mineralized water. The winding trails up Mount Lookout, from where the panoramic view over hundred miles is most superb, are a constant "call of the wild" to nature lovers. Other haunts that invite are the Fairy Caves (made by the wash of under ground springs), No Name Canyon and Devereaux Ranch, while by rail, within a few miles, may be reached massive cliffs of red sandstone that have been given fantastic names.

Many who come as invalids to beautiful Glenwood, certainly another "Gem of the Rockies," often find themselves so "toned up" that in a short while they are caught seeking the service of a guide who knows the region and the animal haunts. They must kill "a bear"! And so they do, and mountain lions, and bobcats, and then, deer and feathered game. Even the prairie chicken, scarce in most game sections, is plentiful here.

The county of Garfield was formed soon after the death by assassination of the President whose name it bears. Its total width is a third of that of the State, extending from the Eagle River juncture, with the Grand, to the Utah boundary. The latter river traverses two-thirds of the county until it enters Mesa County near De Beque. The northeastern part of the State is wholly in the White River National Forest through which rises up as a watershed, the White River Plateau. The southeastern and central portions are well watered from the rivers by irrigation and form one of the most productive areas of fruit and grain in the United States. In fact,

the crop averages far exceed that of any other State; for instance, the average potato yield for the last ten years has been two hundred and forty bushels to the acre. That is twice as high as that of any of the potato sections in the United States, and much higher than those of Germany, which has always been the banner potato country of the world.

In the Carbondale district, five hundred bushels to the acre are obtained by the best farmers and on very large tracts, at that. Carbondale is located on the Frying Pan River which empties into the Grand at Glenwood, and it makes itself known not only by the potato yield which places it — not figuratively, but literally — in the “jewel” class, but by other yields as well. Over \$1,500,000 worth of farm products, such as hay and grains (wheat, oats, and barley), fruit, vegetables and dairy goods were sent from Carbondale in 1916, cattle, horses, sheep and swine not included, yet their shipments were, of course, very considerable.

What is true of Carbondale will be found so in a score of centers in the Grand Valley. At Rifle, where the State Highway comes down from Meeker (in the Big Game Country) over the ridge of the Great Hog Back Mesa, one finds the valley widening from low lands that flank the river to the somewhat higher elevations, the mesas, and then on to “Flat Tops,” mountains upon which thousands upon thousands of cattle graze through the summer, to be “rounded up” in the fall and shipped from Rifle to the stock market at Denver.

To the north of the little town of Grand Valley a good oil field is being opened up in the very promising shales there. To the south is the Battlement Mesa, itself a part of the Battlement National Forest, from whose mountain sides are being cleared the virgin timber.



GRAND VALLEY FARM.

Nothing more picturesque can be found than these primitive lumber and tie camps; the Colorado forest work seems to have bred a different "lumber jack" from the one in the Maine woods or the Minnesota timbers or on the Columbia in our Pacific Northwest. Here the woods do not seem to have — well, silenced him. Maybe it is the mountains that have made free and unafraid; maybe it is that unknown something we call "The West."

South of De Beque, just about twenty miles over the line in Mesa County, is a most interesting shut-in valley retreat called "The Hidden Kingdom." No rude snorting iron-horse, no defacing railroad tracks, right of ways, and "jerk-water" tanks invade this smiling land of Canaan. Instead, its simpler wants are supplied by an automobile truck that leaves De Becque each week-day afternoon piled high with mail sacks, etc., and winds in a southeasterly direction over the hills to where it drops suddenly into the green and fertile Plateau Valley. The news from the outside world then filters to the Hidden Kingdom's two thousand five hundred inhabitants through the medium of five small postoffices. These little towns have excellent schools, churches, banks, flour mills, creameries, and a co-operative spirit equal to that of the Belgian.

To the south and east, beyond the confines of this valley, rises by graded wooded slopes the snow-covered Grand Mesa. This mesa is included in the National Forest Reserve and its interests are served by the forest ranger, who, through permitting grazing and removal of timber by regulations, carefully keeps a look-out for violations of the rules against fires and the game and timber laws. High up on this tableland is found a large number of beautiful lakes that have become the resort of the fisherman and the camper; their drainage is re-

sponsible for the heavy timber and fine pasturage that cover the heights and slopes. The rancher and the cattleman here find food for herds and protection in the forests from the winter storms.

Coming back into the valley from this tree-studded mesa, we find in the Palisade district the great fruit belt of Colorado. The Elberta peach is the particular pride of this section, over one thousand cars being shipped out in 1916. What an appeal to the senses! Orchards of peach trees for miles — all flush with pink blossoms as far as the eye can see. And the perfume, and the hum of bees! What are those lines of Eugene Field's?

"Some such sweet sounds as these,
To fill a tired heart with ease."

And then, the baby green leaves peak out, and they grow thicker and deeper, and hide from a too bright sun the tender, furry little balls that before the summer is done become so gracefully round, so velvety smooth, and so pink-cheeked! All the world loves a peach! There is no mistaking its place in our mind considering the large place it occupies in our speech — "pretty as a peach," "sweet as a peach," "soft (to the touch) as a peach," "ripe as a peach," "the blush of the peach," "rob the peach of its bloom" — even "peachy" which has an ancient and honorable lineage!

Palisade is in a sheltered position at the head of the Grand Valley. The plateaus to the north and east are left behind; alluvial soil has been spread over the district from the slopes of the higher areas. The exposure to the south and west suns, and the fortunate fall of the irrigating waters all provide the excellent conditions that have made the nation-wide reputation of the fruit grown here. There has not been a fruit failure since the



BLOSSOM TIME IN GRAND VALLEY.

beginning of the development of the region twenty years ago. Occasional damage from frost occurs, but the orchardist has become an adept in the use of smudges and the chill is warded off; last year, 1916, a threatened railroad strike and the freight congestion stopped shipments to some extent. Nothing dims the faith of the grower in the Elberta peach. Immediately his crop is off the trees he is at work to make his next year's yield better still than the last. Proper attention he pays to pruning, spraying and irrigating. In the autumn many farmers sow alfalfa and clover in the orchards to be plowed under in the spring as a fertilizer. The Fruit Growers Associations do much toward a very important end of the business, arranging for proper shipping and marketing of the fruit.

A shipment of a thousand carloads of fruit seems very large. Yet there are as many as a dozen stations out of which this number of cars goes loaded with fruits to markets near and far. Not the least element in the production of such quantities of fruit as well as the very superior flavor in which they really excel, is the salubrious climate. Mild winters, warm summer days, and especially, cool nights in summer, provide just the right climate to produce the perfect peach, the rich red apple, and the luscious pear. Fruit raising produces the greatest returns, else this region would probably have developed into a general farming one, for wheat, oats, corn can all be grown profitably. The grasses, sudan grass, alfalfa, red clover, sweet clover, do well, of course; while all kinds of vegetables, tomatoes especially, are raised for the canning factories. Sugar beets are grown extensively for the sugar factory at Grand Junction, where the first sugar factory in Colorado was established.

The fruit shipped yearly from Grand Junction brings

over a million dollars to the growers, while half that amount is received at every station from Palisade to the Utah line — one does not realize he is passing from one district to another, as the orchards are continuous.

Back a short distance from the river itself, the farmer is diversifying his crops; grains and grasses, he raises for his stock, large returns being his due. Last year, from Mesa County, there were shipped one thousand cars of cattle, about five hundred cars of sheep, one hundred cars of hogs and forty cars of horses. Silos are frequent, and what would be called a novel feed is used to a great extent by the dairyman. The latter takes the tame sunflower, cuts it into silage in July, and when the corn silage is gone, and while a new crop is coming in, feeds it to the dairy cows without any detriment to the flavor of the cream or to the animal.

By the Grand River United States Reclamation Project the Government has this year placed water for irrigation over fifty-five thousand acres of land which will insure an increased value in the hay, grain, and potato products. Too, enlarged factories for sugar beets and canned goods will result, with the opening up of other industrial enterprises. Land prices now range from \$35 to \$250, while orchard lands run from \$400 to \$1,000. With peaches selling from 85 cents to a dollar a box and an acre producing from one thousand to two thousand two hundred and fifty boxes, the yield of J. B. Anderson at Palisade in 1916, one can readily see that land values are not inflated.

From its first settlement, this section had the good fortune to have men of the very highest enterprise and integrity associated with its development. They early recognized the richness of the soil and a climate conducive to a large crop production. Their efforts toward

securing scientific irrigation, the proper regulation of the flow through the canals and ditches, guarding against too much water, which is as detrimental as too little, are responsible for the unparalleled success of this western slope.

And Grand Junction, the metropolis of the west side of Colorado, can safely be said to have fathered all that has worked for good in this land. In the first place, she has known how to look after her own interests as a city; how to govern herself. She has a modified commission form of government. At the time of the adoption of the present charter, it was said to be the most progressive of any in the United States and was immediately copied by many who have since found in it the best form of municipal governing.

Five railroads terminate in Grand Junction; here meet the Midland Trail and the Rainbow Route which go on together across the continent. Just outside the city, the United States Government has set aside as a National Monument one of the most remarkable areas of land in the United States. Tourists bound across the continent on the Denver and Rio Grande, include it as one of their stop-overs, while motorists over the National Highways of the Midland Trail and the Rainbow route not only visit it but spend days and even weeks, camping and fishing within its borders.

The establishment of this wonderland park is a monument to the government itself, while the peculiar formations of eroded sandstones give a double significance to its name, Colorado National Monument Park. There are wild stretches of sand covered with sage and mesquite and chaparral growths. The land rises into huge flat top tables; through them canyons cut and gorges weirdly open. Out on the level spaces, queer grotesque

shapes of red sandstone, with a base perhaps of not more than seventy-five feet in diameter, are lifted sometimes four hundred feet straight into the air; sometimes pinnacled, sometimes flat topped. There are fourteen thousand acres of this peculiar area which time has whipped into monuments to strange gods.

Arthur Chapman in some verses he has called "In Mesa Land" paints a picture and, too, imprisons the atmosphere of just such a place.

"In Mesa Land, the sand dunes stretch afar,
The rattler basks unhindered in the sun,
And there are battlements that hint of war,
And in the gorges sullen rivers run.

"Aye, there are battlements, from whose high walls
A Front de Beuf might send his challenge down,
But silence reigns, and no portcullis falls—
Unbroken is the desert's somber frown.

"In Mesa Land the cloud-ships 'gainst the blue,
Are white as any sail viewed from the strand
And all the peace of years envelops you
In Mesa Land."

The people of Grand Junction have arranged for a game preserve in the park which is located just outside the city. A large number of elk now roam in the section set apart. Bear and deer and buffalo are being added, and it is expected that a home will be given to all animals once found in the West. There are beautiful wooded sections and valleys literally carpeted with the gorgeous wild flowers common to the Rockies. The establishment of the park was probably due to the interest taken in it by a peculiar frontiersman, John Otto. A nature lover, with his own hands and with never a thought of recompense, he set out to make miles of trails through the tract. On he went with his labor of love

until his work began to attract attention from the visitors who employed him as guide. Articles about this "Hermit of Monument Park" began to appear in the illustrated weeklies, together with views of the trails he had built through the canyons, along the cliffs and over the mesas, always accompanied by his two faithful burros, Foxie and Cookie, upon whose backs he packed his camping outfit and the implements he used as a path maker. But John Otto just keeps on opening up more trails for easier access to more wonders which he wishes others to know as he has known them for years.

CHAPTER XX

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK

THE Rocky Mountain National Park! There is significance in the name! America's greatest mountain system memorialized in an area bearing every characteristic of its namesake! The Continental Divide, the highest range of the Rockies, bisects it; one of its highest peaks dominates it; lesser, but no less awe-inspiring ranges bound it in; it possesses glaciers of eternal ice and mighty moraines; all the wealth of the species of Rocky Mountain flora and fauna are found herein. Down its canyons rivers roar, while limpid contributory streams kiss the meadow enclosures into life.

The epitome of all the wild charms and phenomenal fascinations where gigantic spectres and romantic beauties reign, what wonder the world has beaten a path to its door? And, too, said by their repeated visits, this is *the* Rocky Mountain Park?

In the days "when beaver skins were money," the picturesque trapper sought the little fur-bearing animal on the banks of its myriad lakes and streams. One of them, Joel Estes, after first seeing America — he had gone across the Rockies before Fremont to California in the early forties — looked upon the walled-in, smiling valley and pronounced it good — for a home. This was in 1850 that he had left old Fort Lupton with his string of pack animals and blazed a trail into the region which has borne his name for many years. But home ties

called him back to St. Joseph, and then the Civil War. It was not until 1866 that he was able to realize on his dream; then we find him setting up his household gods here with his wife, where they lived out their days in the once happy hunting grounds of the Utes. The old pioneer was able to settle many a "brush" with the Indians who, incensed at the invasion of the white man, the born king of looters, planned frequent depredations on the horses and cattle of the settlers.

The fame of the region as the haunt of Big Game spread far, and in 1869 we find the Earl of Dunraven, who had been hunting in the Canadian wilds, buying up thousands of acres here for a game preserve. So entranced was he with the beauties and the grandeur of the scenery, that he brought Bierstadt the artist, and Miss Bird, the author-traveler, into the region with him to make sketches and write of the wonderland he had acquired. Lord Dunraven, himself, under his family name of Wyndham-Quinn, wrote in a book of travel a description of the rare beauty of the park that is frequently quoted. Such a spot of mountain loveliness could not remain long hidden, and each year has seen the number of visitors increase until the clamor to make of it a national park became too loud to be longer ignored.

Enos A. Mills, who has been to the Rockies what John Muir is to California, and John Burroughs to the East, is the father of the idea which has converted this region into a national playground. For twenty years he delivered his message for the establishment of a national park, both by direct appeal and by nature articles in the best magazines in America. In the hearts of the thousands who had known the Estes Park region for a generation there was enthusiastic response. Directly and indirectly they gave aid to that very splendid body, the

Denver Chamber of Commerce, which had taken up the work with Mills in earnest. Their years of work and sacrifice were crowned with the creation of the park into a national one, in January, 1915.

Congress recognized that this was the logical center for the vacationist of America, and in this newly created park that body has set on foot the right use to which national parks should be put. Not only are the beauty spots to be made accessible by new trails and by automobile roads, but plans are made for recreation centers and playgrounds. America is to be taught what the great out-of-doors can mean, and there is room in the Rocky Mountain National Park to entertain a million at once. Last year over one hundred thousand entered through Estes Park, with as many as ten thousand refused accommodation. This year hotels are enlarged, new ones built, cottages and chalets erected ample to care for all who come.

Even if there were no objective point, a motor ride up the canyon of the Big Thompson would be worth the journey alone. If the motorist has left the railroad at Fort Collins he has twenty-five miles of river road that give him a thousand thrills to the mile — walls two thousand feet high, colossal rocks that rise up suddenly in front of the car and seem to end the road, pinnacles so sharp they must have up-ended over night; slit-like gorges mystically opening and closing as we pass, the everlasting hills fall away, and, our laughter already attuned to the happy cadences the river has set, the park bursts upon us in a pæan of joy.

Estes Park is the pocket of what Arthur Chapman has termed the Rocky Mountain National Park — a saddle blanket thrown across the crest of the Continental Divide. In it Nature has placed such keepsakes as arouse

the eternal boy in man. There are nice, smelly woods in which to roam, streams in which to catch a trout, and, and, yes — “ole swimmin’ holes,” for no kinder sun ever shone, no creek sent out more inviting invitation, than is here.

Forest-clad mountains surround this pocket-like valley, the meadow floor alternating between stretches of flower-starred grass plots and groves of spruce and pine. Rising straight from the Great Divide high above this enchanting garden is Long’s Peak; not only does it dominate the park region but extends its dominion one hundred and fifty miles over the plains to the east. It was near Fort Morgan that Major Long first cited the peak which bears his name, and, although he never approached within a hundred miles of it, he was the first to record its existence. The elevation in the Rocky Mountain National Park at no place is lower than eight thousand feet, but Long’s Peak rises to fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five feet, more than a mile higher. There are several such giants to keep it company, Mount Meeker among them, while as many as fifty are in the two mile class.

It is between these mighty crevices that most of us get our first glimpses of a real live glacier. True, there are others in America, but less accessible. The Park has several gigantic ones, Tyndall on the top of Flat Top Mountain, Hallet’s, Arapahoe and many others. In the dim historic past these powerful chisels were at work cutting and carving away at this vast upheaval until the whole of it was hewn into its present features of artistic beauty and grandeur. These features are so distributed that, as Dr. Hayden said, “the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the complete picture presented.”

The glaciers were not only responsible for the lofty buttresses that flank the mighty bulk of Long's Peak, for the giant spurs that nose out into the valleys, but also for the many emerald lakes, jewels set in rococo-rock frames, that glimmer and dance in their iridescent joy at a home on the bosom of the Rockies. The best known of these lakes are Odessa Lake and Fern Lake. The largest are Lake Mills and Lake Nanita. The wildest is Lake Chasm, frozen eleven months of the year, and having for its west wall Long's Peak, which rises absolutely perpendicular from the Lake edge two thousand feet. From its east side the approach is easy and easy, too, it is to see from the moraine formation of the valley below that it was once the beginnings of an enormous glacier.

These seemingly dormant bodies of ice and water become hydraulic both in form and potency in the many little streams that finally reach the Platte whose bordering "surface," described by Long's chronicler as "presenting the aspect of hopeless and irreclaimable sterility," to be redeemed, has now only to reach out with its thousand canal fingers and "touch the hem" of the river's garment that its whole acreage becomes fruitful. The Pacific side of the Continental Divide, father of the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes, drains into Grand Lake. It fathers, in turn, a system of waters in a river of the same name that makes gardens of the mesas on the Utah side of the State.

But, to the observer, Grand Lake is not occupied with its paternal duties. Instead, few bodies of water are as individual. It is the largest lake in Colorado. One mounts to an altitude of nine thousand feet and sees resting upon a high mountain range a lake upon which yachts sail in annual regattas. Around its borders are perched



Photograph by Enos A. Mills.

HALLETT'S GLACIER.

chalets; cottages peep out from behind groups of pines, and hotels provide hospitably for the many visitors who seek this unique spot.

One may now reach Grand Lake over a continuous automobile road from Estes Park, by way of the Fall River route. This road forms a western outlet to the park and completes a circle tour from Denver that comes up from Ward. Past Copeland Lake it runs and through the village of Long's Peak at the foot of the famous mountain, where at Long's Peak Inn is found the home of Mills, the writer-guide, to which a large percentage of the visitors to the park immediately make their way. For the man who could by his love of nature, his knowledge of nature, his nature writings, draw the attention of the whole world — and the action of that slow-moving body, the Congress — must needs have drawn affectionate attention to him.

From Long's Peak Inn the route winds under the shadow of The Twin Sisters, peaks nearly twelve thousand feet high; past The Craggs, wild, rugged, jutting spars; with Lily Lake and other lake bodies (which are to the park what the eyes are to the face) reflecting by softened interpretation the character of the land body wherein they are set, yet like the eyes, holding within their depths the unfathomable reaches of the soul of things. Through Estes Park the road goes, past its hotels and village commissaries, its groups of cottages, the glory of the sun revealed in soft flowering meadow, in piney woods and in the play of shadow on the misty mountain tops. From the village the road takes a sharp turn up the Fall River, the newly completed portion connecting Horseshoe Inn and the Ranger Station at the head of Chapin Creek, down which the road winds to its junction with the South Fork of the Cache le Poudre.

The road builders had to hew this way out of solid granite walls, the creek beds affording little more than direction. Milner Pass provides the crossing over the Continental Divide, and with Beaver Creek pointing the guide finger, we follow its course until it reaches the South Fork of the Grand River, where the way is made clear to the Lake of the Sky. The circle tour to Denver is completed from the west side of Grand Lake over the Berthoud Pass, a round trip of two hundred miles, encompassing scenery for grandeur, sublimity, ruggedness, romantic loveliness and ravishing beauty not equaled in the world.

Even if one followed the route without stop or stay that would be the verdict — the grandest in the world. But that would be veritably impossible, no one would be able to pass by the dozens of side trips. He would want to embroider his journey with the purple insets of walks and climbs and drives, with hunting and fishing and whiling hours away in nooks of dream-like solitude.

The favorite trip probably in the whole park is to Flat Top Mountain, up the canyon of the Big Thompson to Mill Creek from Estes Park village. The view from its summit includes the whole of Estes Park, Long's Peak, Stone's Peaks, Mt. Hallett, Taylor Peak, and the well known lakes of Bierstadt, Mills, Ursula, Dream, Bear and a score of others — crown jewels reposing safely in Nature's museum. To the west is the Gore Range, as snow-draped as the Continental Divide, which Flat Top surmounts.

One may make the ascent to Hallett's Glacier from Estes Park village up a train through the Black Canyon Creek, or from the Horseshoe Inn, which is reached by way of the Fall River route and down the Roaring River



BIERSTADT LAKE AND HALLETT MOUNTAIN.

to Lawn Lake, where the trail joins the one just mentioned. From here the ascent to the home of the Ice King is made on foot, as the field of ice lays high up on the north shoulder of Hague's Peak, itself 13,582 feet high. To the south and west are Mt. Fairchild, Ypsilon Mountain, Mount Chiquita and Mount Chapin, all well above 13,000 feet. Across Fall River, at their base, is Trail Ridge, a route over which the Indians passed on their way to Middle and North Parks, the sheltered winter home of the Ute and the Arapahoe. Beyond is Specimen Mountain, the peak, that, according to the Indians, "swallowed itself"; it is now a yawning, jagged edge crater where was once a powerful volcano.

Up Glacier Creek from the Y. M. C. A. Summer Camp is a region that lures because of its almost inaccessibility. There probably does not exist a wilder spot in the world. Bierstadt Lake from Bartholdt Park is easily reached on horseback, and Bear Lake and Loch Vale. But one wants his own feet on the ground when he seeks out Lake Mills, and Shelf Lake and Taylor Peak and the Taylor Glacier, and peaks and glaciers and lakes of no-name as yet, for there are many unexplored spots in the Rocky Mountain National Park.

But just as Pike's Peak is the Mecca when at Colorado Springs, so is Long's Peak here. For years it was looked upon as impossible of ascent. But that splendid pioneer citizen and Colorado builder, W. N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, joined Major Powell on an exploring trip into the region in 1869, and they together discovered an opening called now the Key Hole, through perpendicular rocks by which is reached a steep slope that can be scaled to the summit. The first woman to make the climb was the famous writer, Anna M. Dickinson. Probably the youngest aspirant was the little girl,

Harriet Young, nine years old, that Enos Mills guided to the top of this monarch in 1908."

In a portfolio put out by the Department of the Interior, under the direction of Franklin K. Lane, this description is given of Long's Peak:

"It rears a box-like head well above the tumbled sea of surrounding mountain tops. It has, unlike most great mountains, a distinct architectural form. Standing well to the east of the range at about its center, it suggests the captain of a white-helmeted company; the giant leader of a giant band. It is supported on four sides by mountain buttresses, suggesting the stone buttresses of a central cathedral spire. From every side it looks the same yet remarkably different. One does not know Long's Peak until he has seen it from every side, and then it becomes to him not a mountain mass but an architectural creation."

One is always impressed with what I might term the temperament of a mountain. After the briefest stay among these — shall I say, heights of expression? — one gets to recognize the manner in which they react to the weather. When the sun is upon them, at sunrise and sunset, their color is of rose; if the day is to be a sunny one, they show their delight in such delicate vanities that they woo the proud orb's attention — with pinks and mauves and soul-inspiring grays. But let the sky be overcast, and the response is immediate in dark-forbidding frowns. And the play of emotion goes on and on. No wonder we never tire of the Rockies.

It must be remembered that the Rocky Mountain National Park is a new creation. Not a *new park*, though, for, as the Gilbert McClurgs say, these parks were natural ones before they were National ones. Consequently, the delights of such a region are yet only half open to ob-

servation and enjoyment. Then, too, the national park idea in its larger meanings and intent is only beginning to be worked out. Formerly, each one of the nation's parks were created differently, administered differently. Now we are to have them all served under the same head, with an exclusive bureau devoted to their several needs, with headquarters in Washington, where it should be.

The Rocky Mountain National Park is fortunate in having such a zealous body devoted to its interests as the Denver Chamber of Commerce. Working with the government in its development, they pledged in December, 1916, a half million dollars for immediate use, with the understanding that the government is to cover the amount. This gives a sum that will provide hotels, chalets, roads, trails and protection to animals and plant life. It will make of the park a home, summer or winter, more inviting than any of the regions given over for such purposes.

For this park profits from its accessibility. To quote again from the portfolio of the Department of the Interior, which because of its official character must be considered unprejudiced: "In fact for all-around accessibility there is no high mountain resort of the first order that will quite compare with the Rocky Mountain National Park. Three railroads to Denver skirt its sides, and Denver is less than thirty hours from Chicago and St. Louis." While we "in the know" are aware that it is the proud boast of both of these cities that they are within twenty-four hours of New York — which means the whole Atlantic sea board may after two nights' travel reach the heart of the Rockies. Through the influence of such a God's Great Out-of-Doors, all who come will discover the heart of America to be within themselves.

Estes Park village, proper, is not included within the

National Park confines, and naturally its development comes through private ownership. For years it has been the resort of thousands who find the valleys and parks and canyons and mountain tops over which they have roamed being made more accessible and enjoyable, yet no less wild and primitive through the government's acquisition of the largest park area. Anticipating the growing popularity, private property owners and hotel owners are improving and enlarging their holdings.

We find F. O. Stanley, owner of the former estate of the Earl of Dunraven, which comprises most of the land in Estes Park, proper, adding extensively to his already palatial hotels. Who has not heard of the "Stanley Steamers"? Those high-powered cars that meet the Estes Park visitor as he gets off the train at Longmont? There have been those who, believing almost anything possible in this wonderland of the Rockies, thought when the words were mentioned, that a sailing vessel was meant. But no one was ever disappointed in the smooth "sailing" they provided, and things "sailed" along just as smoothly at the Stanley Hotels upon arrival at the village.

Mr. Stanley is now endeavoring to buy up all the property in the village confines and upon the land acquired, build a new model village, razing all the old stores and dwellings. An idea of how desirable the holdings are considered is shown in the prices per acre he has paid — \$7,500 to \$9,000. Doubtless in a few years those figures will have been so dwarfed in the increase in the value of these most attractive surroundings that they will be classed with the price paid the Indians for the island of Manhattan, now New York.

Long's Peak Inn, owned and operated by Enos A. Mills, the writer-guide, is one of the many resorts for

visitors that has won friends for the Park. In the very shadow of Long's Peak one feels its influence over him as a halo, while an opportunity of scaling to the heights of this far-famed mountain under the guidance of a man of Mills' character and knowledge is one constantly sought after. His Inn is large and commodious, with wide stone verandas, wide fire-places with roaring chimneys. Like life elsewhere in the Park, the informal reigns; one sits comfortably in "hiking" garb if he likes and, with the proximity of Long's Peak, it is only natural the fire-side stories take on the hue of difficult climbs in many climes.

But whether at the Stanley Hotels, at Moraine Lodge, at the Hewes-Kirkwood Ranch, The Brinwood, Elkhorn Lodge, The Stead Hotel, at Horseshoe Inn and a score of other like guest houses, the visitor is in an atmosphere of comfort and content. He may have been out all day in the bright, yet never hot sun, drinking in the invigorating air filled with the fragrance of a million wild flowers; he may have been following a virgin canyon, blazing his own trail, or he may have been following the ancient and honorable game on one of the five golf courses the Park affords — he will know that when night comes, with it he will experience that refreshing, make-me-over sort of sleep that only the mountains hold in store.

Many well known Americans make their annual pilgrimages to the Park. Judges have the weight of many decisions lifted from their shoulders; lawyers find themselves less liable to an error in clarifying a mooted point; doctors have their belief in nature's remedies strengthened, while artists and writers who find their greatest inspiration in the "woods and hills," go back to their labors in stuffy city garrets with none of their love of life lost. Uncle Walt Mason, whose poetry is neither bond

nor free, but which finds both at home, feels the call of the Rockies even on the broad sweep of the prairies at Emporia, while his fellow townsman, William Allen White, whose name is known as a brilliant novelist and editorial writer from coast to coast, brings his family to Estes Park each season. The list multiplies endlessly from the time when Miss Isabelle Bird, Helen Hunt Jackson, Grace Greenwood, and Anna M. Dickinson pioneered the way for hundreds of followers.

The park is a study for the tree-lover who reads the book of nature in the aspen tall and in the spruce that flattens itself prone on the mountain height 'gainst the storms that brew, yet not willing to give up its climb; for the botanist or the untrained nature lover who likes to bury himself in the profusion of columbines, mariposa lilies,—in the timid forget-me-nots that peep through the snow. The streams are stocked with trout so plentifully that the “compleat angler” finds here a fisherman’s life complete, and although big game hunting is forbidden in the park, the nimrod has only to shoulder his rifle a bit longer until he is over the boundary line, when he finds himself in the home of the mountain sheep, and white-tailed deer, and other game,—and still only a night’s distance from his lodging in the park. These are mainly summer joys, but winter sports, skiing, skating, tobogganing, are attracting new park lovers and holding all to the annual “snow-carnivals.”

CHAPTER XXI

THE MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK AND THE NATIONAL MONUMENTS

THE Cliff Dweller! Who was he? What was he? From where did he come, and whither did he go? Echoless walls, fireless hearths tell no tales. Here on a high flung table-land lived the first dwellers of America, but so completely has time erased all evidence of their origin that we can only hope to find their real story in the appended *envoi* of the Book of Fate.

But failure to discover the genealogy of these ancient Cliff Dwellers has not decreased our interest in their ruins. Now that the region has become a National Park, their preservation from the eroding, disintegrating climatic influences and from vandalism, no mean consideration, is assured. Meanwhile, access to the region is made more easy by the work of the National Park Service Board, which is occupied in making new roads, camps, and trails into the canyon approaches of these houses and sun temples of a bygone race.

Elsewhere I have said that "Colorado is a State of unique distinctions"; that if we did not know our history, we might think the government when staking out its commonwealths had here thrown a taut line around the base of these wonders meant at once as a boundary line and a *cordon bleu*. For Colorado has use for so many blue ribbons! Yet we know that when those prosaic boundary lines were superimposed upon parallel and meridian

there was little thought that by the stroke of the pen Uncle Sam was creating a rival for so many kinds of fame among her whole galaxy of States.

Pre-eminently among all the matters of wonder and interest in America are these homes of the Cliff Dwellers in the Mesa Verde National Park — for the greatest study of mankind, and we are glad the man who lisped in numbers phrased it for us, *is* man. Every bit of evidence relative to the human drift adds to our knowledge of the origin of the species, to the origin of life itself.

In the South American countries we find an historic civilization flourished long before the coming of the Spaniards who proceeded to destroy it. Cohorts of that same Spanish régime came on into America, but not even among the Indians they encountered did there exist any legendary lore concerning those Cliff Dwellers. The only date-telling evidence found was the spruce tree that grew on the top of the "Spruce Tree House" and was mercenarily cut down and sent to the Chicago World's Fair. Its rings told a story of having lived three hundred and seventy years. But there is nothing conclusive about that. *Æons* and *æons* of time might have gone by before the winds had deposited a tree-seed at the spot and the right weather conditions existed for its growth.

So when we look upon these gaunt shells that once housed a folk that lived and loved, we can ruminate with the same degree of accuracy as the man versed in the signs and symbols of the ages. We may be saying to ourselves here is a remnant of that same people whose ethnological characteristics show them to have left China in the exodus of the fifth century, traces of which are found only in the Natchez tribe of Indians. In their wanderings in a virgin land void even of the simple means of existence, tools, etc., to which they were accustomed,

new methods and means may have grown up with the change of environment. A new race they may have become through isolation, just as new animals, different animals, developed in Australia and New Zealand through the same causes.

To reach these ruins by rail we may take the Rio Grande at Denver and coming down to Pueblo follow the road's course through the Royal Gorge, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, the Valley of the Uncompaghre and again into the mountain country at Telluride, where a train awaits for the Mancos country. Or, at Pueblo, we may continue on south to Trinidad, make our way through the Stonewall Gap, over La Veta Pass, halo-ed about by the Spanish Peaks and the Sierra Blanca, into the Valley of the San Luis, where were the first white settlements in Colorado, and on to Durango, where a spur road also leads to Mancos. If we are slaves to no man, not even to time, we may motor by either route; the way is not so long and time could only seem fleeting with such a scenic road for our motor-propelled chariot.

From Mancos the government has built a highway direct to the Mesa Verde Park. It is wide, well ballasted and with a grade never exceeding eight per cent., which makes it safe for automobiles. Mancos town nestles close up to the silver-ribbed La Plata Mountains that also sport rivets of gold; to the east one sees them extending straight north and south, and rising with gradual slope until they lift their heads into cloud land at fourteen thousand feet.

Looking down the Valley of Montezuma, we see the Mesa Verde rising nearly two thousand feet above the valley — and perpendicularly to one side, where its thick greenery frames the valley like a garden wall for a distance of thirty miles. Beyond the Mesa Verde, Ute

Mountain rises, like a huge animal half-recumbent but striving still to enter a dying protest against the fate that is laying him low. Between the Mesa Verde and Ute Mountain there extends a ten-mile gap through which the huge acreage of the Ute and Navajo Indian reservations stand revealed, the largest Indian reservation in America.

Where one has a reasonable right to expect in this extreme southwest corner of Colorado nothing but sand and sage we find fruit and flower, for this valley of Montezuma has more water for irrigation than it has acres. We see fine ranch homes, herds of cattle and sheep that feed on the unlimited mountain parks in summer and are cared for at the ranch feeding yards during the brief winters. There are bee ranches, poultry ranches, potato fields — always the potato, for Colorado is the Potato King — and grain fields, while the County of Montezuma at a state fair as far back as 1903 took ninety-six out of a possible one hundred prizes with its apples.

As we approach the mesas, of which the Mesa Verde is most prominent here, and verdant, too, we are entranced with the variety of coloring the landscape presents. Stretches of barren rock obtrude themselves, struggling piñons and pines hang as by a single root-thread to the rift that gives them life. Sage brushes clump together and plot against a too high sun, the while protection is given the ruddy Indian pink that pops its head flamboyantly up through their branches. Occasionally in the arroyas, that fragile lily, the Mariposa, is seen, and the scent of bridal-flowers reaches us from the orange-perfumed mountain primrose.

The Mesa Verde itself is one of the largest of the mesas one sees as he travels in the southwest, being

about fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, the section set apart by the government as a park containing sixty-five and a half square miles. The tops of these tablelands were probably once the general level of the whole country, but winds and winters and eroding rains took away the soft earth between the rock formations, leaving these table-like plateaus high and dry, upon which we are left to marvel at Nature's mysterious ways. At the foot of the Mesa Verde are huge rocks massed in endless confusion, reaching a height up to five hundred feet, the canyons between covered with tangled vegetation and waste debris-rock, still crumbling of course under the same weather influences that brought them there.

Well-made trails now lead through these lower levels to where wide canyons, and deep, cut literally into shreds the Mesa Verde proper. It was in these the Cliff Dwellers excavated shelves and ledges under overhanging cliffs upon which to build their homes. It is estimated that there are as many as four hundred of these cliff houses in the canyons; many were more or less exposed when the ruins were first discovered, others have revealed themselves upon investigation by scientists under the debris of centuries.

The best preserved of all is the Balcony House, so-called because of a well-defined balcony with a parapet. A lively imagination is in most cases a good asset, but, unfortunately, here it fails. For what kind of folk leaned over this parapet and drank in the shimmering sea of spectacular mesa? Did lovers react to the play of the resplendent moonbeams here as world-lovers do over the parapet of the Bay of Naples? — somehow balconies and parapets always bring up the Romeos and Juliets of sunny Italy. In the case of the ruins here, Italy is called up in more ways than one. She has her unroofed, gap-

ing-walled Pompeii and its broken temple pillars, and a string of herald or telegraph towers that still stand sentinel-like over the land.

The towers found in the Cliff Palace have a no less romantic interest, although we are less certain of their intent. They form the most distinguishing features of this largest of the Cliff Dweller ruins. Their exterior walls are straight up and down, and when square, the stones are cut with perfect right angles, when round, they conform to a perfect curve. The word "palace" is a misnomer, since the building was at once a living-house, ceremonial house and one in which all their industries were carried on except agriculture. The building is over three hundred feet in length, with an enormous overhanging rock for roof and rear wall. There are one hundred and forty-six living-rooms, with large rooms for assembly purposes, kivas, ceremonial, secular. The mill rooms still contain the mortars in which the grains were ground for use.

The Spruce Tree House (the name was given because of the huge tree found growing upon it, as mentioned in another paragraph) is two hundred and eighteen feet long and eighty-nine feet deep, with a curved front conforming to the shape of the cliff into which it is built. It contains one hundred and fourteen secular rooms, eight subterranean kivas and a roofless kiva, sometimes called a warriors' room.

The roofs of all the rooms are smoked, most of them had fire-pots in the center. Sometimes the ceilings are as high as three stories. Poles reach from wall to wall in the high rooms, but whether they formed ceilings as separation from upper rooms is not known, for naturally much destruction has taken place both by erosion and from vandalism. In the Cliff Palace there are five fine



THE CLIFF PALACE.

springs of water; these may not have supplied all the inhabitants, many more perhaps existed whose traces are now lost. On some of the walls are faded evidences of mural paintings, the backgrounds white, with the figures in a dull red. The windows were usually round, bordered with lacings of twigs. Vessels of pottery were found in the rooms, some used for water, some for storing food, but many of them, as other relics of these first apartment dwellers of America, were carried away before means were taken to preserve the most interesting of all cliff-dwelling ruins. For in the words of Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, "The cliff ruins of the Mesa Verde represent the most spectacular and representative area of cliff-dwellings known."

Now that the region has been made into a National Park, the destruction of time is being guarded against. The debris is being cleared away, new supports made for decaying walls, convenient trails cleared and other ruins constantly unearthed. The Sun Temple on the top of the mesa facing the Cliff Palace was opened by Dr. Fewkes in 1915. It is a semi-circular structure one hundred and twenty-two feet in length, with walls twelve feet high. There are two large circular ceremonial rooms within the larger enclosure and smaller devotional chambers built into the outer walls with openings from the central area.

If the establishment of the most scenic of all America's national parks, the Rocky Mountain National Park, was due to a Colorado man, Enos Mills, it is to the credit of the Colorado women that the once home of America's most ancient peoples has been memorialized in the same manner. For it was through the unceasing labors and great sacrifice of a body of women known as the "Colorado Cliff Dwellings Association" that the Mesa Verde National Park was created.

Prominent among these workers were Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. Gilbert McClurg and others of Colorado Springs and Denver. Mrs. McClurg had never lost interest in the ruins since she had "covered" the story for a New York illustrated magazine in 1886, when, under cavalry escort, she had boldly entered the region, then alive with Utes inflamed over the killing of one of their band by a cow-boy. It was at the expense of this organization that the first wagon road was built into the Mesa Verde canyons. At her own expense Mrs. Hammond developed the splendid Hammond Spring near the government Spruce Tree Camp. The Anthropological Society, meeting in Denver in 1901, went as guests of the Association to the ruins; other trips of prominent men were financed by this noble body of women. Through their influence a corporation was organized that built replicas of the cliff dwellings at Manitou; thousands who came to the famous springs had their interest excited in the ruins in southwest Colorado and added their "bit" to the cause of the women.

When legislation was under way — the problem of clearing the Ute Indian title to the land included in the proposed park, delayed the bill's passage — the Association assuming all expenses for treating with the Indians, etc. But with the "warrior's way" these Coloradoans again gave account of themselves, and the Park became a reality.

In August, 1916, the Association staged an old Pueblo Indian Legend, "The Marriage of Day and Moon," in the ruins. For footlights they used blazing piles of greasewood or piñon; the chorus and dances were given by a "new-world Oberon and Titania" with plenty of attendants. For the barbecue feast such foods as it is thought those ancients used were served: baked ears of

maize, and squashes and beans ; to these were added whole roast beef and sheep, barbecued out in the open.

It is through just such devoted efforts of the men and women of Colorado that the Federal Government has been made to recognize the true worth of beauty, of interest in the country's archeology, as an adjunct to a normal, healthy life. With the acknowledgment of the government in the establishment of National Parks has come the empowering of the President to proclaim as National Monuments such government-owned lands as have historic or scientific interest.

On the same route that leads to the Mesa Verde from Pueblo through the San Luis Valley is the Wheeler National Monument, a "geologic wonderland." The natural park contains about three hundred acres, all of which is covered with grotesque sandstone formations that fill one with awe and wonder; their brilliant colors of terra cotta, bright yellows and white at an elevation of 11,500 feet are visible for miles to the east and south. One fantastic "garden" of white, writhing shapes was called by the religio-picturesque Spaniard, Dante's Lost Souls. The Monument may be reached by burro from Wagon Wheel Gap about ten miles distant, and has historic interest as well as scientific because of the fateful expedition of Fremont, who was overtaken by disaster in the vicinity. The discovery of mule skeletons and wagon wheels gave the "Gap" its name; the Monument name honors General George M. Wheeler, who spent three years in Southern Colorado under government direction in special scientific research in 1873.

On the northern route to Mesa Verde, a short spur of the Rio Grande Railroad leads up from Montrose to Grand Junction, where in diametric contrast to the fruitful gardens around this metropolis of Western Colorado

is situated the monolithic Colorado National Monument. The Park consists of fourteen thousand acres of land spread out in remarkable canyons, a rim-rocked mesa unlike any found in the world. The formations resemble in composition those found in the Garden of the Gods, but there the comparison ends, as the shapes and sizes of the "monuments" are more inexplicable, more monolithic, and of greater elevation, while the coloring is more magnificent by far.

The Park is just across the Grand River from Grand Junction and is visited by hundreds of tourists every year. Colorado's wonders have been particularly fortunate in having some loving soul willing to give up their life to carrying the message of their special devotion to the whole world. A peculiar and interesting character, John Otto, known as the "Trail Builder," the "Hermit of Monument Park," is responsible for this wonderland having been memorialized. He came to Western Colorado in about 1900 in connection with a water project, and seeing the gorgeous beauties of this rim rock mesa land set himself the task of attracting the attention of the government; with his own hands, and without remuneration, he began making trails through the many winding gorges where "sullen rivers run," between battlemented walls and towers and turrets, Nature-made. The government at Washington heard his call and its echo through the thousands who were lost in rapture over the monumental sculpture work Otto's trails had opened up to them.

When the Secretary of the Interior announced the creation of this mesa land as a park he said of this sacrificing frontiersman: "Since 1911 John Otto has acted as custodian of this monument and has, single-handed, surveyed and built several good roads and trails and has



COURT GROUP, COLORADO NATIONAL MONUMENT.

carved steps up the side of the largest monolith. He spends practically all of his time (without pay) on the monument and is continually at work making it more attractive and accessible." In recognition of Otto's valuable service to the park, he was made Superintendent. One of the things of unique interest that Otto has done in connection with the Monument is in placing on the top of Independence Monument a United States Flag. This monolith is absolutely perpendicular and rises to a height of five hundred feet from the mesa. No one had thought of the rock except as unscalable. But Otto was so overjoyed at the government having forever secured the park to the American people as a whole, it would be a fitting memorial, he thought, to place on its highest peak a flag pole with the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze. With chisel and hammer the once miner worked day after day, cutting his way into the rock by steps, driving into each a strong iron rod. At last the top was reached and without words to any one he raised the American colors over the Monument Park. So much interest was aroused that when Otto decided another flag was needed a year later, a celebration took place in his honor, and thousands watched him make the perilous ascent. But many closed their eyes as he essayed the much more dangerous trip back to earth. He is the idol of the Grand River Valley, and no more pleasing sight can one think of than when John Otto appears in Grand Junction with his twin burros, his camp equipment packed compactly on their backs. As a guide he is invaluable, as many testify who have explored this Colorado National Monument.

CHAPTER XXII

ROADS

UNTIL about five years ago Colorado had let the prospector and pioneer push his way open in front of him. Today all that is changed. She opens the road and invites him to follow. And she does more. As if by way of apology, she has widened his old trail, reduced its grade and to insure against wash-outs, she has flung across it bridges of concrete as strong as the granite walls out of which the trail was often carved.

Not that Colorado had been totally indifferent to her roads in the short generation since she became a State, but her problem is unlike that in most commonwealths. Within the borders of Colorado one finds certain "districts"—isolated; they were all but separate principalities in themselves. There were the coal interests around Pueblo, the precious-mineral interests in the San Juan, in Leadville, in the Georgetown District; the agricultural interests in the Valley of the Platte, and so on. Each had been left to work out its own local problems of road needs. Then, certain centers were great resorts for tourists. Capitalists of those centers who were expected to profit immediately thereby had been allowed to put their thousands upon thousands in "scenic highways." But no visitor to Colorado remains long content to confine himself to beaten tracks. He wishes to penetrate into the heart of the rocks and seek what the wonderland offers in trout streams and in game hunting or in spots where he can erect his camp far from the outside world.

So, responding both to the tourist's call and the economic needs of production, the marketing and consumption of the rapidly developed resources, the State laid aside the worn-out theory of local road-building. A State Highway Commission was created in 1910, the three commissioners to be selected from widely differing sections of the State. They immediately began a campaign to arouse the attention of the several counties toward the importance of the new department. In the main, the appeal met with the wildest enthusiasm, the only "balk" was over the State Highway to cross their sections. Some felt the expense should be borne entirely by the State. But as soon as they were made to realize the vast returns to them from accessible roads from every corner of the State, and from transcontinental travel, they not only were willing to double the fifty per cent. allotted them by the State, but in many cases gave five dollars to every one of the State. Since the initial year, we find the counties have bonded themselves independent of the state aid for whatever amount the engineer has shown them as necessary in order to make a perfect road system in their respective counties.

The problem of road building in a mountainous State like Colorado is a serious one, and many felt that Federal aid should be sought. Congressman Edward T. Taylor introduced in the Congress a bill asking the government to set aside a million acres of agricultural lands, "to be used solely for the purpose of constructing, improving and maintaining public highways and good wagon roads within said State, under the supervision of the State Highway Commission."

The several sections of the bill set forth a concrete plan whereby the sale of the lands and the income from the moneys accruing should be converted to the purposes

of the Commission. Interest in the bill was aroused by appeal to the seventeen States which still had government land within their bounds to whom such legislation would be of benefit, should the Congress recognize the request of Colorado. Through the wide indorsement and aid received from Governors, Senators and Congressmen throughout America, Good Roads Associations and Automobile Clubs, the bill, though yet delayed in passage, promises still to become a law.

But, the question once raised, the State started on a system of roads without waiting for Federal aid. A special local taxation was levied in counties, which brings in \$1,600,000 annually, while a half-mill levy on the same valuation is turned over to the State Highway fund. From the sale and rental of lands given to the State upon its admission into the Union are derived about \$100,000, while a like amount accrues from automobile taxation, all becoming a part of the state road fund.

Then, characteristic with every enterprise promulgated by the people of Colorado, the Commission, though charged with enthusiasm, went about its new business in a strictly methodical way. Requests were sent to every State in the Union and to Canada for information regarding road experiments and investigations. Reports of great value were received. The Commission was able to frame road laws that would meet the needs of Colorado, to decide from the character of Colorado soils what in the specifications of road materials elsewhere were suitable here; they learned of dust preventives, of the value of split-log drags on earth roads after rains, of legislation for both horse-drawn and motor vehicles, and much more of value.

Counties were called upon for road maps, but when it

is recalled that one of them at least does not contain a single farm it will not seem surprising that frequently none existed. Some had not even a survey; and, in many instances, the counties had no title to some of their main highways. These conditions had to be rectified, maps and surveys made that cost the counties several thousand dollars, and titles cleared, otherwise the roads could be cut off from travel at any moment through a whim.

We find the number of primary state roads given in 1910 as twenty, with a length of 1,643½ miles; in 1914, 5,842 miles; in 1916, 7,083 miles. In addition, there are the numerous roads within the counties that have been brought up to a high standard since the introduction of state aid for state highways, while in the last two years pride and development had so far progressed that most counties have opened the county boundaries with fine roadways. It is estimated that there are thirty-two thousand miles of highways open to travel of all kinds in Colorado.

An idea of the money it took to bring this surpassing highway system about may be gained from the amount of \$2,200,000 to be spent this year. Six hundred thousand of that comes from state aid for the state highways; twice that amount is furnished by the counties for the same purpose, while the remainder is put in on county roads at the expense of each county.

Thirty-two thousand miles may not seem a large mileage to older States, yet light is shed when it is considered that the system is but five years old, and that most of the roads are following the ups and downs of Colorado's topographical make-up. Colorado realizes she has just begun, that her road-building program is yet in front of her. Three hundred miles of new roads were built in

1916, and the local or county roads added brought the number of miles of new roads up to one thousand.

Most of these roads were carved out of a granite cliff or through the rock-ribbed Continental Divide, with blasting powder — not turned up with a plow as in the east or south or on most of the West Coast. Even on the plains of Colorado the road problem is not a simple one. The bridges and culverts, always of concrete — for no Coloradoan would be so indifferent to the beautiful or the substantial as to permit “tin” bridges — have to be set firmly in the soft quick-sand.

An interesting solution to an aggravating problem was made in Morgan and Adam Counties, the first year after the Commission had been formed. For years the Box Elder and Kiowa Creek crossings had been an eyesore to the ranchers and others living on the main artery out of Denver to the northeast corner of the State. The sand conditions would not permit a decent load to be hauled through the dry creek without extra teams or an automobile. As the crossings were over creeks that seldom flow, but are subject to heavy floods, raised bridges would not only have cost fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, but owing to the floods and sandy conditions would have been exposed to frequent wash-outs. Experiments were made with flush-bridges which rest upon wooden piling sunk about six feet below the river bed. They resemble a concrete street crossing and are each four hundred feet long and cost four thousand dollars. The water flows over these flush bridges without any damage.

Since then, numerous flush-bridges have been constructed in sandy sections with perfect results and no loss. Sometimes concrete piling is used (in one place the piling is fifty-four feet in length), especially if the piling is to

extend above the water level, where wood will not endure. This was done in the construction of a bridge across Bijou Creek, twelve miles west of Fort Morgan. With the completion of these bridges, all serious embarrassment to travel from sand troubles was removed between Denver and Julesburg on Colorado's diagonal highway across the State.

The state plan for highways included roads to intersect the State from east to west, from north to south. We find six roads coming into Colorado from the east, two of them hard surfaced, four improved unsurfaced. And it will be understood that a natural road bed is often most satisfactory, yet the character of the soil and the drainage in all cases are the deciding factors. Four roads go out of the State on the Utah side, three improved unsurfaced, and one unimproved and, of course, unsurfaced. From the south side there pass ten state highways, one surfaced, four improved unsurfaced, the remaining unimproved. This is in sharp contrast to a condition that existed a few years ago. The southwestern part of the State was absolutely cut off from the outside world, while the San Luis Valley could only be entered from New Mexico and over crude roads through sand beds that lost their identity in each sandstorm, which was frequent. Not only is the section now accessible to visitors eager to explore new roads and feast on the scenic wonders opened up to them, but the rich coal and metal miners, the stockraisers and fruit growers are conscious of a closer relation existing between them and the rest of the State.

There are three state roads coming into Colorado from the north, the principal one being the "Great North and South Highway." This road extends from the northern border of the State to the southern, going

out of Colorado over the old Santa Fé Trail. It has much to place it in the front of the wonderful highways of Colorado. It skirts the front wall or Rampart Range of mountains the length of the State; it is the main traveled thoroughfare into the National Park areas of the Northwest, the Yellowstone, and Glacier National Park; hard surfaced roads lead off it into the Rocky Mountain National Park and the Estes Park region. The largest towns of Colorado are on its route, Greeley, Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Boulder, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Walsenburg and Trinidad. In passing through these towns it has also crossed those highways which have entered the State from the east: the Platte Valley Road, which comes into Greeley, and the diagonal road, which leaves it at Fort Morgan and comes into Denver, the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, the old and new Santa Fé Trails, the Rainbow Route and the Midland Trail, the Lincoln Highway and the Spanish Trail.

The Commissioners in arranging for the work done, require plans and specifications to be submitted. Afterward, bids are advertised for. And since the work is primarily in the hands of a state highway commissioner with capable engineers, little trouble has arisen from badly filled contracts. In such a case the contractor is bonded and little but loss of time has ever occurred.

In the first year of the life of the Commission, convict labor was tried in Chaffee County. A road was built up Trout Creek from Buena Vista to Newitt, a distance of fourteen miles, where cloudbursts and waterspouts were continually washing out the road bed. The work was well done, and convict labor has been employed every year since. Five convict camps have been constantly maintained throughout the past two years, most of the



ON THE RAINBOW ROUTE, NEAR SALIDA.

time on construction of state highways, part of the time on county roads. These camps employ about two hundred and fifty men from the state penitentiary under the terms of the "Lewis Law," and the direct supervision of the warden, Mr. Thomas J. Tynan, whose prison work has been the model in much reform work undertaken in the United States. The beneficial effect of work in the open leaves its mark upon the convict as well as does the sense of achievement that comes through honest labor. This was brought out by Judge Ben Lindsey at a lecture in Philadelphia, where I heard him explain his method of making citizens instead of criminals out of law offenders. He had inadvertently referred to the co-ordinating work done by Warden Tynan. In the questionaire that followed the lecture, a query was put as to the number of convicts who made attempts to escape from the prison camps. Judge Lindsey replied there were none, that the overseer in charge had never found it necessary even to keep a gun about the camp until natives in the neighborhood began to steal the food provisions.

No one doubts that it was the automobile that has brought about the evolution of the highway system, and that it has been a miracle worker in the life and intercourse of our times. It has made next door neighbors of the people of the whole of America. Too, it has done even more than the railroads in acquainting Americans with what their country represents. In Colorado it has bridged the plain with the mountain. As short a while as five years ago, one's journeys into the State all but stopped with the Front Wall. If he penetrated farther it was only into districts restricted in view by the width of the canyon along which the railroad ran. Today, he can leave the railroads and wind around mountain top after mountain top by easy gradients, changing

his panoramic view with each turning and each new level reached; he can find camping spots in myriads of trout streams in thousands of acres of the National Forests.

So welcome has the automobilist been made as a camper, whether a Coloradoan or a tourist from outside the State, that it is no uncommon sight to pass auto camps pitched back among the fragrant pine forests away from the automobile highway. A canvas cover protects the automobile and also serves as roof to the bed-converted seats; a tent has been stretched, the pinned-back flaps revealing folding cots and comfortables. Outside is a small camp stove, or perchance a fireplace constructed of stones, and around it are grouped the happy campers watching the bacon "sizzle" and the coffee pot bubble.

Life in the open no longer means hardships and inconveniences, neither is camping any longer a synonym for discomfort from cold or badly prepared meals. Wisdom and experience and collaboration of camp lovers have worked out the details until one's equipment responds to every need. And there is no such delight as pitching one's own tent, and really living in the high pure air of the Rockies! To watch the inquisitive little forest creatures creep about in the woods as the soft black night draws on; to see the night-tents pulled down over the mountain ridge-poles, while away up in the sky a silvery moon takes her way across the heavens; to hear little night whispers among the pine boughs, between aspens that are all a-tremble with the miracle of life — then it is one feels he is in a peaceful little world high up on the roof of the continent, that has bided his coming.

The auto-camper has the advantage of being able to erect a more or less permanent camp whence he can make excursions near and far. Or, he may fold his tents around his lares and penates and silently steal away as

freely to some spot farther on, stopping where the place invites. Even in districts where one expects to be walled in to a road-way width, he is surprised at a widening stretch where tall pines point their welcome. On the Rainbow Route I recall just such an open space approaching the top of Monarch Pass. Leaving Salida for the Gunnison district the road leads into the Titan ridges of the Continental Divide, with peaks like heralds lifted high. The road suddenly opened, and we were in one of these park-like spaces frequently met. With snow-covered Mount Ætna standing watchguard over us, and although the sun was yet high, the tiny park was so inviting, so filled with poetic beauty, that here we pitched our tent.

But even the joys afforded the tourist do not make him lose sight of the fact that the farming and industrial interests of the State have been even better served by the introduction of the automobile and the consequent superior highways. One is so accustomed to associating the horse with farming conditions he wonders if the animal has not been superseded entirely by motor machinery. The roads are filled with farmers and stock-raisers in motor cars, many of them passenger vehicles temporarily converted into supply wagons; a horse-drawn vehicle tied around the "square," along the town "racks" is as infrequent as an automobile was twenty years ago. The only time horses are seen as in other days is on Cattleman's Day at Gunnison, or in like instances elsewhere; even a motor truck follows the cowboys on their "round-ups."

Go where one will, into the Eagle River country, out at Grand Junction, from there to Steamboat Springs, too, on a continuous roadway, the busy automobile is found doing service on the road or on the farm. To illustrate

further the advantage of good roads in the upbuilding of Colorado, the use of the automobile in the same connection, and the enterprising character of the men who make up the State, I will tell in the man's own words the following story, which is full of surprises for the most of us. He had bought in Denver a machine of the make that has infused "pep" into the limp comic weekly. With it he had picked out a place which he purchased later on the North and South Highway, near the north Colorado line — a ranch of twenty-two hundred acres.

"I say ranch because the machine has made it so in one summer, but at the time I bought it it was nothing but a vast prairie, with not even a tree on it. I had but three saddle horses, so I was forced to make trips to town and do the necessary hauling with it. I first bought lumber to build a garage twenty by twenty-four feet, making the trip every day to town nine miles away, climbing back home, an elevation seven hundred feet in that distance, with a load of lumber. After completing the garage, the next in order was a well, as I had been hauling water, with the Ford, of course, three miles away. The well-digging machinery was not in the best of trim, so to hurry the work along I hooked my motor to the machinery and ran a well-driller to a depth of two-hundred and seventy feet. Then, I hauled the iron pipe for casings from town. I bought a windmill and tower and, of course, hauled them, too. And in the summer when the wind did not blow enough to turn the windmill, I pumped water for two-hundred and fifty head of stock with my car.

"The cattle I had bought were very wild range stock, and it was necessary that strong fences be built to hold them. I built eighteen miles of fence with the car. I also used it for a wire stretcher. I would put a rope

around the rear spring and drive ahead until the wire was tight, and then set the brakes and nail the wire. To build the eighteen miles of fence I bought and hauled with the car one thousand eight hundred and eighty posts and two hundred and sixteen spools of barbed wire — all up the seven hundred foot grade. Then, I needed yards to brand calves, to milk, to work the cattle out in. I made a deal with a saw mill twenty-two miles up in the mountains from Belleview — forty-five miles from the ranch — for slabs from bridge timber. These I obtained practically for the cost of hauling them. In all I made twelve trips up in the mountains for slabs. I would always go on a Sunday and take my wife and daughter along, so that they could fish and enjoy a much needed outing while I was loading and getting ready to start back. The saw mill is situated in the mountains on one of the highways being built by convict labor, and it is certainly a beautiful mountain highway."

After he had built his yards and shed with the slabs, he started on a five-room bungalow, the lumber of which was, of course, hauled with his car — the stone for the chimney and basement coming from the hills about the ranch. He had bought the ranch in March, 1916. Up to the first of the year he had made fourteen trips to Denver, over a hundred miles, "with what produce as I could farm, using the car as a tractor, and had brought back very heavy loads of furniture. I formerly lived in Denver and had left my furniture in my house, bringing what I could to the ranch at each trip. I always practice efficiency and have never made the trip without returning with a load, having figured out what I was going to need the next week or the next month. Many of my trips to Denver were made at night or in the early spring when farm labor could not advance.

“A unique use to which the car was put was in the ‘round-up.’ It drove the grub-wagon for the round-up on the range, being out nineteen days and never saw a track of any kind, forded rivers, climbed rocky hills and bluffs and never had any trouble. The old-time cow-punchers laughed when they first saw it, but it was always ahead of them, and dinner or supper, as the case might be, was always awaiting the heroes of the plains.”

There may be those who do not care for the seemingly unromantic details of this story, forgetting that the elements of true romance are found only in industry; they may see nothing in it of color, of imprisoned beauty to add luster to this jeweled State of the Rockies. But there is in it much more than just interest in highways and means of converting a “trackless desert” into a “terrestrial paradise,” and more, much more, than a page out of one man’s life. It is a key to every endeavor that has been ventured in Colorado. The ranchman even may be as Edwin L. Sabin’s Westerner in his story *See America Last*, a Harvard man, one versed in Latin and Greek — the humanities — but one able to translate them into life’s meanings on a Colorado ranch, and that, too, with a recalcitrant steer striving for the mastery! But with or without the “guinea stamp,” this is the type of man found in Colorado. The healthful air, the magnificent scenery and the inspiration that mountains give, the physical and mental standing room, have done their part. But there is more still — the Coloradoans have the way of the Bushido of old Japan, the “warrior’s way,” as some one has said — a strong will. Many there are who look up at the everlasting hills and are inspired to do, to be; under the intoxicating influence of the inspiration we are all but the things we would be — but it is one of the

unrecognized of life's tragedies that it takes work and will to *live* the things we would be, to translate them into *life*.

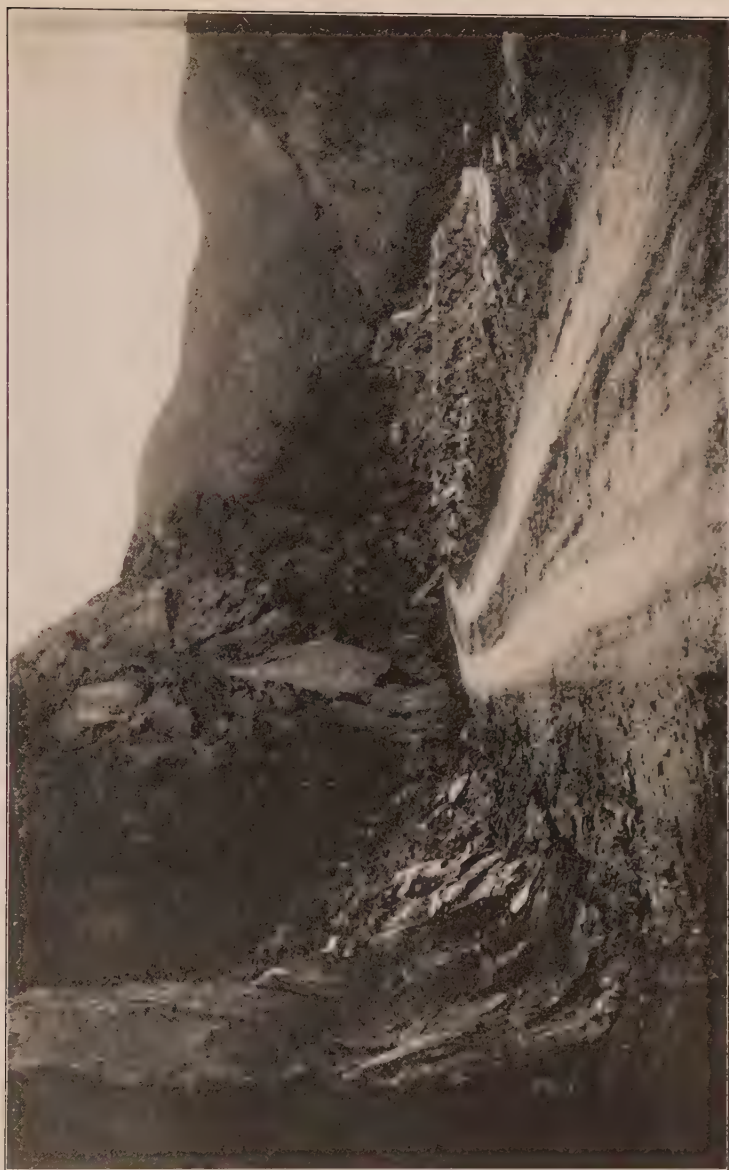
And so by motoring through this virile Colorado, one is able to gauge its prosperity, its material advantages as well as to observe the motor-joys of a state that has one automobile to every twenty of its inhabitants. The expenditures for automobiles in Colorado in 1916 reached eighteen million six hundred dollars for cars and accessories; the number of state licenses were forty thousand; the records show as many as twenty-five thousand visiting automobiles. It is when we look at such figures that we can understand the seeming lavishness of two and a half million a year on mere roads. But when we even mentally view the romantic environment, the delights of motoring through luminous, crystal air, we not only marvel that the automobile visitor is not multiplied many times — as he will be — but that there remains a single homestead not yet pre-empted, a single industry not developed to its fullest, as it will be.

Any one who has had a day's motoring in the Rockies will agree that it was worth a week in any place else in the world. Absolutely no place offers as much in scenery, in color effects, in fine road beds, and especially in the bracing, crystal air — possible only in a high altitude over a large sweep of mountain land. Colorado is doing all she can to make these delights accessible. The park-to-park highway plan originated in Colorado. Its purpose is to link all the national parks in the West. Such a highway would make almost a circle tour, connecting as it would the Mesa Verde and Rocky Mountain National Parks in Colorado with the Yellowstone in Wyoming, Glacier National Park in Montana, Mount Rainier in Washington, Crater Lake National Park in Oregon.

the Yosemite in California, and the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

A link in the Colorado section of the chain was completed in 1916. A government road had existed into the Mesa Verde National Park from Mancos, and a good road connected it with Durango. Too, a road stretched across the width of the San Luis Valley from Durango to Trinidad, and there met the North and South Road that up above Denver and Loveland brought the motorist to the Rocky Mountain National Park. Now a road has been completed diagonally across the State that brings the two parks closer together by many, many miles. This just finished piece of road-work is known as Wolf Creek Pass. It is in the San Juan Mountains, Mineral County, and is forty miles long. It was carved out of solid rock of the Continental Divide, about two miles above sea level, the road builders using power drills as in mine tunneling. It affords the first direct route into the San Juan country; it will be of immense benefit to the mines; and it will enable thousands to see the "silvery San Juan," without which a knowledge of what Colorado possesses in the way of mountain grandeur would remain unknown.

A description of the importance of the Wolf Creek Pass Road was given by the State Highway Commissioner, Thomas J. Ehrhart, at its dedication: "This is the completing link in a great diagonal highway through Colorado, coming into the State at Julesburg at the extreme northeast corner and going out at the extreme southwest corner, a distance of six hundred and twelve miles. This route crosses and is intersected by the Lincoln Highway, the Midland Trail, the Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, the Rainbow Route and the Spanish Trail.



ON THE WOLF CREEK PASS ROAD.

“ It follows the valley of the Platte two hundred and fifty miles, passing through our beautiful capital city; crosses the great South Park, passing through the valley of the Upper Arkansas, under the snow-clad College peaks, on the backbone of the continent, then on through the incomparable San Luis Valley, having the beautiful Sangre de Cristo Range in view for miles across the valley of the Rio Grande through the scenic marvels of the San Juan Mountains, and then on down the San Juan River to the Animas River and Durango. I doubt if there is another highway on the earth's surface so replete with scenic grandeur and climatic variance as this great diagonal road.”

Another much-traveled road is the old stage route, known as the Red Mountain Road, between Ouray and Silverton, over which still dash the old Concord coaches. It skirts the mountainside, mounts high above Ouray, goes on to the Divide at Red Mountain, 11,025 feet, brushing past colossal rocks that have been chiseled in twain for the roadway, veers seemingly straight at a yawning chasm, and then over zigzagging windings it drops down to Silverton.

Around Denver the motoring delights never end. The mountain parks of the city afford charms as wild as are found in the heart of the Rockies. Granite safety walls, and anchored steel pillars gird the ribbon road that clings to Lookout Mountain, while below the winds seem to have whipped the trail into a lariat. Beyond are the Arapahoe peaks and the billowy sea of mountain ridges, the snowy edge against the sky like the lashed froth of an arrested ocean's wrath. One may motor from Denver to the Rocky Mountain National Park by straight route through Boulder, Lyons, picking up the Big Thompson River route at the Estes Park entrance; or

he may effect the same admission to this, the best of Uncle Sam's family of playgrounds, by a more devious way over the Platte River road to Greeley, or straight to Loveland through Longmont on the North and South Highway, with the Big Thompson as companion for more than twenty-five miles, a stream to be courted, once under its charm. Too, from Boulder another attractive route exists to the Park,—by way of Ward. The road lies parallel to and six miles east of the Continental Divide, and crosses the upper waters of South, Middle and North Forks of the St. Vrain Creeks. It passes quiet inviting retreats like Copeland Lake Lodge, Peaceful Valley, on the Middle St. Vrain, the Hewes-Kirkwood cottage resort, the Columbines, and Long's Peak Inn, the home of the kindly naturalist, Enos Mills, when one is well into the Park and under the shadow of Long's Peak.

The Fall River route leads out of the Rocky Mountain Park which it has intersected into the Grand Lake country, and one may go back to Denver by a circle route or down the Pacific Slope of the Divide to beautiful Sulphur Springs. From there he may proceed in answer to the "call of the wild" through Middle Park to Yampa on his way to Steamboat Springs, and, farther still, to Craig, where big game browses unfamiliar with a bullet's whizz. He may come from there down to Rifle through Meeker, still in the huntsman's paradise; or, he could reach Rifle by taking a diverse route from Sulphur Springs into the Eagle River country, with a stop-over for a dip in the hot springs at dream-like Glenwood. Once on the route down the banks of the Grand River, he is in Mesa Land. Not where "the sand dunes stretch afar"—he will find that later, but where orchards grow flush and pink and hang heavy with jeweled pendants of apples ruby-red, where grapes cluster in lov-

ing intimacy, and where peaches put the freshest maiden's cheek to the blush. He is at once in the gardens around Grand Junction. Here he meets his trout-bearing friend, the Gunnison, in whose company he follows on into the incomparable valley of Uncompaghre. A little while, and he has come to the "silvery San Juan" again, but by a wider route.

Down in the Pike's Peak region there exists a slightly more intimate feeling between the motorist and the mountain. Perhaps it is because that Peak of Pike's is the best known of the Rockies' monuments in print and in memory. Now that its summit may be negotiated in a motor car it will become more familiar still, the ambition to include a trip to cloud land, perchance in an August snow flurry, is worthy enough. Too, Crystal Park, and Williams Canyon and the Cheyennes, both North and South, and other countless gardens of gods in as many moods, will invite as they have not done before, although, with Helen Hunt Jackson, they have long been places of "divine worship."

One may follow the Fontane-que-bouille, the Fountain River, from Manitou to Pueblo, through kine-studded pastures thick and green with alfalfa, past nodding trees fruit-laden, past chicken ranches, and bee ranches, and vegetable gardens (for Colorado Springs gets its breakfast here) to the busy, rich manufacturing city of Pueblo. All the while he has been in the dim shadow of the Front Range. At the "Pittsburg of the West," the snowy crest of the Sangre de Cristos throws into relief the notched ridge of the Wet Mountains in the foreground. Tourists from the East come in over the old Santa Fé Trail up the Arkansas Valley, and pause here for a stay in the delightful atmosphere of the "Sunshine City," another name by which Pueblo is known. One

may go from here over the wonderful shale-surfaced roads down into the Walsenburg and Trinidad section, over La Veta Pass, and, blessed by the pure, serene aspect of Sierra Blanca, proceed inspired into the "terrestrial paradise" of the Valley of San Luis.

Visions of the towering peaks and the fascinating canyons and the mysterious gorges where gnomes sport and fairies play, come to my mind — on the road from Aspen to Twin Lakes across Independence Pass, on the Rainbow route between Salida and Canyon City, the friendly yet difficult way that points to Trapper's Lake, and to Trout Lake, Telluride-way. All these and many more I visualize, but the reader will understand the limitations of the confines of one book, and, for himself, I hope, seek these poetic places over — the broad highway.

CHAPTER XXIII

COLORADO INTELLECTUALS

WHAT has been the reaction of the artistic mind to this Queen Jewel of the Rockies? What expression has been given to the emotions aroused in a land where every man stands on his own feet, where he is freed from the cramped and crimped public opinion of congested centers, and has that wide charity and toleration that comes from sound nerves and plenty of mental and physical standing room?

Let us see what Colorado has done in the world of literature. In the early days of the State it is evident there was lacking that security in the social and political conditions which is ever necessary for the development of art. Not until the food, clothing and shelter needs of man are provided, can this security be obtained. The discovery of gold in Colorado came at a time in the history of the country — just after the financial panic of 1857 when many large business concerns had closed their doors — when the need for seeking the necessities of life almost dominated the age-old desire for quick fortune. This meant a high average in the character and intelligence in these argonauts, many of them college men. Every mining camp held its quota who could discuss the transcendentalism of the Concord group or the acute exercise of reason shown in the weird tales of Poe. These men and their families whose mail each stage day was heavy with magazines and books from the East, formed

a ready-made audience for the writers who appeared in the new West.

Big game had drawn such writer-hunters as Ruxton and Gore and Dunraven; the unexampled charm of the Rockies brought that famous world traveler, the Englishwoman, Isabella Bird, and the artist, Bierstadt. Their written experiences were as full of adventure and romance as any novel, and scores of Eastern writers scurried to the Pike's Peak region for a glimpse of the weird and wild, the romantic and the beautiful.

It will be remembered that Colorado's material beginnings about marked the close of the period of what is known in American literature as the "creative impulse." The country was approaching her great civil strife over the question of slavery. Every man had his opinion and it took mediums through which to express them. Newspapers were assuming an importance not before felt, and journals through which the voice of the learned could be heard at length sprang up. Writers were sent across the continent to report on the character of the American States who would soon be speaking for themselves as to whether they were to be "slave or free."

We find Horace Greeley so impressed with the Colorado of the Rockies that for months he devoted pages in his paper exploiting the possibilities of the region. Bayard Taylor, Samuel Bowles, hosts of writers contributed beautiful word pictures and sheaves of facts that enriched this Western world in the eyes of the older East.

Within fifteen years after the discovery of gold, we find "H. H." (Hellen Hunt Jackson) contributing her "Bits of Travel" to the *Atlantic Monthly* in such installments as *A Calendar of Sunrises in Colorado*, *Georgetown and the Terrible Mine*, *Colorado Springs*, a town of three thousand, the trustees of which colony she

says "are men of means, position, and great executive ability."

But other writers than Helen Hunt Jackson were destined to be heard from and also making Colorado home. W. N. Byers had established the *Rocky Mountain News* in Denver in the same year as the gold discovery in Gregory Gulch, 1859. Each mining camp boasted its "daily," which occupied itself principally in giving accounts of the new gold "strikes" and the new arrivals. Yet it was left to the *Denver Tribune* to call to its head in 1880 a managing editor whose "child-stuff" is now known the world around. No sweeter songs of childhood were ever sung than those that fell with rhythmic grace from the pen of Eugene Field.

About the date of Field's coming to Denver, John Brisben Walker was founding his magazine the *Inter-ocean*, and he brought to its pages all the writers of the West who were distinguishing themselves. That he, the owner, became a publisher of distinction in the handling of this magazine is shown in his invasion of the magazine field of New York, where later he purchased the *Cosmopolitan*.

Two other monthlies came into existence in the early 'eighties, the *Great Divide* and the *Commonwealth*. There was nothing unfinished in structure or style in the mass of material that filled the pages of these magazines. James McCarthy, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Fitz-Mac," will be recalled in loving memory for his fine, very human pictures drawn with unerring pen in his many contributions to the *Commonwealth*. The *Great Divide* was established by that genius in the publishing business, H. H. Tamman. No expense was spared to make of this handsomely illustrated monthly one representative of the Rockies.

Outdoor Life, established in 1907, is, as its name indicates, a vehicle for conveying to the minds of its readers the joys of life in the open. It is convincing in its every feature, whether poem, short story or article of straight description. The *Denver Post* wizards, F. C. Bonfils and H. H. Tamman, are its owners. It is quite probable that these men have brought out and developed more writers than any other two editors in the world. Perhaps I should say "helped to bring out," for credit must be given to the very virile region and the virility of the men who were promoting its interests. The inevitable clashes between capital and labor, between the rich mine owner and the laborer, the railroad interests and shippers, the legislators and politicians, both for and against, only served to whet the wit of the aspiring young journalist and bring him close up to the raw elementals. These Denver journals, the *News*, the *Tribune*, later the *Republican*, which was again metamorphosed into the *Post*, have had at various times on their staffs: Eugene Field, George Knapp, J. M. Ward, W. J. Davis, C. C. Davis, Ellis Meredith, Bennet, Raine, Runyon, George Creel, "Polly Pry," Francis Wayne, Ruth Goodall Fish, Chauncey Thomas, Arthur Chapman, Edwin L. Sabin, many of them as distinguished in the character of their success as the Rockies in their grandeur. There are those who decry the effect of newspaper work on the person who aspires to fame as a writer of good literature. Much is to be said on both sides, but it does no harm to call attention to Kipling's debt to the "up-country" journal in India, the one he so vividly describes in *The Man Who Would be King*.

Helen Hunt Jackson is a good example of what a location so full of interest and inspiration can do for the truly literary. This gifted woman had lived forty years



Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

of a very interesting, though rather sad life before coming to Colorado Springs in 1873. I say sad because she had lost parents, her husband, Capt. E. W. Hunt of the Navy, and her two children. She had turned her hand to bits of verse when living at Newport, but it was not until she had made a trip West that she showed that remarkable gift of portrayal, whether of scene incident or character. In one of the articles on Colorado's wonderful coloring in earth and sky, she begins: "We owe a great debt to Mr. Whistler for having reclaimed the good word 'symphony' from the arbitrary monopoly of music writers." I have quoted those words, also conscious of the debt, because in no clearer way could I describe "H. H.'s" prose-poems on Colorado than to say they are "symphonies" in line and color and tone.

Whether Mrs. Jackson (she had married William S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs, in 1875) was portraying a yawning chasm, a mountain that lost its identity in cloudland, the miner who gave them steaming coffee in his shack, or the camp dog that had never seen a woman, one is impressed with the human-ness of the writer. It isn't to be wondered at that the Indian conditions — the recent Sand Creek massacre was still on every tongue — should arouse in this broad-visioned, tender-hearted writer a desire to awaken the government to a sense of duty toward the Red Man. She was certain that the Indian, if properly treated, could be made a respectable, law-abiding citizen. She conceived a novel to fit this theme, and went to California for her characters and setting because of the very successful missionary, civilizing work the old Spanish *padres* had done there, and because there, too, the Indian had been dispossessed from his holdings, which he had transformed under the Fathers' training into fruitful farms and orchards. The

masterpiece, *Ramona*, was the result, and as evidence of its interest and its art, its sales still rank it among the "best sellers." Her *A Century of Dishonor* is a record of her work done for the government in the interest of the Indian.

Eugene Field seems to have been placed in the world to prove how close laughter really is to tears. In one line of his poems or his "paragraphing," he runs almost the whole gamut of emotions, and it is said of him that he made his audience of one or a hundred laugh and cry in the same breath with that wonder-spirit of his as changeable as an April day.

Field probably succeeded more nearly in being himself than many people ever dare dream of being. We who are honest enough, admit that the conventional, the regular, confines us and hinders and, worse still, bores us. But few of us are brave enough to — thank God for our unconquerable souls. Field did this. He gave his "unconquerable soul" full rein to show his thanks, and every prank or bit of horse-play he ever committed was doubtless a form of thankful expression. How he must have chuckled at the efforts of the dry and musty college professors to hold him down to superannuated philosophizing! His keen incisive wit gathered the essentials at once, and he lost no time in devoting the rest of the hour to life. And how like him, upon arriving at his majority, that he should take his all and his best friend for a jaunt to Europe, and that his money should run out on the first lap of the journey!

We find him in Denver just turned thirty — a young age for the managing editorship of a paper of the "interests" in those days. With him on the *Tribune* were O. H. Rothacker and Fred J. V. Skiff, two names associated with the keen, alert class of journalism that has

kept Denver red-lettered on the map of newspaperdom. Field had unlimited money to play with in the management of the paper, and he ran it to the satisfaction of the railroad and political interests, and to the joyous delight of his readers. For Field was the original "columnist," and no present day "*Conning Tower*," or "*Line o' Type*" column in metropolitan papers have ever become such circulatory systems of wit as the "*Odds and Ends*" and "*The Tribune Primer*" that Field ran in the *Denver Tribune*.

Seemingly everything upon which his eyes fell was appropriated, only to masquerade later under clever wit and satire. Whether dimples or doodlebugs, cactus or cucumbers, burros or bugaboos, front gates or froth, it appeared gay or exaggeratingly grave. He was very happy in playing off the foibles of Denver society, which was beginning to take itself seriously. For he was a real humorist — one to whom the incongruities were so forcible that he was not happy until he found expression for them. But Field was not always gay; sometimes as in *The Pioneers* he showed thoughtful feeling with his satire:

"Fill up your glass, O comrade true,
With sparkling wine that cheers,
And let us drink a bumper to
The sturdy pioneers;
The honest men, the women fair,
Who years and years ago,
Had steady hearts, and heads to dare
Deeds we may never know,
Nor page in history show."

Not willing to be serious for long, he injects this into one of the verses. They, these pioneers,

"... speak of bitter winter woe,
Why, mercy sakes alive!

There fell a fifteen foot of snow
In eighteen sixty-five!
Three foot of water in the Platte
Was frozen ten foot thick,"

In Denver he was writing those child songs that were to make him a home among the immortals. He was polishing his pen in *The Bugaboo for Secin' Things at Night*. His love for all children and his understanding of the heart throbs of childhood are forever impaneled in *A Little Peach*, *Little Boy Blue*, and *Wynken, and Blynken, and Nod*. What child could have his appetite for an unripe peach that dangled however flush with pink from the limb, quenched as quickly as with that word-picture of *Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue*. If a laugh is there in every line, there is certainly a tear-drop in every word of *Little Boy Blue*. How story-telling is the first line,

"The little toy dog is covered with dust."

The note is struck and we can fill the scale, almost draw a diagram of the next and the next; but we go on for three times eight lines; longing yet for more, we turn back to the first and read it over and over again, until each word is a picture and an angel's song.

One of the finest editorial writers and analysts the country has known is George L. Knapp, who for many years was connected with Denver and Pueblo papers. An article on "Peace and Common Sense," which appeared in *Lippincott's* a few years ago, is of especial moment now that the world is at war. His short stories show a fine probing into the human mind for the causes that operate. In 1913, after he went to Chicago, he brought out a volume on Brigham Young, which received unusual commendation from the reviewers. His

novel, *The Scales of Justice*, gave him opportunity to exercise his vast store of human understanding, while *The Face of Air*, written, as the former, while he was still on the *Rocky Mountain News*, added to an already well-established reputation.

Emma Homan Thayer found in Colorado a medium for artistic expression, both through the pen and her brush. One of the original members of the Art League of New York, she came to Colorado well able to transfer the beauty of scene to canvas. Especially are paintings of the flora of Colorado to be regarded, while her book on *The Wild Flowers of Colorado* delights both the botanist and the untrained flower-lover. Her stories, *Petronilla*, *the Sister*, and *A Legend of Glenwood Springs*, reveal the reaction on a sensitive mind of the stimulus of mountain lands.

Walter Juan Davis, Mrs. Alma Martin Ellerbee, and Chauncey Thomas, the latter now on the editorial staff of *Outdoor Life*, are writers who have singled out vignettes of life and framed them in short stories more often with a camp and mountain atmosphere. Some things one never forgets — one of them is the picture of "Marg" in a mining camp story of that name by Mrs. Ellerbee. "Marg" is a human being whose youth has faded and upon whom the gentle dignity of age has forgotten to descend. I read the story several years ago, but I recall this phrase, "Neither tradition nor romance quickened about Marg." Even today those words throw this derelict character of the story out in strong relief against a snow-locked mining camp whose boom had waned.

Colorado has drawn to its literary folds a valued member in Eugene Parsons, whose love and interest in the State of his adoption is shown in two very splendid con-

tributions, *The Making of Colorado*, a volume published in 1907, and a *Guidebook to Colorado* in 1911. This painstaking author has many well-known works to his credit, among them the Farrington edition of *Tennyson, His Life and Poetry*, in ten volumes, and *A Sketch of George Washington*. His contributions to the reviews and literary journals of the country are of much value in their historical worth and literary excellence.

The universities of Colorado have been fortunate in securing for their faculties such men as James Hutchins Baker, President of the University of Colorado, whose works on psychology, American problems, etc., attract the attention of the thinking world; Florian Cajori, of Colorado College, author of *The History of Matter*, *The History of Physics*, *The History of Logarithms*—a dozen works on science; Herbert Marshall Howe of the University of Denver, one of the foremost astronomers of the world and author of numerous works and scientific articles on the subject of astronomy; James Edward Le Rossignol, of the University of Denver, writes authoritatively on economics, and ethics and the psychology of human life. Alice Eastwood, a botanist for years connected with Colorado education, is the author of various works on the flora of the Rockies. It is only natural that the rich field of both flora and fauna should attract scientists and nature lovers from all over the world. Writers who have given years of their time and study and their heart's love to the work of proclaiming to the world Colorado's interesting mammals, and myriads of smiling flower faces and God-given groves are endless in number. Among them are the Clements, Longyear, Ramaley, Eva Bird Bosworth, Cooke, Sclater. The latter's volume on the *History of Birds of Colorado*, dedicated to General W. J. Palmer, is without precedent.

But Colorado has a unique naturalist in Enos A. Mills. It is not an exaggeration to say that this gentle loving soul is the best-known Coloradoan. The reason is not far to seek. Colorado's wonderlands are in themselves one vast preachment of the joys of the great out-of-doors. Mills has consecrated his life to putting before the great big-hearted American what awaits him in a life spent in the open. Mills knows what he is talking about; he talks to the point and through the right mediums, the standard weeklies and monthlies of the country. He came to Colorado — to Estes Park, to be exact — in 1886, where, at the base of Long's Peak he established a home. The spell of the Rockies seized him, and he has probed every charm, and given the story to the world. I think I have never sensed such clear-cut images from any other pen; whether this John Burroughs of the Rockies is writing of *Mountain Top Weather*, of the devotion of a dog, Rob of the Rockies, of *The Fate of a Tree Seed*, or the work of the *Little Conservationists* — it is all the same. If it is running water, you hear the trickle and the gurgle of the stream; in the *Woodpecker*, *Tree-Surgeon*, you smell the pine that the bird is puncturing with his beak, as he digs for worms; in *Long's Peak* your eyes take in the panorama, but are all but blinded by the kaleidoscopic hues that the lights and shadows pick out on the mountain heights. I have spoken before of Colorado's — yes, the Nation's — debt to Mr. Mills for having preserved to the country the region around Estes Park in the Rocky Mountain National Park.

Verner Zerola Reed is another writer who has been forced to reveal his impressions under the influence of so much of interest. Mr. Reed brings to his interpretation of the meanings of the mystic in Indian philosophy, in the whispering sands and unique characters of

"Adobeland" the advantages of wide travel and rare opportunities of discovering life in its entirety. His *La-to-kah*, *Tales of Sunland*, and *Adobeland* prove this. No less interesting is his *Souls of Paris*, published in 1913, while some of his magazine articles are art creations in themselves. He was one of the first to motor to the Sahara, and in an article contributed to the *Cosmopolitan* in 1904 he perfectly mirrors the trip from Algiers to Biscay. It is not an easy matter to catch the spirit of the desert or worm oneself under the hide of a stalwart Kablya, and look from under a twisted turban with the wisdom of his far-seeing eyes.

In General Frank Hall, Mrs. Alice Polk Hill and Carlyle Channing Davis, the veteran newspaperman of Leadville, Colorado has careful and feeling historians. General Hall's *History of Colorado* is a comprehensive study of the Centennial State from its earliest beginnings; Mrs. Hill has woven a rare fabric of pioneer history, with legends and traditions forming a richly embellished pattern thereon; while Mr. Davis has unflinchingly told the truth about himself, and some others, in dealing with the Colorado that is plainly dear to his heart.

Hattie Horner Louthan's contributions to Colorado literature are many. Like many another of the writer folk, this talented writer knows the writing "game" from the journalistic side also. She has served the *Denver Republican* and the *Great Southwest* in an editorial capacity, while her published works are many. Among them we find several volumes of verse, some novels, most of which have gone through several editions, the best known being *This Was a Man*, *A Rocky Mountain Feud*, and *In Passion's Dragnet*. Mary Holland Kincaid is a political writer whose trenchant views and re-

views on the question of suffrage wielded a convincing influence at a time when the world outside of Colorado feared the State had erred by giving women the vote.

For wild free grace, few lines go beyond this classic of Marion Muir Richardson, who is frequently moved to adopt the singing robes of the poet, but never with more charm than in this extract from *The Mount of the Holy Cross*:

"We faced the winds, the rain, the hail,
The dogs of hell that crossed our trail;
We lined the plain with dust and graves
And slaked our thirst in bitter waves;
At night the coyote laughed aloud
Beneath the dead man's flapping shroud,
And o'er the river of the hills
The raven hung like gathering ills.
They told us that Thou wert far,
And dead and stern as some cold star;
But white above the sullen storms,
Thy Cross upheld its saving arms.
O Thou to whom all things are one —
The lone, dim plain, the mine, the sun —

Life, life, Eternal Life bestow,
And welcome be the Cross below!"

Mrs. Maud McFerran Price sings of beauty and love, of birds and flowers and things, and high, high hopes. Her verses have the singing rhythm that breathes of sweet cadences from master throats. And Mrs. Price's poems, many of them have been set to music, sometimes of her own making, for Mrs. Price is an accomplished musician. Her *Colorado* is recognized as the state song. It thrilled its first thousands to tears and to the shouting of old-world "Bravos" at the Pike Centennial in 1906; since then it has charmed tens of thousands from New York to San Francisco. The poem recites the warring elements that the pioneers encountered, minor

strains recount the hardships of these pioneers, their "checkered lives of joys and tears," while a pæan of praise in each refrain lauds the Colorado which their sacrifices have made, the Colorado

"Land of lilac, Columbine,
Blooming in the summer shine."

Howard Vigne Sutherland has won his title clear as a memorable poet, and Colorado can safely lay claim to the product of his pen wherever put to paper. Among the everlasting hills of a Rocky Mountain wonderland one has the feeling of being in the presence of all time — of eternity. What wonder Mr. Sutherland should have regarded the Venus of Milo as all-seeing, as in these lines!

"What dost thou see with that fixed gaze of thine,
Immortal Venus of the matchless grace?
Upon the peaceful mirror of thy face
Suggested lights like intimations shine;
And lo, thy lips are smiling. Is the wine
Of life yet pulsing through each secret place
And art thou stilly conscious of our race
That struggles up from pagan to divine?"

Few places could have inspired the following lyric except a clear effulgent Colorado night-sky:

"In the wake of the moon is one faithful attendant
Who finds his delight
In watching the face of his mistress resplendent,
The Queen of the night.

"The moon has attained to the height of her power,
The star is pale;
"Twixt aught save the sun and the Heaven's fair flower
What love can avail?

"So the nights turn to years, and the moon in her glory
Still travels through space,
And the star gives no sign of his love or his story
But watches her face."

And what cheer there is here to those who love the road
they travel through!

“Death takes the clay, that from it things of beauty —
Blossom and tree and multi-colored grass —
Hint to our sense thro’ oft repeated symbol
Life cannot end, tho’ every phase must pass.”

I know of no present day poetry so deserving of the characterization of “exquisite” as that of Anna Spencer Twitchell. It is difficult to say whether the rare satisfaction derived from reading her lyrics comes by reason of their carefully wrought delicacy, their matchless technique or from their appealing theme — the more or less “sad music of humanity.” The “moving incident” is never this poet’s trade, yet after reading the following verse in *The Hands*, I wonder if Miss Twitchell has not the “ready art,” as Wordsworth says, “to freeze the blood”?

“I sing the hands of Labor,
The uncouth, virile, hairy hands of men
With dead dreams in their eyes, and in their hearts,
The burnt-out embers of dead altar-fires.
The sodden days lie heavy on their souls
As sadder nights weigh down their weary lids —
Could dreams and sacred fires be meant for such as these?”

For the rich in sentiment, yet utterly void of the sentimental, let me quote you this oft-quoted poem *Bereft*:

“Oh, brown Earth, warm and fragrant,
Make soft her tiny bed,
Oh, great Winds, in the darkness
Move gently overhead —

“Be kind, you waving grasses
She gathered baby-wise,
And all you buds and blossoms,
Rest lightly on her eyes.

“ Oh, mothers, to your bosoms
Fold close and safe your own —
My little babe is sleeping
Beneath the stars . . . alone.”

Robert Ames Bennet and William MacLeod Raine stand easily in the forefront of the novelists of the West. Both have acted upon that rare discernment which knows the advantage of living apart from men and the rush of life and retiring into the dream world of their creative imagination in order that successful work may be done. Not but they travel far afield and see the world as a whole, and therefore life as a whole, but they take the discovered facts of existence and interpret them in the light of life's truths — in the quiet and seclusion of a mountainside.

Mr. Bennet has made of his novel a voice for applied psychology; the reader becomes unconsciously interested in what his characters *are*, rather than what they *do* — a difficult thing to achieve and yet keep an audience as large as this author's. He enjoys the distinction of being a native son of Colorado. His father, Judge Hiram P. Bennet, was Colorado's first delegate to Congress and weighed in the scales of justice that tribe of the lawless who sought to keep the new territory in a state of chaos. Mr. Bennet has mirrored his familiarity with the development of his State in several novels. In *A Volunteer with Pike*, *Out of the Depths*, and *The Quarterbreed*, we have historical novels worthy of the period, a vivid story of reclamation — of Colorado dry lands and a wasted life — and a tale of an Indian reservation and an unscrupulous agent. His versatility and ability to choose themes of broad and noble sweep is shown in his *For the White Christ*, an accurate picture of Western Europe in the eighth century with the sturdy Norse vikings well



ROBERT AMES BENNET.

to the fore. But the full line of this talented writer's stories bears equal proof of his power of analysis of thought and action, his versatility, and the registration of a strong spirit and individuality.

In recognition of Mr. Bennet's art as a writer the University of Colorado has conferred upon him the degree of Master of Letters — the only honorary degree ever bestowed upon a novelist by that institution.

Actors we become in the human dramas which evolve from the pen of Mr. Raine. We are swept from our feet by the stintless vitality with which this writer works. With an alert swiftness and definite direction the story is told; character, incident, and atmosphere are an artistic blend in a picture whose canvas is broad and whose lights are high and strong. Mr. Raine, radical though he is in thought, and possessed of the keenest of satire when writing on political subjects, strikes out the ego, absolutely, when immersed in fiction.

Mr. Raine has made the Rockies from Panama to the Yukon his field for clarifying the lessons of life. His realm, the West, is no lay figure, born in a sky-scraper and smelling of grease-paint, sprinkled generously with vaudeville touches, but a land shut in now and again with mountains that enclose a scene as loved as one within the confining walls of a home. It is a West that has a glory of its own, with the "marvels of vast spaces, of tall cedars pricking black skies at night, or mountains hiding their feet in the sea and their heads in the heavens, of men and women working together with the ease of custom, of simple ideals and friendliness."

In Mr. Raine's earlier short stories as well as in his novels from *The Daughter of Raasay* and *A Daughter of the Dons* to *The Yukon Trail*, we find the same rare visualizing quality. Life's elementals are an open book

to him and he thoroughly understands how to weave them — apparently without any thought of the mechanics, so much is he the artist — into rich thrilling romance.

Like many virile, brilliant-minded intellectuals, Arthur Chapman heard the call of the Rockies and found himself installed in — but not fastened down to — a managerial position on the *Rocky Mountain Times*. For one who could so quickly learn to sing in the language of the cowboy, the miner, the old-timer, would never allow a desk-position to become master. Elsewhere I have quoted his poem "In Mesa Land," and any one who has read his "Out Where the West Begins" longs to set adrift all hindrances and begin "out West."

But not only does Mr. Chapman excel in the rhythmic, his articles in the standard magazines on the Rocky Mountain Wonderlands of his adoption are equally convincing, while his interpretations of the political and social conditions of his State are models in clarity of vision and expression.

Edwin L. Sabin brought to Colorado a fertile mind and a colorful pen. His published works would fill a several foot shelf, not the least important among them being *Kit Carson*, the most authoritative of all the many volumes written on this well-known scout and frontiersman. Material for this book and for *With Carson and Fremont*, he had been gathering during the years when writing his numerous novels of Western life. Mr. Sabin has many stories of boy life that show a clever understanding of this unique *genre* of the human family, while in light verse we find him particularly happy. I like the way he has turned this "saw" from La Rochefoucauld:

"The ones who bore us we forgive — not so
Those luckless people whom we bore — ah no!"

And this of the apple :

“— wine of the summer's garden prime
Sealed by the hand of fall.”

“— the store from bough and limb
At the feet of autumn laid.”

Cy Warman is a writer of railroad stories and verse. Never has the romance, the comedy and the tragedy of an engine-cab been so realistically chronicled. Something of the vividness of his pictures is seen in the following from “Life on a Way-train” :

“ See those black wild horses of the hills plunge with a shriek into a dark shed only to burst out at its other end as a projectile leaps from the mouth of a cannon.” After failing on the grain market, Mr. Warman had meant to be a railroad man and began on the Denver and Rio Grande, as he said “ at the bottom of the pit, beneath a reeking boiler with a bunch of waste in one hand and a torch in the other.” Ill health sent him instead into his proper field, that of a writer of stories and verse. The mining camp of Creede, where he engaged in a newspaper venture, is forever memorialized in the verses which end in

“ It is day all day in the daytime
And there is no night in Creede.”

I cannot speak too highly of the brilliant Ellis Meredith's place in this state of many flashing intellectual gems. Few men and surely no woman has had such opportunity for the development of both literary and political acumen. Her executive work in the equal suffrage campaign of the early '90's, allied with the publicity labors incident to such a campaign, only served to quicken a gifted and already polished pen. And although capable of trenchant handling of political sub-

jects, as her articles in *The Atlantic* and other journals show, the author loses none of that sweet gentleness and poesy which characterizes her novels. Her *Master Knot of Human Fate*, the story of which is laid in Crystal Park near Manitou where Nicolay and Hay wrote their *Life of Lincoln*, stages big types of character wrestling with forcibly presented problems. In this, as in *Under the Harrow*, and *Heart of My Heart*, there is much of the deep poetry of life — much of the author's own heart and soul which she has fused into her work with fine discrimination and sweet sympathy. Miss Meredith's poetic feeling and beauty of phrasing have also found expression in poems that revel in color and motion.

An honor with which the most famous writer in America could not fail to be pleased was an attention Miss Meredith received from the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. That institution wrote her for her photograph and some incidents regarding her life that they might be published among their other authors of renown.

In Isaac N. Stevens, Colorado has a problem novelist against which the most artistic of sensibilities could not war. Both *The Liberator* and *The American Suffragette* are entirely free from the preachment, the moral pointing that obsesses the average novel-with-a-purpose. Mr. Stevens reports life as he knows it, represents it honestly, tells the truth as he sees it and nothing but the truth. He has had ample opportunity for seeing the life he depicts so clearly and convincingly. A prominent figure in Western politics, a battler against corruption, a strong advocate of the rights of the people and the cause of public ownership, yet he has not warped the calendar of happenings to suit his purposes.

Mr. Stevens is a good example to use in contrast with

the writer whose sole business it is to write. I do not wish to condemn or condone one or the other, but I am often interested in comparing the work from the pen of a writer who seeks out a story to tell, and that of one who has a story forced upon him. Mr. Stevens shows a closeness to the life he describes and the problems he analyzes, a getting under the skin that no disinterested writer could ever assume, however close an observer or student of conditions he might be.

Mr. Stevens' rank as a lawyer explains something of his logical, lucid ability as a writer, while his human, almost touching advocacy of the rights of the people shows a deep store of knowledge concerning that greatest of studies — human nature. There is nothing cold about his doctrines, and seeing life steadily and whole, to use the praise bestowed on Sophocles, Mr. Stevens has had no literary troubles in writing out well-constructed, polished and appealing life stories.

A later novel, now on the press, the manuscript of which I have been privileged to read, invades a romantic field of large and general interest. There are flashes of wit from brilliant women, truthful cynicisms from a perfectly drawn cynic, and descriptions of scenes at sea and on land that make one grow now hot, now cold, with the gripping beauty of them.

Few States can show shelves and files filled with as much material from the pen of their own writers as can Colorado; few States could furnish material for such striking plots and inspiration for such fine and noble themes.

James Barton Adams is frequently referred to as the State's laureate. A scout on the plains when the West was an outpost, he is amply fitted to respond to the lyrical strain within in that creed of joy which is his.

Mr. Charles Julian Downey is both emotional and literary. One catches glimpses of the simple and human of Schiller, the high and noble of Goethe in his collection, *The Maestro: Portraits and Other Poems*.

Professor A. J. Fynn, identified with the higher educators of Colorado, swings from a comprehensive treatise on *The North American Indian*, to the sweetest of songs, not the least among them being *The Land Where the Columbines Blow*.

Agnes Leonard Hill, Alice McHarg Ferril, S. C. Green, Lelia Steele, Mrs. Adelaide Reynolds Haldeman, George S. Phelps, Madge Smiley Reynolds — the roll is without end — are lyricists who have caught the spirit of the divine fire and burst into song.

Alfred Damon Runyon, a native son of Colorado, unrestrainedly expresses himself in the rhythmic and melodic. None the less distinctive are the clever, racy short stories that came from this successful writer's brain.

Ruth Goodall Fish, an ardent young writer of southern Colorado, breathes a pulsing life into the romance of the old Valley of the San Luis. There is a niche in the temple of fame awaiting one who shows such a magic pen of promise.

Many disciples of the writing nobility have sojourned in Colorado, including Meredith Nicholson, James Arthur Edgerton, Robert McIntyre, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow who spent several years in a Rocky Mountain mining camp, and hosts of others.

George Creel called Colorado home for several years. While there his glittering intelligence registered its impressions in all the prominent periodicals of the country. Whatever pricked his principles or his prejudices immediately was made to feel his rapier-like thrusts.

Usually it was a political body bloated with corruption that he punctured; the immediate region reeked with the stench let loose, but there is no question that in the end his thunder bolts and lightning flashes served to clear the atmosphere. His daring originality of thought and action made him feared, but so sound withal has been his radicalism, so dependable his judgment, that he has lately been appointed at the head of the censorship bureau at Washington — Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, to give the official designation.

With Judge Ben Lindsey, the children's friend, and Edwin Markham, Mr. Creel has collaborated in *The Child*, a notable arraignment of the forces that encourage child labor.

But many have deliberately gone to Colorado for sources of material for their literary work. This is indeed a compliment to Colorado, especially when we find such men as Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough and George Bird Grinnell, recognizing in this charmed region material for countless stories, and for histories of the Indian and the Plains.

Hamlin Garland began to write of the State twenty-five years ago — after his first visit. He has spent many months of the many years since wandering in the San Juans, the region around Pike's Peak and in the Northwest — in fact few places have not known this hardy traveler who trekked over the mountain and into the mining camps with none of the make-up frills of the "tenderfoot." Instead, with a pack that fitted snugly on a Mexican saddle — small tent, cooking kit, blankets and sou'wester — he prospected for literary gems without need of aid. Result — ten volumes of stories about Colorado.

The Tyranny of the Dark and Her Mountain Lover

use Ouray for setting; *Money Magic* begins in Grand Junction and shifts to Cripple Creek and Colorado Springs; *Hesper* is a careful study of the famous Cripple Creek war — each of the ten has imprisoned the witchery of vast spaces, of gem-like parks, of gorge and rock and gold. Mr. Garland has acted upon the truth that all the elements of a novel are to be found in Colorado.

Modestly, George Bird Grinnell writes himself as "A Student of North American Ethnology." In truth, few in North America know the North American Indian as does Mr. Grinnell. The year 1872 found him accompanying a camp of four thousand Pawnees, Omahas and Otoes on their summer buffalo hunt when they were securing their winter's meat, wholly with the use of the bow and arrow. He had been in Colorado in 1870 with a Yale expedition hunting vertebrate fossils, and each year thereafter he made reports on the geology, the birds and mammals of the region. He visited North Park and Middle Park in 1879, when their sole habitations were the "hermitage" of old Jack Rand and the little log hotel of W. N. Byers at Hot Springs. He fought for national parks, forest reservations, protection of birds and Big Game — he established the Audubon Society — until recognition for his contentions were won. We have the fruits of his investigations in about twenty books dealing with the early history of the West, the Indian and the joys of out-of-doors. Elsewhere I have quoted from his *Trails of the Pathfinders*, *Beyond the Old Frontier*, and the *Story of the Indian*.

It is to men like Emerson Hough that the world owes its back-to-the-primitive, to the woods and open-places movement. Mr. Hough has drawn inspiration and color and story from our Colorado of the Rockies, and through each tale of the Great West, whether of the

cowboy days that are gone, the outlaw who went out where law was not, or of more modern conditions, he is preaching the gospel of life where it is free. One of the great charms in Mr. Hough's stories is the consciousness that he has done the things his hunter-hero-adventurer has done, not just talked about them. The spirit of truth speaks through, and that its language is understood by the reader is an answer to what is art.

I think I am excusable for giving you an intimate "close-up" of Mr. Hough: "I would not like you to think from anything in this"—he has been writing of game and fish and portage-making—"that I am boasting my prowess, because certainly none of us have much to boast of. Killing a bear is much like hard work. . . . A fellow is always so tired when he has come up with his bear that he looks on the last scenes as a part of the day's work. . . . I have never found any of these terrible, awful bloodthirsty tremendous countries which other chaps write about . . . It is a wonderful world, that of the open. I presume that if I have any life work at all, it might be said that it has been to get people out-of-doors, out of their books and out of their desks, and into the woods and open places."

Since there is no place in America where the Great Out-of-doors means so much to man the year around as does Colorado, it is a joy to repeat the above. If world-renowned writers outside of the State feel in this manner about what life in the open means; if world-renowned writers have chosen this as their home from which to expound the doctrine, surely we of the small voice, but large in love for the State, are forgiven for what might seem to the uninformed—overmuch praise of this "Playground of America."

CHAPTER XXIV

TREES, AND FLOWERS, AND BIRDS, AND THINGS

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast,
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray,
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

THIS little jewel from the pen of Joyce Kilmer, avowedly a Nature lover, fits, with its delicate personification, the whole of the Colorado tree world. Colorado has her tall pines that in the broad valleys of her mountain parks rise high and "look at God all day." In the river-bottom forests, maple and alder and cottonwood may each be found with "a nest of robins in her hair." And on the desert mesas, or far up on a rocky ledge of a mountain wall we may see the piñon or the cedar pressing its "hungry mouth . . . against the earth's sweet flowing breast."

And Colorado has thirteen million acres of National Forest area! Wherever you go into the mountains, there you will find forests that have been set aside by the United States government for their preservation and for your enjoyment. That America is taking advantage of



TOURING IN THE UNCOMPAHGRE FORESTS.

this "Playground of the Nation" is shown in the report sent out from the United States Department of Agriculture under whose direction the National Forests are placed. In 1916 there were visitors to the number of six hundred and seventy-six thousand, divided between campers, hunters and fishermen, automobile passengers, pedestrians and other travelers.

This number far exceeds those in any other State containing even larger forest areas. This is due partly to the accessibility, central location and splendid transportation means, but more particularly to what these forests offer by way of attraction over and above that found elsewhere. For, included within these wooded areas are majestic snow-capped peaks, perpendicular walls of granite, weird wild gorges adown which tumble roaring mountain streams. These, without taking into account the Colorado climate, would win. But what with her days of all sunshine, her more than mile-high altitude, both of which announce a dry and dustless air, the Colorado National Forests are placed in the minds of countless numbers among the pinnacled heights of the State's many other distinctive distinctions.

About a quarter of a century ago, our government waked up to the fact that the system of land distribution then in force was successful enough as applied to agricultural areas, but wholly unsuccessful as applied to non-agricultural lands valuable chiefly for growing timber. Today, the keynote of the government's policy is to secure such a disposition, use and development of the public lands as will best serve the public. That the problem would arise as to who should own and control the mineral deposits, oil, etc., the water power sites and the common grazing lands that are not suited to development under the homestead law, was only natural and

will be, in the enlightenment from investigations, solved equitably. The larger and more general interest in the disposition of timber areas caused a quick and healthy reaction toward the government policy.

In a high mountainous section such as the larger half of Colorado, probably the most important function of forests is the conserving of water and preventing the land from washing. Yet the need of timber in mining and for manufacturing purposes is not a small one in Colorado. In the early days of the State's history timber was sacrificed ruthlessly for use in the mines. What did not fall under the miner's ax went down under the avalanche of forest fires, until in many parts of the State large areas on the foothills and the mountain sides are but pitiful wastes. Under protection of the Forest Service they are rapidly becoming reforestrated. America has waked up in time to save her the millions France and Spain and Northern Africa are having to expend in reforesting their mountain slopes.

It is Colorado's boast that she has seventeen National Forests — an area equal in size to the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. The only section of the State not honored with the presence of one is the eastern or plains part of Colorado. But it is not to be thought that this area east of the Front Wall is totally devoid of trees. Instead, there are several good size forests, such as the Big Timber on the Arkansas near where the Bents built their fort and where the Indians met annually to trade among themselves, holding there a sort of fair to which both plains Indians and the mountain Utes came. Too, the banks of the rivers and their tributaries are lined with cottonwoods, while willows cover the low sandy bottoms of the prairie streams.

At Florissant and other places in Colorado may be found traces of the Colorado forests that existed in former geologic times. The vicinity of Florissant was formerly a lake bed, and in the area probably drained by underground volcanic action is found a wealth of fossils — bugs and animals, flowers, leaves and tree-trunks, though the petrified forest, once the wonder of all, was destroyed by vandal visitors over a quarter of a century ago. The tree trunks of the latter which remain, show them to have been sequoias, and as much as three or four yards in diameter. Other trees that existed in this "Miocene Pompeii," show the region to have had a much warmer climate than now; the leaves that have left their impressions in the fossil imprints indicate the presence of trees of southern character. These fossils also indicate the existence of cottonwoods and pines and willows and cedars, such as are found in Colorado today, as well as some eastern varieties that will not grow in Colorado unless specially nourished and protected.

Today, one finds in the irrigated districts on the plains and also in the dry-farming sections that much tree-planting has been done — roadways are lined for miles with these tall poplars and cottonwoods whose lineage is ancient enough as shown in the fossil collection. There are groves which serve as shade for the farmer's stock and provide fence material and lumber for other rough construction work. At the same time the country is also beautified and moisture is being conserved in the thirsty soil.

All tree life has its struggles; that in Colorado seemingly more so than elsewhere. On the prairie the old tree-trunks testify by their uneven growths and broken, twisted limbs to a land of little rain and to whipping

blasts of wind. Pioneer settlers they look, and though "bent but not broken" with age and the withering elements, they still hold to the water courses for a home, as did all the early homesteaders. On the foothills and the mountain slopes we find evidences of even harder struggles for existence. For there the altitude is increasing, and the cold growing intense, until at a height of eleven thousand feet we see the efforts of plant life all but given up.

Not that all the forests of Colorado look stricken and scarred — far from it. There are thousands of acres where the tree structure has not been interfered with neither by burning suns, nor raging storm kings, and the trunks rise from base to apex, or lose their identity in graceful spreading branches a few feet from the ground, in as perfect a manner as in any forests in the world. In the Gunnison National Forest, or that of the White River, or the Uncompaghe, is this especially true; yet when I have enumerated these I realize it as impossible to differentiate, for there is the Routt National Forest that is as regular in its tree formations as the famous Black Forests of Germany, and if not as impenetrable then as virgin, as unexplored as the forests between the Don and the Volga in Russia. There is the forest on the top of the Grand Mesa in the Battlement National Forest. It is, indeed, an interesting study. Tall, straight pine trees form an open forest on the mesa top, dotted with over a hundred emerald lakes; its sides are literally bare, but at its base are liberal thickets of willow and thorn apple and some narrow leaf cottonwoods. Thick grasses ripple out from the base into the mesa plain.

But it is in the forests where pinnaced mountain heights flirt with the heavens that the grotesque and fan-



A ROAD THROUGH THE QUAKING ASPENS.

ciful in tree structure is found — in that portion of the San Isabel National Forest where the Sangre de Cristos flaunt their banners of snow; in the Arapahoe National Forest and in the Colorado National Forest, which is doubly monumented by the Rocky Mountain National Park designation. The Continental Divide intersects the latter two and its stupendous height allows for a great diversity in tree character and species. At the base of either side of the ridge, there are park-like areas that are gardens of velvet embroidered with colors as soft and rich and varied as an Oriental carpet — grasses green and flowers rare. Groves interrupt the mossy floor, groves of Engleman spruce and Douglas spruce, the limber pine and the sub-alpine fir, while the silver-stemmed aspen all a-flutter, speaks of the joy of living.

These and several others of the fifty-five species of Colorado trees march bold of spirit to that mystic division called "timber line." Brave at the foot of the mountain, they spring heroically up with a shaft of near two hundred feet; their splendid spires sway and swing in their consciousness of gorgeous loveliness. They hang a rich dark robe over the mountain slopes; here and there in this raiment of green there protrude jutting spars between which are the gash of canyon and gurgling stream.

But tree or man, there are forces that must be hearkened to. This lordly host that has flung high its mantle, shrivels and shrinks in the teeth of the chilling cold that makes itself felt through tough pine needle and tougher tree coat. Some give up the struggle, others fall prone to earth and cling to life with almost human tenacity; their writhing, twisting roots spring out of the rocky earth and join the gnarled and knotted body against the warring fates, until one wonders that the tiny thread

by which they are tethered to the granite wall can give them support, much less life.

Low birches begin to dove-tail in and out the pinery covering, and the graying green betrays their advent to the onlooker in the valley below. The scrubby cedars and clumps of dwarfed lodge-pole pine striate the slope. Even they have to go, and naught is left but some tough wiry grasses that straggle far between, and sparse mosses through which occasionally there bursts a surprising tiny blue mountain flower. Anon, are the bare granite masses, which in themselves are responsible for the name of the "Rocky" mountains.

Just as the plains can be compared with their waving grasses to the mighty sea, so can the forest areas be likened to a sea of pines. They sway and swing with the wind, and the sougling sound through their reed-like boughs stirs man with sad, mysterious music as do the waves of the surging ocean. But these tossing waves of piney greens are never so unkind, so portentous. Not on their bosoms nor in the ocean of earth wherein they root, does Admiral Death await. Instead, thousands there are that in these groves of God's first temples seek life anew and find it good. For this Queen Jewel of the Rockies is not only the Nation's Playground: it is the World's Sanatoria. Not until the Judgment Day can there be told how many hundred-thousand repetitions there are of the heroine in Hamlin Garland's novel, *Witches Gold*, who was saved from death by the miracle-working Colorado climate.

It is this same climate that blossoms into existence in the Colorado Rockies over three thousand species of wild flowering plants. In sky-lands this condition seems anomalous, a condition that regardless of altitude can produce more varieties (and a wealth of each),

than any other State in the Union except California, whose length is almost the width of the United States, and consequently enjoys wider range of climate. Yet in one little area like, say, Boulder County, there are more varieties of climate than are found in the whole of Illinois or Pennsylvania. Thus are produced three distinct plant sections: that of the Continental Divide, with the true Rocky Mountain flowers; that of the westward limit, partaking of the plant character found in Utah, Idaho, Nevada; and that of the eastern plains, revealing the specimens found beyond to the Mississippi.

It is in the joyous spring that the plains of Colorado are a-bloom and at their best, for Nature, anticipating an arrested rainfall and a sun that stands guard high and long in the heavens, paints lavishly with her brush during April, May and June. By August, seeds for next year's flower garden have been matured, winged for a flight, and sent forth to seek their fortunes.

As many as fifty varieties of rarely beautiful flowers and as many more still though less bold in form and coloring, push their way through the carpet of spring. There are miles upon miles of the plains primrose — the evening primrose it is called, now white, now pink, and when the spring winds begin to announce their summer bridal, a deep yellow blossom springs into being. There are the sand lilies whose delicate white blossoms resemble narcissus. A plant that seldom marches into even the foothills is the prickly poppy, a tall, rather coarse plant that flaunts a dainty, beautiful white blossom of four to six petals.

Even the desert-loving cacti, many species of which are found on the eastern plain, here in the spring grow into a deeper green and handsomer flower. The Little Ball cactus is veritably a Pincushion cactus, as it is some-

times called from the pins and needles it holds ready to bestow on every comer. Such unfriendliness is accounted for in the beautiful blossom, sometimes purple, sometimes yellow, which it seeks to protect. In south-west Colorado this cactus and the prickly pear grow still more abundantly, despite the fact that rainfall is lacking and the rays of the sun parch dry the sifting sands.

With the poet we might be saying "It is always morning somewhere," for in Colorado always the morning or spring season is to be found, and this accounts for the march of flowering plants that heralds the new season clear through the successive months to the mountain tops. In the foothill region, in early spring, one comes upon a flood of coloring, and that, too, only a trifle later than the flower festival witnessed out on the level plains. In a woolly circle of bracts or sheath, the blue anemone first appears; gradually it pushes its way into the strange world, and finding its welcome a hearty one, comes out of its furry hood not only more boldly but lengthens its stem until the bloom and its fellows on foot-length flag poles wave their coronation announcement of a "king for a day."

In quick accession to a throne of beauty there mounts the white and yellow daisy, the yellow mustard, the all but fifty-seven varieties of vetches, the violet in every shade from white through lavender to heart's ease deepest purple. The dainty, shy, blue-flowered harebell holds its sway now in the foothills, now in the botanical sub-alpine zone, and in the late summer in the moist soils bordering the alpine or mountain lakes. Along with it goes the woolly Sulphur flower, flamboyant in its deep yellow, but when alpine heights are reached its pigment is drained until a singular straw-colored flower betrays

its reckless use of energy, and the power of colder, higher altitudes.

By June time, the march of bloom has been joined by fully thirty different varieties of penstemons, pink in bud, light to dark blue, even scarlet in full blossom. They come with their glory into the higher levels late in summer. In the same rank and file will be found verbenas, gentians, mentzelias, white poppies, four o'clocks, red elephants, Rydbergias, and yellow lupins.

But wherever one goes, he looks for and sees the famous state flower, the blue columbine. What the fleur-de-lis is to France, the thistle to Scotland, the columbine is to Colorado, and its sweet song-poem of beauty has been woven into the heart and the history of the State. It flaunts its wealth of joy in color and dancing form from luxuriant clumps by the roadside, the ravine, on foothill and alpine slope. And just as the eagle is the king of the air in the Rockies, so is *Aquilegia*, the botanical name of the Columbine, meaning *eagle*, the king of the Rockies' flower parade. In southern Colorado, where the color keynote is gold, the columbine is a rich yellow, while on the western slope, where the red of the rocks heightens the brown of the sandy mesas, the flower becomes a red-and-yellow beauty.

As I have said before, to move from the plains to the foothills to the mountains, one moves with the miracle of flower bloom all the way. Some of the most beautiful specimens, such as the red orpine and the red elephant, are encountered in low marshy places (if one can speak of a low place in mile-high altitudes), where rivers spread out over the park beds. By lake sides there is a flower fringe, while scattered lily pads float on the lake surface, themselves a salver delivering to the beholder a huge yellow pond-lily. Well-adapted to the

severe climate of mountain tops is the matted plant, the mountain champion. One hardly gets over the surprise these baby yellow blossoms give on a bare ledge until he is completely overwhelmed by the purple-blue forget-me-not. One finds them almost at the summit of Pike's Peak, and in thick mats above most timberlines; snow is no barrier and the little flower faces shake themselves free from the soft mantle without having encountered frost or chill.

But, after all, it is the kinnickinnick of Colorado that leaves the most fragrant of flower memories upon me. Other plants are visitors; it is the kinnickinnick that all the year around keeps the welcome warm. The Clem-ents tell us it is a creeping shrub. We are inclined to think of a shrub as distinguished from a tree chiefly in height, both being upright in form. But it is another element of distinction of which the kinnickinnick partakes, that of having several primary stems at or near the ground and retaining its lateral branches. And sturdy though the plant-wonder is, yet it prefers to lie in tangled mats or trail in long wreaths from the root stock; thus to us of the laity is the anomalous classification "creeping shrub" accounted for.

That it is an evergreen explains its all-year welcome. Its bright glossy green leaves are just as full of vitality in the severest winter or dryest summer as in the early spring or glorious autumn. Little pinkish-white bell-like blossoms send out the daintiest of fragrance in the month of June. The blossoms continue to develop and form into tiny green berries, until in August or September, according to the altitude, their color ripens into a holly red, the whole of the stems solid with the rich crimson berries and the glistening sheen of the thick-set leaf. The Indians have many stories woven around the dainty



The Indian Pink.



plant and berry, and it was their custom to dry the leaves and smoke them upon ceremonious occasions. Carvalho, who was one of Fremont's party on his last expedition, inscribed in his journal—"While I am writing, I am smoking a pipe filled with kinnickinnick . . . it is pleasant and not intoxicating, a very good substitute for tobacco."

To me there seems a divine affinity between the kinnickinnick and the mountains. From this dainty plant we may learn that there is leaf and life and love on the starkest, barest of earth, for the hardy and determined. No plant however watched and tended, however blessed by soil and clime is any more perfect or beautiful or appealing in leaf and flower and berry than the kinnickinnick. Too, it is one of the determining factors in making the mountain glory more gorgeous and attractive in the autumn weather.

It is impossible to make a story of the Rocky Mountain flowers anything like exhaustive. No volume is large enough to detail half their glory, while no pen or brush can picture the rush of beauty that leaps forth from plain to mountain top. I find I have said nothing of the grasses, the buffalo, the gramma, and the valuable bunch grasses that carpet the plains and parks; nothing of the lily family that sprinkles the whole of Colorado, the flaming Indian Pink, nor even the slightest mention of that riotous sentinel, the Spanish bayonet or yucca that parades its message over the southern part of the State. Still, it is one of the joys of living when exploring bent to come upon the unheralded and the unexpected, and that experience lies in wait in Colorado wherever one turns, whether viewing mountain scenery or smiling plain. Freely translated, Mr. Ward's book-title "Come with me into Babylon" could easily

mean alone, "Come with me into the vast hanging gardens of Colorado."

What wonder that furred and feathered things should look upon these thrilling, joyous forests and flower-carpeted meadows as a sanctuary! The ruthless hand of man has forever silenced the buffalo and well-nigh made the beaver extinct, but by wise game laws, National Parks and Forests, and privately protected game preserves, Coloradoans are seeking to restore confidence in the once inhabitants of these wilds. Again, in the birds of the air and the beasts of the field we find the great diversity of the climate exemplified. There are more than two hundred and fifty birds that are regular breeders in Colorado — birds that are strict migrants, residents, and those that winter elsewhere. Of the mammals, they range from the prairie dog who loves the sun and sand to the Big Horn sheep and the grizzly.

There is the bobolink, bird of the open country, the male bird of which changes his coat with the season but whose friendly note disproves him guilty of vanity or snobbery. The lark, too, loves the grass lands; and the Colorado species trills a distinct lay from that in Eastern States, more melodious and sweeter by far. The naturalist, C. N. Allen, has reduced his song to musical notation, finding therein twenty-seven different melodies.

One hummingbird comes up from the southland in May and leaves again in September; some of his flock stop on the foothills, others go on even above timber line, nesting everywhere. He is a pretty sight poised in the air, his green and purple metallic coat emitting a thousand glints; as he suddenly descends, his wings vibrating a delicate rattling, buzzing, whizzing sound, we seem to be hearing "the eerie croon of an elfin spinning wheel." His home is among the flowers but he sips

more from them than nectar — he feeds his fleet wings upon what animal food the insects found in the flower cups afford.

From the tiniest of birds to the king of the mountain aviary is a far cry, but just as the hummingbird has distinguished itself and the Rockies by homesteading every height, so has the Golden Eagle singled out Colorado and called it home. In no State in the Union is he found in anything like the number here seen. He seems to have realized that here he can feed fat his ancient desire to live far from the haunts of man. So, here he can nest literally miles above the earth, hiding his nest and nestlings in a crevice or on a high rocky ledge. I recall an eyrie perched on a narrow break in a granite wall near Glen Eyrie, a bulky mass of sticks that had been doubtless added to, year after year, as is their wont. It is said that in the hatching season a fresh spray of evergreen, either spruce or balsam-fir, is always to be found in the nest among the two or three eggs.

The water ouzel, the “darling bird of the Rockies,” as Enos Mills designates it, is interesting and unique, in that it has queer aquatic habits and curious nesting places where the spray from the waterfall or rushing stream beneath may always keep the oven-shaped nest moist and damp. It has a peculiar way of skimming close to the water and uttering a cute little chattering note, until it sees the water-insects of which it is in search, when it plunges into the icy water with the aid of its wings, sometimes walking quite a distance on the bottom of the stream before emerging with its morsel.

The solitaire is one of Colorado's own birds, not only breeding but living here the winter through, and at that as high up as nine thousand feet, although he may nest even higher, near timber line. It gets its name from

its solitary disposition; often it is seen alone, but never with more than three or four, and they perhaps a family party. Its lonely life has given it queer bird habits — singing when winter comes, even when the weather is at its worst. And such a song! “A silvery cascade of melody,” some one has called it.

And the whole of this jeweled State rings with gems of song from a million throats — from warblers, camp-birds, jays, bluebirds, wrens, blackbirds, swallows, sand-pipers, thrushes — varieties without end, for the number and the name exceeds my grasp.

Of the beaver, the “little conservationist” according to Mills, a true animal friend, I have spoken in an earlier chapter; of the game tribe, too much cannot be said, but I have referred to hunting both directly and inadvertently before, and the confines of a volume such as this have to be regarded. But I do want to reiterate my belief in man’s duty toward the animal world. They have their rights, the stronger four-footed animals and the soft feathery frailer ones. Colorado has only to continue the policy now begun towards their protection, the while bearing down on the spirit as well as the letter of the regulations.

THE END

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